THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a
Million and a Quarter
Circulation Weekly

Beginning White Magic—By David Graham Phillips

13,400 South Bend Watches Shown Frozen in Solid Ice Next Week

See Them All Keep Perfect Time

Next week—November 27 to December 4 inclusive—you can see for yourself a **SOUTH BEND** Watch frozen in a cake of solid ice. You can see it still keeping perfect time. Throughout the land, in every one of over 13,400 cities, towns and villages there is a jeweler—always the best jeweler—who will prove next week by actual demonstration that a **SOUTH BEND** Watch cannot be injured in time-keeping qualities in the slightest, even when frozen in solid ice.

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Go to the jeweler in your community who handles the **SOUTH BEND** Watch. See the one of this make which he will display in the cake of ice next week.

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See the actual proof before your eyes this year.

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Jeweler's Address _____

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"The Snow Queen" and "The Water Lily"; the work of Samuel Nelson Abbott. The posters are 18 x 24 inches, in the brilliant colors of the original canvases.

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WHITE MAGIC

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

I

WHEN Roger Wade's Aunt Bella died she left him forty thousand dollars in five per cent railway bonds and six hundred and ninety acres of wilderness extending from the outskirts of Deer Spring village to the eastern shore of Lake Wauchong, in northern New Jersey. She had contrived to quarrel and break with all her other relations—no easy undertaking, and in its success a signal tribute to her force of character, as each and every one of those relatives knew of her possessions and longed and hoped for them and stood ready to endure, even to welcome, any outrage she might see fit to perpetrate. Roger she had not seen in fourteen years—not since he, a youth of eighteen, a painter born, long and lean, with a shock of black-brown hair and dreamy, gray-brown eyes, left his native Deer Spring to study in Paris. He and she had not communicated, either directly or indirectly—a fortunate circumstance for him, as several of Arabella Wade's bitterest quarrels had begun and had progressed to the irreparable breach altogether by mail. Besides not knowing him she had but one other reason for choosing him as her heir: a year before her death and a week before her last will she happened to read on the cable page of a New York newspaper an enthusiastic note about his pictures and his success in Paris. So the bonds and the land went to him instead of to a missionary society.

Much American newspaper puffery of Americans abroad is sheer invention, designed to give us at home the pleasing notion that *we* are capturing the earth. But this notice of Roger Wade's career had truth in it. He was doing extraordinarily well for so young a man. His sense of color and form was lifted toward genius by imagination and originality. His ability had no handicap of cheap and petty—and glaring—eccentricity, such as so often enters into the composition of an original and boldly imaginative temperament to mar its achievement and to retard the recognition of its merit. Thus he speedily made a notable place for himself. He could count on disposing of enough pictures to bring him in fifteen to twenty thousand francs a year; and that sum was about as much as he, simple of tastes, single-hearted in devotion to his work and indifferent to pose and pretense, could find time and opportunity to spend. He knew that in a few years a great deal more money than he needed would be forced upon him—a prospect which he had the good sense to view with distrust when he thought of it at all. About the only thing that had stood in his way was his personal appearance. As one of his friends—Berthier, whose panels will be admired so long as the pale, mysterious glories of their elusive colors persist—said in a confidential moment: "Roger, you look so much like a man of genius that it's hard to believe you are the real thing."

Big is the word most nearly expressing that unusual appearance of his. He was tall and broad and powerful. His features were large, bold, handsome. The dark coloring of skin and hair and eyes added to the impression of bigness. It was in part a matter of real size, but only in part. Not the most casual glance could have reported a judgment of mere bulk. He seemed big because his countenance, his whole body, seemed an effort of Nature adequately to express a big nature. Herbert Spencer uttered about the most superb compliment one human being ever paid another when he said of George Eliot that she suggested "a large intelligence moving freely." There was in Roger Wade this quality of the great bird high in the blue ether above the grime and littleness of conventional life. His looks had caused him a great deal of trouble—of which he was not in the least aware. For a large part of his charm lay in his childlike unconsciousness of himself—a trait more often found in painters and sculptors than in any other class of men of genius, probably because their work compels them to concentrate constantly upon persons and things external and in no way related to their own ego. Had Roger been physically vain, beyond doubt his good looks would have ruined him. The envy of men and the infatuation of women would have made escape impossible. As it was, he did his work, ignored his enemies, and neither enslaved nor was enslaved by such women as drifted into his life—and out again. It is fortunate for men—especially for men who are striving for careers—that women are bred to feebleness of purpose and much prefer being loved to loving, being admired to admiring.

His long stay abroad and his success there had touched his Americanism only to idealize it. The dream of his life continued to be building a career at home. He was too able to be given to the fatuities of optimism. He had no delusions on the subject of the difficulties that would confront him. He had observed that those Americans who had the money to buy pictures usually lacked the breadth to appreciate their own country, considered it "crude and commercial," whatever that may mean, and preferred foreign painters and foreign subjects. But, like many another American artist of ability, he longed to have a personal share in bringing about the change toward national pride and confidence that must come sooner or later. So, when his aunt left him a competence, he felt free to engage in the hazardous American adventure. Two months after he got his little fortune he landed in New York with his Paris career a closed incident; a few days later he was installed in the old farmhouse on the edge of his wilderness estate and within a mile of the post-office and railway station at Deer Spring. On a hill near the Lake Wauchong end of his estate—a hill that seemed a knoll in comparison with the steeps encompassing it on all sides—he got the village carpenter hastily to build for him a house of one large and lofty room, admitting light freely by way of big windows in the walls and an enormous skylight in the roof. Such small impression as his return made was wholly confined to his native Deer Spring. There the gossip went that, having failed to make art pay, he had come back home to "laze round" and live off his aunt's money. As he had the doing sort of man's aversion to discussing his plans, such of the villagers as succeeded in drawing him into lengthier parley than polite exchange of greetings got nothing that contradicted the gossip.

Toward the end of an April afternoon, not long after the studio was finished, Roger reached it in the midst of a tremendous storm of rain and wind. Just before he gained the shelter of the north wall a swooping gust blew into his face a heavy cloud of wood smoke; so when he strode in he was not altogether unprepared for the sight that met his eyes as he dashed the water and smoke out of them. A fire had been built with generous hands in the fireplace in the south wall. Upon the long, low bench parallel with the outer edge of the broad hearth lay the intruder who had doubtless sought the one refuge within a radius of a mile when the storm came on suddenly about half an hour before. Roger had assumed he would find a man; but he was not much surprised to see that it was a woman for whom his roof was doing this good turn.

As he divested himself of dripping hat and waterproof he said genially: "I'm glad you made yourself at home!"

No answer came and the figure did not move. He flung his wraps on one of the heavy plain chairs which, with the bench, were all the furniture he had—or wanted. He advanced to a corner of the hearth to take a look at his guest. She was a girl—a young girl, sound asleep. Her head was comfortably pillowed on one slim, round arm and her folded jacket. Her sweet, healthily-delicate face was toward the fire, and flushed from its warmth. She had abundant yellow hair, long lashes somewhat darker, a charming, determined mouth, a very fair skin. With such a skin a woman far less well favored otherwise than she could have felt secure against any verdict of homeliness. His trained eyes told him that she was above the medium height and that her figure was good, arms and legs and body well formed and in proper proportion to one another. She had—in texture of skin, in look of the hair, of the hands—those small but unmistakable indications that she had been brought up secure from labor and from those frettings and worryings about the fundamental necessities of life that react so early and so powerfully upon the bodies of the masses of mankind. Even her dress gave this indication of superiority to the common lot, though the felt hat pinned carelessly on her head, the plain shirtwaist, the blue serge short skirt, the leather leggings and shoes had all been through hard wear. There are ways and ways of growing old, and the way of expensive garments is as different from the way of cheap garments as the way of expensively-nourished bodies is from that of bodies poorly supplied with poor food.

He stood for several minutes, enjoying the engaging spectacle—enjoying it both as artist and as man. Then he went to the huge closet in the west wall where he kept, under strong lock, everything of value he had to have at the studio. He changed his boots for shoes. He took out and opened a collapsible table. Having noiselessly set

upon it pots and dishes, including an alcohol stove and two cups and saucers, he proceeded to make chocolate. When it was nearly ready he opened a package of biscuit and filled a plate with them. All this with the expertness of the old, experienced bachelor housekeeper. He moved the table over to the hearth, to the corner nearer her feet, and seated himself. Luck was with him. Hardly had he got settled when her eyes—gray eyes—opened. She saw the table, the steaming pot of chocolate. She raised herself on her elbow—saw him. He met her amazed stare with a smile wholly free from impertinence.

"The chocolate is ready," said he. "I have no tea. You see, I didn't know you were coming." His voice carried the humorous suggestion of old and intimate friendship, of a conversation continued after a brief interruption.

She brushed her hand over her eyes, stared at him again, this time a little wildly. His expression—the kind eyes, the mouth with no suggestion of cruelty or guile, the smile of friendliness without familiarity—reassured her straightway. A merry smile drifted over her features—charming, pretty features, though not beautiful. "You know I detest tea," said she. "Besides, I'm hungry."

"I've made enough for two large cups apiece," he assured her. "But I had only condensed milk. It's hard to get the other kind in the country."

She took the cup into which he poured first, tasted it. "Splendid!" she ejaculated.

"I've been famous for my chocolate for years," said he complacently.

"If you weren't so vain!"

"Everybody's vain. *I* have the courage to speak out."

"*I'm* not vain," replied she. "If I were I should be embarrassed at your catching me like this." And she glanced down at her wrinkled and mussy attire.

"Possibly you are so vain that you don't care," rejoined he. "You said you were hungry, yet you haven't tried the biscuit."

The storm howled and moaned and clattered about the house; the enormous fire poured out its gorgeous waves of color and heat, flung a mysterious and fantastic glow upon the covering of gray-white canvas that hid the rough walls, beautified the countenance of the huge young man with the shock of black-brown hair and the slim, fair girl with the golden-yellow crown. And they laughed and joked, keeping up their pretense of old acquaintance and drinking all the chocolate and eating all the biscuit.

"Such a strange idea of yours, to live all alone here in this one room," said she.

Roger did not undeceive her. "You must admit it's comfortable," said he.

"Except—I don't see how you sleep."

He waved his cigarette toward the closet. "I keep everything put away in there," he explained. "As for my bath—the tub's only half a mile away—Lake Wauchong."

She looked thoughtfully at him. "Yes—you would need a good-sized tub," said she. He saw that she was full of curiosity, but did not wish to break the spell of their fiction of old friendship. "What are you doing now?" she asked—the careless inquiry of an old friend.

"Same thing—always," said he.

"That's good," said she, and both laughed. She looked round carefully, noted the skylight, the canvas drapery, finally a broken easel flung into a corner. "How does the painting go?" inquired she, in her eyes a demand for admiration of her cleverness.

"Oh, so-so," replied he with a glance at the big skylight, then at the broken easel, to indicate that he did not regard her display of detective talent as overwhelming.

"It's a shame you've never painted me."

"You know I wouldn't touch portraits," rebuked he severely. "I leave that to the fellows who want to make money."

"But why not make money?" urged she. "I rather like money—don't you?"

"I'm married to my art," explained he. "In marriage the only chance for keeping love alive and warm is poverty. Show me a rich artist and I'll show you a poor one." He spoke lightly, but it was evident that he meant what he said.

The girl was not at all impressed. "You'd better never fall in love," laughed she, making a charming wry face. "You'll not find any woman who'd honestly marry you on those terms."

"What a poor memory you have—for what I say," reproached he. "Haven't I always told you I never should?"

"I remember perfectly," replied she. "But I've always answered that you can't be sure."

"Oh, yes, I can," said he, with irritating, challenging confidence. "As I said, I'm already in love. And I'm the most constant person you ever knew."

"That doesn't mean anything," said she, looking shrewdly at him with the gray eyes which, with all the softness of sleep driven from them, were now keen rather than kind. "You are young, for all your serious look; and you are romantic, I suppose. Artists always are. You will fall in love and marry."

"If I loved a woman I wouldn't marry her. If I didn't love her I couldn't."

"That sounds like a puzzle—a—a conundrum. I give it up. What's the answer?"

"I've lived in France a good deal," said he, "and I've learned the sound sense back of their marriage system. Love and marriage have nothing to do with each other. Love is all excitement; marriage ought to be all calm. Marriage means a home—a family—a place to bring up children in peace and tranquillity, a safe harbor. Love is a bohemian; marriage is a bourgeois. Love is insanity; marriage is sanity. Love is disease; marriage is solid, stolid health."

"I think those ideas are just horrid!" cried she.

He laughed at her with his eyes. In a tone of raillery he said: "And you—who love money, you say—do *you* intend to marry for love?—just love?—only love?"

Her eyes shifted. He laughed aloud. Her glance fell.

"Not a thought about his income—prospects?" he mocked.

She recovered from her confusion, laughed back at him a confession that she had been fairly caught in a refined, womanly hypocrisy—woman being the official high priestess of the sentimentalities. "But I don't approve of myself—not in the least," cried she. "In my better moments I'm ashamed of myself."

"You needn't be," said he cheerfully. "You're simply human. And one need never apologize for being human."

She was gazing earnestly into the fire. "Would *you*—marry a girl—say, for—for money?" she asked.

"As I've told you," replied he, "I wouldn't marry for anything—not even for the girl."

"Wouldn't you despise any one who did such a thing?" Still she was avoiding looking at him.

"I don't despise," replied he. "Every one of us seeks that which he most wants. I, who devote my life to my selfish passion for painting—who am I to despise some one else for devoting himself to his passion for—what you please—comfort—luxury—snobbishness—no matter what, so long as it harms no one else?"

"You aren't so very old—are you?" said she pensively. "You look and talk experienced. And yet—I don't believe you are *much* older than I am."

"A dozen years—at least."

"You aren't thirty-four!" exclaimed she in dismay.

"No, but I'm thirty-two. So you're ten years younger than I. I guessed you younger than you are."

"Yes, I'm twenty-two. But we hold our own well—that is, mother does."

These discoveries as to age seemed to give both the liveliest satisfaction. Said he: "You look younger—and talk younger."

"That's because I don't make pretenses. People think that any one who is still frank and simple must be very young—and very foolish. . . . I've been out four years. Do I seem ignorant and uninteresting to you?"

"No—very frank—naïve."

She smiled, flushed, glanced shyly at him. "Do you know, I feel I know you better than I ever knew any man in my life—even my brothers!"

"Every one says I'm easy to get acquainted with," said he, practical and unappreciative.

She looked disappointed, but persisted. "I feel freer to talk with you. I'd tell you—anything—the things I think, but never dare say."

"There aren't any such things," said he, hastening away from the personal. "Anything one really thinks one can't help saying."

"Oh, that isn't a bit true," cried she. "I think lots of things I don't dare say, just as I want to do lots of things I don't dare do."

"You *imagine* you think them, you *imagine* you want to do them," he assured her. "But really what you say and do—that is your real self."

She sighed. "I hate to believe that."

"Yes. It is unpleasant to give up the flattering notion that our grand dreams are our real selves, and that our mean little schemes and actions are just accidental—or devil—or somebody else besides self."

She looked at him and he was astonished to see that there were tears in her eyes. "Don't—please!" she pleaded. "Don't make it harder for me to do what I've got to do."

"Got to do? Nonsense."

"No, indeed," said she, intensely in earnest. "Remember, I'm a woman. And a woman has got to do—what's expected of her."

"So has a man—if he's the weak sort."

He studied her with an expression of sympathy bordering on pity, but without the least condescension; on the contrary, with that radiation of equality, of fellow-feeling that was perhaps his greatest charm. "Don't mind what I've said," he went on in the kindliest, friendliest tone. "I'm not fit to talk with young girls. I've got my training altogether in a world where there aren't any young girls, but only experienced women of one kind and another. You've been brought up to a certain sort of life, and the only thing for you to do is to live it. I've been talking the creed of my sort of life, and that's as different from your sort as wild duck from domestic."

He rose, gave a significant glance toward the windows through which clear sky and late afternoon light could be seen. She felt rather than saw his hint, and rose also. She looked round, gave a queer little laugh. "Am I awake—or still asleep?" said she. "I'm not feeling—or talking—or acting—a bit like my usual self." She laughed again a little cynically. "My friends wouldn't recognize me." She looked at him, laughed again, with not a trace of cynicism. "I don't recognize my present self," she added. "It's one that never was until I came here."

But Roger showed no disposition to respond to her coquetry. He said in matter-of-fact tones: "Do you live far? Hadn't I better take you home?"

"No, no!" she cried. "We mustn't spoil it."

"Spoil what?"

"The romance," laughed she.

He looked amused, like a much older person at a child's whimsicalities. "Oh, I see! Once I was in a train in the Alps bound for Paris, and it halted beside a train bound for Constantinople. My window happened to be opposite that of a girl from Syria. We talked for half an hour. Then—we shook hands as the trains drew away from each other. This is to be like that? A good idea."

She was listening and observing with almost excited interest. "Didn't you ever see the Syrian girl again?"

He laughed carelessly, shrugged his shoulders. "Yes—unfortunately."

The girl's face became shadowed. "You loved her?"

His frank, boyish eyes twinkled good-humored mockery at her earnestness. "As you see, I survived," said he.

She frowned at him. "You're very disappointing," said she. "You're not a bit romantic—are you?"

"I save it all for my painting."

She laughingly put out her hand. They shook hands; he accompanied her to the door. She said: "I'd like to have a name to remember you by." And she looked at him with candid and friendly admiration for his handsome bigness. "Not your real name. That wouldn't be a bit romantic—and, as you see, I'm crazy about romance." She sighed. "Probably because I never get any. Don't laugh at me. You can't understand my taste for candy, because with you—it's been like keeping a confectionery shop."

"Yes—that's true," said he, looking at her with a new and more personal friendliness of sympathy.

"So," said she, with a wistful smile, "give me a name."

He reflected. "You might call me Chang. That was my nickname at school."

"Chang," said she. "Chang." She nodded approvingly. "I like it. . . . They called me Rix before I came out."

"Then—good-by, Rix. Thank you for a charming hour."

"Good-by, Chang," she said, with a forced little smile and pain in her eyes. "Thank you for—the fire and the chocolate—and ——" She hesitated.

"Don't forget the biscuit."

"Oh, yes. And for the biscuit."

As she went hesitatingly away he closed the door and, standing well back from the window, watched her gracefully descend the slope of the hill. Just as she was about to lose sight of the little house she turned and looked back. She could not have seen him, so far back was he; but she waved her hand and smiled precisely as if he were in plain view, waving at her.

II

LAKE WAUCHONG is the crowning charm of that whole north New Jersey wilderness, rich though its variety is—watercourses hard to equal in sheer loveliness; lonely mountains from whose steeps look majesty and awe; stretches of stony desolation and of gloomy, bittern-haunted swamp that seem the fitting borderland of an inferno. At the southwestern end of the lake it receives the waters of a creek by way of a small cataract. In the spring, especially in the early spring, when there is most water on the cataract and when the foliage is at its freshest, most exquisite green, the early morning sunbeams make of that little corner of the lake a sort of essence and epitome of the lovely childhood of Nature.

On the next morning but one after the adventure of the studio in the storm, Roger was industriously sketching in a view of this cataract, his canvas on an easel before which he was standing—he always stood at his work. Across his range of vision shot a canoe, a girl kneeling in it and wielding the paddle with expert grace. He instantly recognized her. "Hello!" he called out friendlily.

She turned her head, smiled. With a single skillful dip she rounded the canoe so that it shot to the shore within a few feet of where he stood. "Good-morning, Chang," said she. "Did you miss me at tea—or, rather, chocolate—yesterday?"

"I didn't expect you," replied he.

"You didn't invite me."

"That was ill-mannered, wasn't it? But, no—I forgot. We said good-by forever, didn't we? Well, it was safer to

prepare for the worst in a world as uncertain as this. Aren't you rather early?"

She looked a little confused. "I'm very energetic for the first few days after I get to the country," she explained. "Besides, I'm dreadfully restless of late. . . . Are you working?"

"I was."

"Oh—I'm disturbing you." She made a movement to push off. He smiled in a non-committal way, but said nothing. She did not conceal her discontent with treatment of a kind to which she apparently was not used. "You might at least have the politeness to say no. I'd not take advantage of it," said she—a rebuke for his rudeness in her raillery.

"I was debating something. . . . I need you in my picture. But posing is tiresome work."

She brightened. "I'd be glad to. Will you let me? I do so wish to be of some use. How long would it take?"

"Not long—that is, not long any one morning."

"You mean—several mornings?" said she, a confusion of longing and hesitation in her expressive features.

"I work slowly." The more he considered the matter the more necessary she seemed to his picture. His artist's selfishness was aroused. "I'm sure you'd not mind," said he, deliberately using a tone that would make refusal difficult, ungracious.

A curious strained expression came into her eyes as she reflected: "I—I—don't know what to say."

"You think I'm asking heavy pay for my hospitality?"

"No—no, indeed," said she earnestly. "I can't tell you what I was thinking."

The more he thought of the idea the apparition of her in that graceful posture in the canoe had suggested the more it seemed an inspiration. He was regarding her now with the artist's eye only. She leaned on her paddle, lost in reverie; the look of the self-satisfied, over-petted American girl faded from her face; the sunbeams flung a golden glamour over her yellow hair and her delicate skin. He saw alluring possibilities of idealizing her face into the center and climax of the dreamy romance he was going to try to make of his first American picture. His original impulse to get rid of her as a useless, perhaps disquieting intruder had gone altogether. He was resolved to have this providential model. "I don't want to be disagreeable," said he, "but I really need you. It'd be a—a service to"—he smiled—"to art."

She seemed not to hear. Presently she compressed her lips, looked at him defiantly. "Where do you want me to put myself?" she asked, stepping into the canoe.

They spent half an hour in trying various positions and poses before he got just what he wanted. His impersonal way of treating her, his frank comments, some of them flattering, others the reverse, amused her immensely. But he was as unconscious of her amusement as of her personality or his own. She obeyed him without a protest, patiently held the pose he asked—held it for full fifteen minutes. He had a way—the way of the man who knows what he is about—that inspired her with respect and made her feel she was at something worth while. "That'll do beautifully," he said at last. "You must be tired."

"I can stand it a while longer," she assured him.

"Not a second. I've enough for today. And I don't want to frighten you off. I mustn't tempt you to leave me in the lurch—disappear—never show up again."

"I've promised," said she. "I'll keep my word. Besides, I'm not doing this for nothing."

"We haven't talked business yet, have we?" said he, not a bit embarrassed. "You can have anything you like, within reason."

She laughed at him. "I want more than money. I want your valuable time. In exchange for my services as model you must amuse me. I'm lonely and bored—and full of things I want to forget."

"How much amusement per pose?" said he.

"Oh—I sha'n't be hard. Say—an hour."

"The bargain's closed."

She paddled ashore, seated herself on a log a short distance before him and rested while he filled in his notes. He glanced at her after a few minutes, was about to speak; instead he gave a grunt of satisfaction, fell to sketching her face; for the thoughts that were gilding her reverie gave her features precisely the expression of exalted, ethereal longing which he wished to put into the face in his picture. He worked feverishly, hoping she would not move and dissolve the spell until he had what he needed—enough to fix that expression.

A quarrel between two robins over a worthless twig which neither wanted startled her, drove the spiritual look from her features.

"But I got it," said he. "Thank you."

She looked at him questioningly.

"You've given me a second sitting—much better, because you didn't realize it."

"May I see?"

His sudden look of alarm revealed the profoundly modest man, uneasy about the merits of his unfinished work. "Not yet," said he positively. "Wait till there's something to look at."

"Very well," she acquiesced.

A certain note in her voice made him laugh. "You don't care in the least about the picture—do you?"

"Yes, indeed," protested she. But the attempt to conceal his having hit upon the truth was far from successful. She realized it herself. "I care only about the pay," confessed she.

"We can talk while I work, now."

She protested. "No, that isn't honest. I gave you my whole attention. You must pay in the same way. You must do your best to amuse me."

"Well?"

"Come here, and sit on this log."

He obeyed. "You deserve better pay," said he. "I never had a professional model who behaved so well."

"Do you know, I never did anything so obediently in my whole life," declared she. "I don't understand myself." There was seriousness behind the mirth in the

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He Had a Way—the Way of the Man Who Knows What He is About

A FINE, JOLLY FELLOW, BUT—

How They View Mr. Taft in the States He Has Talked Through

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

GO WEST, and they ask: "What do they think of Mr. Taft back East?" Come East, and they ask: "What do they think of Mr. Taft out West?"

That is a curious situation to a man who, for the past fifteen years, has moved about the country constantly, inquiring into politics, and is accustomed to questions about Washington men and Washington affairs. During the seven years that ended on March fourth last nobody asked what was thought of Mr. Roosevelt. Everybody told, mostly without asking, what he thought of that vivacious gentleman, and nobody cared what another thought. There was no hedging nor inquiry nor doubt. Mr. Roosevelt was always the grandest or the worst, and that was all there was to it. The matter was not open to argument and the expression was always in superlatives.

Now they have come to no conclusion. They have not made up their minds. The man's works, plans, possibilities and future are for debate. Everybody wants to think well of Taft, wants to believe he will be a great President; and everybody is wondering if he really will be. No President in our generation started in with so many friends in all parties, hoping for big accomplishments. And, after seven months, way down in their hearts, those friends conceal the thought that, perhaps, he will not come up to anticipations. They do not say so openly. They praise him for his magnetic and affable personality, his jolly manner, his humanness, his humor, his ability as a mixer, his aptness as a speaker, his great good nature, and then, when they consider him politically and potentially, they put on that cold and clammy "But ——"

The doubt is not expressed. It is implied. They wonder. They cast up the past seven months and get nowhere. "But ——" The fact is that Mr. Taft, so far as the country at large is concerned, is an undetermined factor. He has waited, and the country is waiting with him and for him. There is no widespread criticism. There is no attempt to hurry him. There is no disposition to judge. What exists is that conjecture, that surmise, that element of doubt: Will he make good?

Fred Tenney, of the Giants, Meets the President. Taft Shook Hands With All the Giants and Their Opponents

The West Not Convinced

I HAVE recently traveled through all the states and visited most of the cities, from Chicago to San Francisco, where Mr. Taft appeared. I talked to all sorts of people on all sorts of topics, and always on Taft. I found two conditions of mind. There wasn't a person who did not think Mr. Taft a fine, genial, likable, lovable citizen, who was not enthusiastic over his personality, his good nature, his Americanism, his ability; and there were very few persons who were enthusiastic over his political and administrative policies. They praised him as a man, and they held him strictly in abeyance as a President. They are waiting, and are not convinced. They want to be shown.

"But ——"

When Taft planned his long trip—which began early in September, ended early in November, and covered thirteen or fourteen thousand miles—he had in mind two things. The first was the tremendous popularity of Theodore Roosevelt in the West and South; and the second was the absolute necessity of establishing, in the minds of the people, his own individuality. It is no joke, much as one may like traveling, to talk and eat one's way from Boston to the Pacific Coast and back again through the South. Taft knew the task was gigantic. He would have been much more comfortable playing golf and working quietly at the White House. Any President who goes on tour becomes, more or less, a side show. The people want to see him and hear him, and the effort used in being seen and being heard, surrounded by the conventionalities of the office and harassed by the rivalries of local politicians, is enough to make even so seasoned a campaigner as Taft hesitate. Still, it had to be done, he thought, and he went bravely at it.

The people expected much from the trip. They expected to see the man and make their own estimate of him. They had heard the continuous cry of the opposition that Taft is the mere creation and creature of Roosevelt, and they wanted to find out for themselves. He had talked in a few places in the campaign preceding his election, but the great mass of the people in the West knew him only by reading of him. They elected him on Roosevelt's indorsement, on the one hand, and in spite of it, on the other. They had been vitally interested in the revision of the tariff, had thought that that revision was not what had been promised them, and they wanted to know, from the President *himself*, what he intended doing along the lines of other reforms projected by his predecessor.

All were kindly disposed toward him. He had a million times, yes, ten million times, more friends than enemies. He was exceedingly popular, but almost entirely from the "Big Bill" viewpoint. So far as administrative matters were concerned he had done nothing but sign the tariff bill, and they wanted to know why he did that. So, with open minds, they received him, looked him over, heard him talk, shook him by the hand, fêted and feasted him, cheered him until they were hoarse, paid him every honor due his distinguished position, piled on a few because they liked him personally, and then, after he had passed on, talked with one another and always wound up with: "He is a fine, jolly fellow, but ——"

To sum it up: The West is not yet sure about Taft. They do not know. He hasn't proved anything. His progress across and around the country has been colorful as to reception, but colorless as to information upon which to base an estimate on the real, intrinsic qualities of the man as a President. They haven't decided yet.

It must not be concluded from this that the West has taken any stand against Taft. That is not true except, perhaps, in a few insurgent localities. There are individuals here and there who have made up their minds, but the great mass of the people among whom Taft has traveled in the past three months are waiting. They are giving him the benefit of any doubt there may be. They have formed no haphazard judgments. Contrary to general ideas the West is not a hip-hurrah section of the country when it comes to passing judgment on a man or an official.

Nothing Yet to Go On

THAT sort of Westerner is found in fiction. The West looks a man over calmly, debates about him, considers him from every angle and then makes up its mind. Once its mind is made up it sticks. There is nothing fickle about the West. If they are for you they are for you until the last bell rings, but they do not go for you until they know.

Taft hasn't given them much to go on. To be sure, in his various speeches he has outlined a legislative and administrative program so extensive that it would take ten years to get at it all, with Congress working every day. The West looks on that program as an announcement of intentions merely. "Do some of it," they say, "and then we will decide about you. You can cinch nothing out here by mere conversation."

It is true that Taft suffers from his personal habit of mind and his often-lauded judicial temperament. He became President after an Administration of seven tumultuous years, when there was something doing all the time. After a brass band moves out of your neighborhood the ensuing quiet seems quieter than it really is. He moves slowly, cautiously, with due regard to all the conventionalities. Roosevelt was always on the hop-skip-and-jump. It is hard to shake off the impression of seven hurdy-gurdy years—harder than ordinary when the man who

President Taft in St. Louis.
Left to Right: Vice-President Sherman; Joe Cannon; President Taft; Governor Deneen, of Illinois

follows and is trying to make an impression for himself is congenitally soft-pedaled. This, probably, has something to do with it, but not all.

What Taft has failed to do on his trip West is to impress on the minds of the people that he intends to do something and not let his four years drift along comfortably and quietly, without trouble or troubled. They hope he will do something. They are not very clear what, but something. They are willing to give him all the time he needs, but they will demand a showdown before they take him entirely to their hearts and swear by him.

Taft can make no complaint. If he is in no hurry he cannot blame the people for being in no hurry. He is not being crowded. He is not being blamed. Nobody is criticising much. The whole situation is that they are holding off to give him his own time to make good. Then, if he does make good, they will be for him; but if he doesn't, and hard, too, they will pass him by as not worthy of their friendship and support, and hope for better luck next time. "A fine, genial, jolly fellow, but——"

Taft has plenty of courage of his own kind. It took a good nerve to put an O. K. on Senator Aldrich just before starting West. Out West they hate Aldrich just as they hate the Standard Oil Company. It is a sort of a religion with them. It is beside the mark whether Aldrich deserves all this, but it exists. Taft, if he had any conception of Western sentiment, knew the storm that would rise over this indorsement, but indorse him he did.

Also, in Winona, Jim Tawney's home, he stayed nine hours in a city of twenty-five thousand, and he gave Jim Tawney even a more ringing indorsement than he had given Aldrich. Tawney was the only member of the Minnesota delegation, in either House or Senate, who voted for the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. His state was for more revision than was given. Taft knew all this and went to Winona and put the Presidential stamp of approval on Tawney, who, by the way, leaving aside his tariff course, is one of the ablest members of the House of Representatives.

Then, after O. K.-ing Aldrich and Tawney, Taft went to Iowa and put a fine, wholesale O. K. on the tariff bill. To be sure, he admitted that some of it, the woolen schedule, for example, was indefensible, but he said that, as a whole, it was pretty fair, and this in a state where they are rampant revisionists.

The Main Issue Lost in the Crowd

THOSE were the three principal episodes of the first part of the trip. Taken as episodes they were magnificent from the viewpoint of Presidential courage. He knew the spirit of the West was such that if he kept on with his Aldrich appreciations out there he might have to show behind a net. He knew Tawney had more enemies than friends in the state. He knew the tariff bill was sharply criticised in Iowa and elsewhere.

Still, taken as a whole, what else could Mr. Taft do? He had to indorse Aldrich, who had made the tariff bill and jockeyed him into signing it. He had to indorse Tawney, for Tawney stood for the bill he signed, and he had to indorse the bill because he had signed it. He couldn't stultify himself. To be sure, he might have left out Aldrich and Tawney, but he had to stand for that bill or confess himself a monumental coward who knew the bill was wrong, but signed it anyhow. There was no other path open to him. He tried to salve it over a bit, but the fact remained. He signed the bill. He had to defend it. He expected to make it stronger by standing for Aldrich and Tawney, to support his own course more thoroughly. And that wasn't so much courage as it was Mr. William Howard Taft's idea of politics—Taft politics.

President Taft Escorted by Colorado Sheriffs Going to Start the Water in the Gunnison Tunnel

From Iowa he journeyed crisscross, enunciating and enumerating policies, fixing up the Ballinger-Pinchot row—which never was half so much of a row as the newspapers made it out—and telling Ballinger and Pinchot they are both good boys. He advocated the establishment of a postal savings-bank, of a central bank, the adoption of the constitutional amendment providing for an income tax, direct inheritance taxes, many amendments to the Hepburn law, a correction of the abuses of the power of injunction in labor disputes, safety devices for railroads, a commission to inquire into the delay in Federal courts, conservation of our natural resources in all its varied phases, and reclamation, deepening of waterways, a new public-land system, reorganization of the various legal arms of the Government, clearer definitions of the statutes relating to business, adequate punishment for all violators of the law, enforcement of the pure-food law, the abolishment of sectional feeling, the regeneration of the South, one country, one flag, peace with Japan and—whew! The list is appalling.

Here and there, sprinkled in at opportune moments, was the fervent wish that there should be no more tariff legislation during his term. He acknowledged the bill he signed was not perfect, but he signed it and, now, give it a chance. Whether the people will do that or not, of course, will not be shown until the next Congressional elections, in November, 1910. It would not be fair to say the President was befogging the main issue—the goodness or badness of the tariff bill—by this multiplicity of suggestion. What he was doing was making a general outline of what he has in mind, not one item of which can be made actual without legislative enactment.

Now the West, as well as the East, knows that conditions are such in Congress, and particularly in the House of Representatives, that Mr. Taft will have a harder fight than he has ever had to get any part of his program adopted. The Republican majority of the House, which adopted the tariff bill by a very slender vote, must go to the country next fall for indorsement. Every Representative who voted for or against that bill, if he is to continue in public life, must go to his constituency for reëlection next fall.

The special session of the House to consider the tariff, which began on March fifteenth and ended early in August, did very little business except tariff. The first regular session of the Sixty-first Congress begins on December sixth next. Mr. Taft will, undoubtedly, embody most of the legislative suggestions he made in his speeches while swinging around the circle in his first regular message to a regular and not a special Congress. He must do that, and then he must take what Congress will give him, or what he can make Congress give him.

This coming session of the House will be marked by activity among the insurgent element and by anxiety of the regular Republican element to do nothing. The gentlemen who passed the Payne tariff bill do not desire to take up a program of general legislation. What they want to do is to pass the appropriation bills, do as little else as possible, and get back home to campaign for reëlection. The Republican majority of the House is going to the country and facing the fiercest fight any majority has had for years. If the House is Democratic, or if there is enough Democratic and insurgent gain to give the combination a majority, the probabilities are that the House will repeal the Payne bill in the Sixty-second Congress, which will open its first regular session on the first Monday in December, 1911. The Senate will, in all probability, be strongly Republican and regular then, as now; but it all depends, in the House, on the elections next fall.

The Temper of the House

THE regulars on the House Republican side want no general legislation. What they want to do is to get back home as quickly as possible and go to work, after having fired off campaign speeches for home consumption and susceptible to the franking privilege. There will be plenty of talk in the session of the Congress about to begin, but very little legislation outside of the appropriation bills, if the leaders can prevent it.

That is the situation that faces Taft, and the West is asking how he will face the situation. He has an inordinately long and most important legislative program. Most of the items meet with general favor. Will Taft force

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A Sailor Assisting the President Down the Gangplank of the Steamer Golden Gate on His Trip Across the Bay

President Taft Reviewing the Percherons in the Stock Parade at the Wisconsin State Fair

THE AWFUL WEAPON

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"'Jim Hands, She's No Good, an' You Know It, but You'll Hire Her Just the Same'"

THE foreman of the upper-leather room put on his coat, filled his pipe and, on the stairs, tried to light it. It wouldn't pull, so those who had been belated in the washrooms found Jim Hands looking along the landing for a broom straw. At last he discovered in a corner a splinter of pine knocked off the edge of one of the packing-boxes, and thrust it into the stem of the pipe. It broke off immediately. He pulled out his knife calmly and sat down on the steps. The soft air, with its smell of spring, poured up the stairs from the open door below and the laughter of some of the stitching-room girls came up with it.

"There's too much spring fer cursin'," said he, bending his half-gray head over his delicate operation. "But I knew before I did it what would happen!

"Some of these girls laughin' makes me think of Jennie Lyons," he went on. "An' it was a bad day fer this factory when she got a job here, fer I never heard her laugh but once in my life.

"Of course, some people look at other people as if they was all alike an' kinder the same as so many pairs of shoes marked 'Sevens—Tan—Bluchers' out of the stock; but there's always funny people driftin' in an' out of the factory here, an' to me they are all different—not like stock goods, but more like a sample line. An' this Jennie was shaped on a queer last. You'll see when I tell yer.

"One day the boss sent for me to come to his office. He met me just outside with his hand on the knob, an' you know what a ugly, good-hearted old bear he is in business hours, with his gray hair all mussed up an' his clothes all baggy just as if he was as poor as one of them yellow-headed Finns who tack heels in the basement.

"'Jim,' says he, 'talk quick! You said you'd like to get a girl to paste linin's,' he says. 'Do you still want one?'

"'I do,' says I, 'if I can get one who won't always be grinnin' an' laughin' like the last one,' I says—'that freckled-face Casey girl,' I says.

"With that the boss let his face slide to a smile. 'Here's one in my office,' he says, 'that looks as if she wouldn't laugh fer a hundred dollars. An' she ain't got freckles. Take a look at her an' see if she'll suit yer,' he says.

"So with that I walked into the office an' at first I scarcely noticed her. She was one of these people that fades into the landscape of a room like them lizards that change color. You've seen that kind. 'Tis hard to pay more attention to 'em than to the gas-bracket on the wall or the pattern on the carpet.

"'Miss Jennie Lyons,' says the boss, an' with that I heard one of them little 'Oh my's!' that sounds as if it come out of somebody you'd have to see under a microscope, or whatever yer call it. An' when I turned I seen she was kinder small. It weren't her size so much, but she made me think of a mouse in a trap, scared an' beggin' on its hindlegs, an' maybe she was twenty-two years old.

"I remember it was different weather from this. It was in November an' we'd had a stretch of rain fer four days, an' the little thing was wet an' everythin' drooped an' clung around her, an' there was a couple of wet sprouts of hair stickin' down on her cheeks kinder like a picture-frame for her solemn, big-eyed little face.

"Somethin' inside of me says: 'Jim Hands, she's no good, an' you know it, but you'll hire her just the same.'

"'Have yer had experience cuttin'?' I says.

"She looks at me, an' her under lip commences to flip-flip like my little Jawn's when I speak cross to him.

"'Have ye?' says I again.

"'Oh, no, sir!' says she so soft yer could hardly know whether she was talkin' or lickin' her lips.

"'What's been yer experience?' I says.

"'General housework,' says she, an' I seen the boss' thick nose wrinkle up like the front of a washboard.

"'That'll be useful,' says I.

"'Yes, sir,' she says, with her little mouth open an' them big, round, brown eyes still lookin' at me as surprised as if my face was a movin'-picture show. 'Yes, sir,' she says, 'an' I was a waitress over at the summer hotel at the Springs, but I weren't strong enough for the work,' she says. 'An' I wrote a letter to my Aunt Abbie, fer she's all the folks I got, an' asked her if I might come home; an' she wrote ter me an' told me to get a job in a factory.'

"I felt then that I had small chance of Heaven if I turned her down. But I tried to think of a way to tell her that she wouldn't do. It stuck in my throat like a fish-bone. So I says: 'Come down here at eight tomorrow,' I says, an' out she went like somebody who's heard bad news.

"The boss looks up at me an' brings his thick fist down on the papers on his desk.

"'Jim,' says he, 'I make it a rule ter have no sentiment in business,' says he. 'We didn't want the girl. You know you didn't want her. I didn't want her. I knew she wouldn't do, the moment I laid my eyes on her. She ain't fitted fer industrial life,' says he. 'Hereafter, follow my rule,' he says: 'No sentiment in business. I knew she weren't any good, the minute I seen her.'

"'But yer sent fer me to talk with her,' I says.

"He ran his finger around his collar an' got red an' coughed an' moved his feet. 'Did I?' he says. 'Well, I thought you'd have enough backbone to turn her down,' says he. 'No sentiment in business,' he says. 'If she don't make out with the work, fire her,' says he, growlin'. 'Send her down to me!'

"'All right, sir,' says I, not wishing to say more; an' the next mornin' Jennie come in a half-hour late. She looks around the room with her big eyes an' pretty, pale face, an' backed over to a cuttin'-bench where I had sorted out an armful of tin

patterns, which took me an hour, an' she leans on the board before I could stop her an' the whole business comes down on to the floor, all sizes an' shapes mixed up together, an' noise enough to make a snail jump through a barrel-hoop.

"'Oh!' says she, crouchin' down as if somebody was goin' to hit her. 'Ain't that like me?' she says.

"'I couldn't say,' says I. 'Not yet. Yer made a good beginnin' by bein' late the first mornin'.'

"An' with that her lip begins to go flip-flip, an' when she'd hung up her things in the coatroom an' come out I seen her eyes was red an' her little hands was shakin'.

"'Yer job is simple,' says I. 'Take these linin's,' I says, 'an' paste glue on one side of 'em,' I says. 'Here's a bell, an' the boy will come in from the stitchin'-room for 'em when you've got a lot done,' says I.

"It weren't ten minutes after that the bell rang, an' when I went to see I finds she's pasted only three! The next time she'd done a case of them, but they were all on the wrong side—rights an' lefts mixed up. So it went, an' when the day come to an end she run like a mouse after her little black coat, an' then it was Tommy Cutts, the boy who did the runnin' between the cuttin'-room an' stitchin'-room, comes to me an' says:

"'Mr. Hands,' he says, 'I want to make a complaint. Somebody has done somethin' to that new girl who pastes linin's,' he says. 'You can't tell me, Mr. Hands,' he says; 'I know a girl ain't sad like that fer nothin'. I told her the joke about the centipede an' the corn doctor an' she never laughed! An' I'm sorry for that girl. If I knew who made her so sad I'd knock the'r blocks off.'

"I had to laugh, fer Tommy was the toughest boy I ever seen, an' I've been where they was thick, too. But the next mornin' in comes Jennie Lyons a good hour late again, an' with her she brought one of them little white an' black cur dogs that yer see hangin' around the alley back of the town hall; an' he was so thin you could almost see the grain of the wood through him when he'd lie down on the floor, an' now an' then he'd look around the room and let out one of them forsaken yelps of his that sounded like disease and death.

"'Oh, Mr. Hands,' says Jennie, with her brown eyes as big as saucers an' all out of breath. 'He followed me all the way down,' she says. 'Poor little thing,' she says. 'Half starved,' she says. 'Listen to him cry! An' I'm goin' out now to get him somethin' to eat an' bring him an' put him under the bench by the glue-heater,' says she. 'He can come to work with me every day,' says she.

"'Dogs ain't allowed in the factory,' I says, thinkin' of the boss' words. 'We want no sentiment in business!' I says, kinder sharp.

"With that the dog sticks his pointed face up at me, with his loose, motheaten ears droopin' over, an' lets out one of his whoops. An' Jennie looks at me, an' then at the dog, an' I seen her under lip droop down an' begin to flip-flip again. It made a man feel kinder like a graveyard in a thunderstorm. I seen her big eyes gettin' watery an' she drew a breath an' let it loose in installments, like it hurt her chest to let go of it.

"'Oh, well,' says I, weak an' foolish. 'There's a ham sandwich in the paper up there on that shelf,' I says. 'Twas intended fer me, but give it to the little dog,' says I, 'an' say no more about it,' I says.

"I thought to myself that, once fed, the ratty little beast would run away from her; but it weren't so. He stuck to her like a bur on a woolen stockin', with his little sore eyes an' his sniffles an' scratchin' himself. She

"'There's a Ham Sandwich in the Paper Up There on That Shelf'"

couldn't do her work fer watchin' him an' pattin' his head an' throwin' everything inter a panic when somebody'd trip over him an' start him yippin' an' screamin' around the big room till yer eardrums would think that ten fleas was havin' Virginia reel upon them.

"On Thursday of that week Jennie turned over the whole pot of glue. It was enough to make a saint eat his halo, fer of all the sticky, slow-movin' stuff, that paste will take an honorable mention an' walk away with a prize fer smell! But, as luck would have it, the bloomin' pup—Cæsar she'd called him—was lyin' asleep at her feet, an' all of the hot stuff spilled on him. He opened his face and let out a yelp that nearly pushed out the winder. An' with that he started out of the puddle, streakin' it over the piles of sheepskin, with a blanket of glue draggin' out as he went, doin' damage to leather at the rate of about ten dollars a yard an' cuttin' his circles around the room in a way to surprise yer fer a dog of his size. I'll never ferget seein' the girl watchin' him go, with never a word, an' her soft eyes frightened an' starin'.

"On the fourth time around Cæsar made up his mind it was time to stop an' think, an' he chose a box of thread belongin' to the stitchin'-room to sit in. With his forefeet he tried to wipe the stuff out of his eyes, an' then he looks at me an' lets out another sticky yelp.

"'Talk is cheap, old scout,' says Dave Pierson, addressin' the cur. 'An' you'd better keep movin' while yer can move,' he says. 'Fer I'm thinkin' of makin' a tobacco-pouch of yer hide,' he says, 'ter remind me of what yer just did to the back of my pants' legs when yer passed me by,' he says.

"An' it seemed as if the dog understood him all right, fer he started off again rubbin' up against every corner an' anything he could lean against to take off the glue. You know how a dog does. An' every now an' then, even after all this time, I still find sticky places around the room where he scraped himself.

"'Twould be a blessin' if he'd find the door,' says Eddie Murphy, 'fer, ter tell the truth,' says he, 'this room, large as it is, seems six feet by six with him in it,' he says, an' with that the dog goes by him, an' he looks up to be sure Jennie didn't see him, an' he lifts the beast with his foot out into the hallway. 'An' now look at them fancy socks of mine!' says he.

"Well, you that have never been foreman of a room knows nothin' of the way a riot like that will break up the work. Glue was everywhere! Seven men was in the washroom, scrubbin' it off their clothes. Tommy Cutts stepped in a puddle of it an' tracked it into the stitchin' department. The doorway was crowded with the girls that had left their machines to see what was goin' on. My own fingers was webbed with it like a duck's foot. Somehow, it got between the pages of my stockbook, an' a week after that I couldn't get to the records with a steel crowbar. So it goes.

"But it didn't take me a week to get mad. I could feel the hair on the back of my neck crawl up an' down my collar! 'Ho! ho!' says I to myself. 'When the whistle blows, Jennie Lyons—big, sad eyes or no eyes—you will get yours all right! You fool,' says I to myself, 'you oughter been ashamed to hire a girl fer pity,' says I. 'You oughter fired her every day since she's been here. She ain't earned the interest on a shortage,' says I. 'Tonight I'll show her!' I says. 'She can look like a lonesome mouse an' no good will it do her,' I says. 'Chuck! an' out she goes! Business is business,' I says.

"I worked the rest of the afternoon thinkin' of it. 'Don't make any mistakes now,' I says, talkin' to myself as I cut out a sample vamp. 'Don't listen to none of her talk. Fire her an' walk away!' I says. An' later on, I remember, I went to the end of the room an' I see the town hall clock said quarter to five. 'Walk right up to her now,' I says to myself again. 'Don't botch the job,' I says, an' I went back to wait fer the machinery to shut down.

"By-an'-by the whistle blew an' I looked around. I seen Jennie was busy cleanin' up, with that slim little body an' big, round, scared eyes of hers, an' I seen that the others had mostly gone, so I draws myself up an' walks over to where she was standin'.

"'Jennie,' says I, 'you needn't come back tomorrow,' I says. 'I don't think you'll do. Stop in the office an' get yer pay,' I says.

"Well, sir, she never says a word! She just looks at me with her face gettin' whiter an' somethin' like the look of an old horse that you've shot in the forehead. 'That's all,' says I, an' walks away.

"After a bit the power was turned off, an' the shaftin' eases up an' stops with a sigh that always makes me think its glad fer the night's rest. It was pretty still in the room an' gettin' kinder dark.

"I remember I could see the clouds streaked along the ridge across the river where the sky was lightest, an' there was frost comin' on the winders. I was under a lamp I'd lit an' checkin' up the piecework, an' all of a sudden I hears a little noise behind me, way down the room. 'Sh-sh-gug-gug-ooh,' it sounded. I looks up an' I seen that Jennie hadn't gone yet. I seen her little white face through the dark as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus.

"With that I closed up my bench desk an' walked down toward her. She was sobbin' all right. She shook with 'em!

"'Whatcher waitin' fer?' I says. But I made a big mistake by speakin'. Not that she answered, fer she never peeped, but just flung herself forward on the bench and begins to cry kinder soft; an' every now an' then she'd catch a breath an' you could see by the raisin' of her little shoulders when she'd caught a long one.

"'Flif—flif—flif,' she went. You know how it sounds when a woman's cryin'. Between you an' me, I'd rather have 'em come back at me with a lot of good, four-ply, full-mouthed tongue-lashin' or fling a flatiron. This flif—flif—flif business is a foolish sketch. It makes me feel as cheerful as one of them rosettes of black crêpe they hang on a door. You know how yer shift yer feet an' wonder what yer goin' to do about it, an' whether what you'll say will make it worse or better; an' yer collar shrinks about three sizes, an' you've got yer choice whether to rip out a oath or two an' make it worse, or whether ter try reason, which you know ain't any good.

"Well, I stood there an' it was soft at first, but it was gettin' louder with a worryin' sound in it.

"'Whatcher cryin' fer, Jennie?' I says soft an' pleasant. 'Don't cry,' I says; 'cut it out!' I says, gettin' mad. 'What's the matter with yer?' says I.

With that she raised her head, an' I seen them big, scared eyes of hers with them long lashes was full of water, an' it was drippin' from her little chin.

"'I'm fired,' she says with some more of them sobs of hers. 'Oh, dear me,' she says as if I wasn't there. 'Mr. Hands has fired me,' she says, 'an' my poor little dog,' she says. 'I've been fired!' An' then some more of that 'flif—flif—flif'!

"I looked up at the ceilin' an' at the floor an' out of the winder. 'Maybe,' I thinks, 'I was harsh with her,' says I, lyin' to myself an' knowin' it. An' I looked at her again an' she'd spread her face an' hands down on the bench again.

"'Fer the love of peace, shut up!' I says. 'Come back to work tomorrow,' says I. 'I haven't any more time to talk with you,' says I, very stern. 'Business is business.'

"An' so it come about that she was back the same as ever—to my shame be it said—an' she brought the peaked little dog with her, an' a new, little red collar on his neck; an' he went smellin' around, suspicious an' whinin', on the trail of the glue, an' stoppin' now an' then to scratch an' look up at me with his red, watery eyes.

"I know the trouble had got to come again an' I went inter trainin' for it. I don't know what my men thought of me, I was that short with them. I was practicin' cold blood, though, an' every day Jennie was gettin' worse an' worse—with her work half done an' her pastin' clippin's of poetry from newspapers on the post in front of her bench an' talkin' soft an' shy to the dog. We'd have been gettin' out of the deal cheap to have paid her the wages an' told her to stay at home an' pray for more orders.

"But, one mornin', in walks the boss. When he comes upstairs like that I can tell in a minute whether he's feelin' fine or goin' to raise a rumpus, fer if everythin's good he'll stop in the door an' scratch his head an' look around, but if it's the other way he'll walk right in, very fast fer his age, an' with one eye shut an' rubbin' his ear with his hand. This time I knew somethin' was the matter.

"'Jim,' says he, 'I see by the report you have a lot of damaged vamps. Who did it?' says he.

"'Jennie Lyons,' says I.

"'That mouse of a girl we hired in November?' says he. 'Is she any good?' says he.

"'No,' says I.

"'Why don't you fire her?' says he.

"'Oh, well,' says I, 'I tried it once an' I'll try it again,' says I. 'She's a little thing,' I says.

"The boss was mad. 'Jim,' he says, 'this ain't yer factory to do as yer please with it. Your duty is to see that what's under you is run to the best advantage at most any cost. You know, I don't want anybody to do anythin' dishonest, but duty is duty. An' another thing,' he says, 'I hate to see a man that's been in factories most of his life get soft an' mushy. We ain't runnin' a home fer orphans! Remember what I said to yer before,' says he. 'No sentiment!'

"'I'll fire her,' says I.

"'I wouldn't trust yer to do it,' he says. 'Send her down to me at the noon hour,' he says. 'I'll do it myself,' he says, an' walks away.

"Of course, I wasn't goin' to have any trouble if I could help it. No more of that flif—flif—flif an' water fer me! So I planned never to say anythin' to her until she was ready to go to dinner. But she got away before I knew it, an' I just caught her at the entrance to the offices.

"'Jennie,' says I, 'the boss wants to see yer in his office.'

"'Oh, I know,' she says with her little voice. 'He's goin' to fire me!' An' I thought she was goin' to start sobbin'.

"'Walk right in,' says I. 'I have nothin' to do with it,' I says. 'Go right in an' sit down. He's in the sole-leather room an' he'll be right up,' I says.

"Pretty soon the boss comes up from the basement an' sees me. 'Jim,' says he, 'where's that no-good girl that's come down fer her time?'

"'In there,' says I, 'sittin' in yer office.'

"'She knows what I'm goin' to say to her, I suppose,' he says.

"'From what I can guess, she's next!' says I.

"With that the boss leaned forward so's he could look down toward the bookkeeper's desk an' into his own office. 'Great Scott,' says he, 'she's got her handkerchief out! Confound the luck!' he says. 'She's cryin'!' he says.

"'Are you sure?' says I, grinnin'.

"'Thunder—yes,' he says. 'Well, ain't she any good at all?' says he, pullin' at the short hair above his ear.

"'None at all,' says I.

"'For the Love of Peace, Shut Up!' I Says. 'Come Back to Work Tomorrow,' Says I"

(Continued on Page 28)

CAVEAT EMPTOR Meaning, the Buyer Would Better Look Out

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

FOR many years Mr. Herman Wolfson had so conducted the auctioneering business that he could look the whole world, including the district attorney, in the eye and tell 'em to go jump on themselves. This is by no means an easy thing to do, when the wavering line of demarcation between right and wrong often depends on the construction of a comma in the Code of Criminal Procedure. Nevertheless, under the competent advice of Henry D. Feldman, that eminent legal practitioner, Mr. Wolfson had prospered; and although his specialty was the purchasing *en bloc* of the stock in trade and fixtures of failing shopkeepers, not once had he been obliged to turn over his purchases to the host of clamoring creditors.

"Bloodsucker! You Want My Life"

"My skirts I keep it clean," he explained to Philip Borrochson, whose retail jewelry business had proved a losing venture and was, therefore, being acquired by Mr. Wolfson at five hundred dollars less than its actual value, "and if I got an idee you was out to do somebody—myself or anybody else—I wouldn't have nothing to do with you, Mr. Borrochson."

The conversation took place in the business premises of Mr. Borrochson, a small, poorly-stocked store on Third Avenue, one Sunday morning in January, which is always a precarious month in the jewelry trade

"If it should be the last word what I ever told it you, Mr. Wolfson," Borrochson declared, "I ain't got even a piece of wrapping-paper on memorandum. Everything in my stock is a straight purchase at sixty and ninety days. You can take my word for it."

Mr. Wolfson nodded.

"When I close the deal to buy the place, Borrochson," he said, "I'll take more as your word for it. You got a writing from me just now, and I'll get a writing from you. I'll take your affidavit, the same what Henry D. Feldman draws it in every case when I buy stores. There ain't never no mistakes in them affidavits neither, Borrochson, otherwise the party what makes it is got ten years to wait before he makes another one."

"Sure, I know it, you can make me arrested if I faked you, Mr. Wolfson," Borrochson replied, "but this is straight goods."

"And how about them showcases?" Wolfson asked.

"Only notes I give it for 'em," Borrochson answered him. "I ain't give a chattel mortgage or one of them conditional bill-off-sales on so much as a tin tack."

"Well, Feldman will look out for that, Borrochson," Wolfson replied, "and the safe, too."

Borrochson started.

"I thought I told it you about the safe," he exclaimed.

"You ain't told me nothing about the safe," Wolfson answered. "The writing what I give you says the stock and fixtures."

Borrochson took out the paper which Wolfson had just signed, and examined it carefully.

"You're wrong," Borrochson said. "I stuck it in the words 'without the safe' before you signed it."

Wolfson rose heavily to his feet.

"Let see it the writing," he said, making a grab for it.

"It's all right," Borrochson replied. "Here it is, black on white, 'without the safe'."

"Then you done me out of it," Wolfson cried.

"I didn't done you out of nothing," Borrochson retorted. "You should of read it over before you signed it, and anyhow, what difference does the safe make. It ain't worth fifty dollars if it was brand-new."

"Without a safe a jewelry stock is nothing," Wolfson said. "So if you told it me you wouldn't sell the safe I wouldn't of signed the paper. You cheated me."

He walked toward the door of the store and had about reached it when it burst open to admit a tall, slight man with haggard face and blazing eyes. He rushed past Wolfson, who turned and stared after him.

"Mr. Borrochson," the newcomer cried, "what's the use your fooling me any longer. Five hundred dollars I will give for the safe, and that's my last word."

"Ssah!" Borrochson hissed, and drew his visitor toward the end of the store. There a whispered conversation took place with frequent outbursts of sacred and profane exclamations from the tall, slender person, who finally smacked Borrochson's face with a resounding slap and ran out of the store.

"Bloodsucker!" he yelled as he slammed the door behind him. "You want my life."

Wolfson stared first at the departing stranger and then at Borrochson, who was thoughtfully rubbing his red and smarting cheek.

"It goes too far!" Borrochson cried. "Twicet already he does that to me and makes also my nose bleed. The next time I make him arrested."

"What's the matter with him?" Wolfson asked. "Is he crazy?"

"He makes me crazy," Borrochson replied. "I wish I never seen the safe."

"The safe!" Wolfson exclaimed. "What's he got to do with the safe?"

"Oh, nothing," Borrochson answered guardedly; "just a little business between him and me about it."

"But, Mr. Borrochson," Wolfson coaxed, "there can't be no harm in telling me about it."

He handed a cigar to Borrochson, who examined it suspiciously and put it in his pocket.

"Seed tobacco always makes me a stomachache," he said, "unless I smoke it after a meal."

"That ain't no seed tobacco," Wolfson protested; "that's a clear Havana cigar. But, anyhow, what's the matter with this here Who's-This and the safe?"

"Well," Borrochson commenced, "the feller's name is Rubin, and he makes it a failure in the jewelry business on Rivington Street last June already. I went and bought the safe at the receiver's sale, and ever since I got it yet he bothered the life out of me I should sell him back the safe."

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Because we can't come to terms," Borrochson replied. "He wants to give me five hundred for the safe, and I couldn't take it a cent less than seven-fifty."

"But what did you give for the safe when you bought it originally already?" Wolfson asked.

"Forty-five dollars."

Wolfson whistled.

"What's the matter with it?" he said finally.

"To tell you the candid and honest truth," Borrochson replied, "I don't see nothing the matter with the safe. Fifty dollars I paid it to experts who looked at that safe with telescopes already, like they was doctors, and they couldn't find nothing the matter with it neither. The safe is a safe, they say, and that's all there is to it."

Wolfson nodded gravely.

"But there must be something the matter with the safe. Ain't it?"

"Sure, there must be," Borrochson agreed, "and if Rubin don't want to buy it back, either I will blow it up the safe or melt it down."

"That would be a foolish thing to do," Wolfson said.

"Well, if the safe is worth five hundred to Rubin," Borrochson declared, "it's worth seven hundred and fifty to me. That's the way I figure it."

Wolfson blew great clouds from one of his seed-tobacco cigars and pondered for a minute.

"I tell you what I'll do, Borrochson," he said at last. "Give me a day to examine the safe and I'll make you an offer right now of five hundred and fifty for it."

Borrochson laughed raucously.

What do you think I am?" he said. "A greenhorn?"

Then commenced a hard, long battle in which a truce was declared at six hundred dollars

"But mind you," Wolfson said, "I should be alone when I examine the safe."

"Alone without a safe feller you couldn't do nothing," Borrochson declared, "but if you mean that I shouldn't be there to see it the whole thing, I tell you now the deal is off."

"Don't you trust me?" Wolfson asked, in accents of hurt astonishment.

"Sure I trust you," Borrochson said; "but if you should find it a big diamond, we will say, for instance, in that safe, where would I come in?"

"You think I would steal the diamond and tell you nothing, and then refuse to take the safe?" Wolfson asked.

"I don't think nothing," Borrochson replied stubbornly, and lapsed into silence.

Here was a deadlock that bade fair to break up the deal.

"Take a chance on me, Borrochson," Wolfson said at last.

"Why should I take a chance on you, Wolfson," Borrochson replied, "when we can both take a chance on the safe? If you don't want to take it, I will take it. You don't got to buy the safe, Wolfson, if you don't want to."

For five minutes more Wolfson pondered and at length he surrendered.

"All right," he said. "I'll make you this proposition: If I find it anything in the safe I will pay you six hundred, and if I don't find it nothing in the safe, I will pay you one hundred dollars for the privilege of looking. I'm willing to take a chance, too."

"That ain't no chance what you take it," Borrochson cried. "That's a dead-sure certainty."

"Why is it a certainty, Borrochson?" Wolfson retorted. "If I don't find nothing in the safe you can keep it, and then you got it one hundred dollars from me; and when Rubin comes into the store you could sell him the safe for five hundred dollars, anyway. So which whatever way you look at it, Borrochson, you get six hundred dollars for the safe."

Borrochson frowned in deep consideration of the plan.

"I tell you what it is, Wolfson," he said at last, "and this is my last word, so sure as you stand there. If you don't want to consider it, the deal is off. Pay me two hundred dollars now in advance and four hundred dollars additional when you find it something in the safe. That is all there is to it."

Wolfson looked hard at Borrochson, but there was a glitter of finality in the jeweler's eyes that clinched things.

"What for You Come Into the Store? Ain't You Agreed You Shouldn't?"

"And you and the safe feller can look at the safe alone," Borrochson concluded.

"I'm satisfied," Wolfson said finally, and drew a checkbook from his waistcoat pocket.

Borrochson raised his hand solemnly.

"Either cash oder nothing," was his ultimatum, and Wolfson replaced the checkbook in his vest pocket and drew a roll of bills from his trousers. He peeled off two hundred dollars and handed it to Borrochson.

"You see," he said, "I trust you. Ain't it?"

"You got to trust me," Borrochson replied, as Wolfson rose to examine the safe.

"Who did you get to look at the safe?" he asked Borrochson.

"Experts from everywhere," Borrochson replied. "I must of got ten fellers here from every big safe house in town. I can show you the bills already."

Wolfson waved his hand.

"I don't want to see 'em," he said. "But on the front of the safe I see it, J. Daiches, maker, Grand Street, New York. Did you have him to look at it?"

"Daiches!" Borrochson repeated with a laugh. "I should say I didn't get him to look at it. Why, that feller Daiches don't know no more about safes than I do about aljibbery what they learn it young fellers by night school. He come from Minsk ten years ago and made it a little money as an operator on shirts. So he buys out a feller in Grand Street and goes into the safe business since only a year ago."

"I take a chance on him, anyhow," Wolfson declared. "So do me the favor and go to the saloon on the corner and ring him up."

Borrochson shrugged his shoulders.

"You're up against a bum proposition in Daiches, Wolfson," he said, "because that feller don't know nothing about safes."

"But he's in the safe business, ain't he? And a feller can learn a whole lot about a business inside a year."

"A horse could pull it a truck-load of books for a hundred years, Wolfson," Borrochson said, "and when he got through he wouldn't know no more what's inside of them books than when he started; ain't it?"

"'Senough, Borrochson," Wolfson said, "if you're afraid to trust me alone in the store here while you go and telephone, why we can lock up the store and I will go with you."

Accordingly they repaired to the sabbatical entrance of the nearest liquor saloon and rang up Daiches' store in Grand Street. They had no difficulty in speaking to him, for on the lower end of Grand Street business goes forward on Sunday as briskly as on weekdays.

"Mr. Daiches," Borrochson said, "this is Philip Borrochson from Third Avenue. Could you come up by my store and look over my safe?"

"I ain't in the market for no safes, Borrochson," Daiches replied at the other end of the telephone wire.

"Not to buy no safes," Borrochson corrected. "There's a feller here what wants you to look at my safe."

"Tell him for five dollars," Wolfson whispered in Borrochson's ear.

"He wants to give you five dollars for the job," Borrochson repeated.

"For five dollars is different," Daiches answered. "I will be up in half an hour. Should I bring it tools?"

Borrochson turned to Wolfson.

"He wants to know should he bring it tools," he said.

"Sure he should bring it tools," Wolfson cried; "powder also."

"Powder!" Borrochson exclaimed. "What for?"

"Powder what you blow it up with," Wolfson answered.

"Positively not," Borrochson declared. "I wouldn't tell him nothing about powder. Might you wouldn't find nothing in the safe, and when you blew it up already I couldn't sell it to Rubin for a button."

He turned to the 'phone again.

"Hullo, Daiches!" he said. "Bring up tools, sure; but remember what I tell you, you shouldn't do nothing to harm the looks of the safe."

"Sure not," Daiches replied. "Good-by."

II

AN HOUR later J. Daiches knocked at the door of the store and was admitted by Borrochson.

"Mr. Wolfson," he said, "this is J. Daiches."

"Please to meetcher," Daiches replied. "Which is the job what I got to do it?"

They led him to the safe in the rear of the store.

"Why, that's a safe what myself I sold it," Daiches exclaimed. "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing's the matter with it," Wolfson said. "Only Borrochson should go outside on the sidewalk and stick there until we get through."

"Tell me, Wolfson," Borrochson said pleadingly, "why should I go outside?"

"An agreement is an agreement," Wolfson replied firmly, and Borrochson left the store and slammed the door behind him.

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Wolfson," Daiches said; "my name is on the safe as maker, but I didn't got nothing to do with making the safe. I bought the safe from a Broadway concern what put my name on the safe. So if the combination gets stuck it's up to them."

"There ain't nothing the matter with the combination, Daiches," Wolfson said, "only I got it an idee that safe must have a secret apartment."

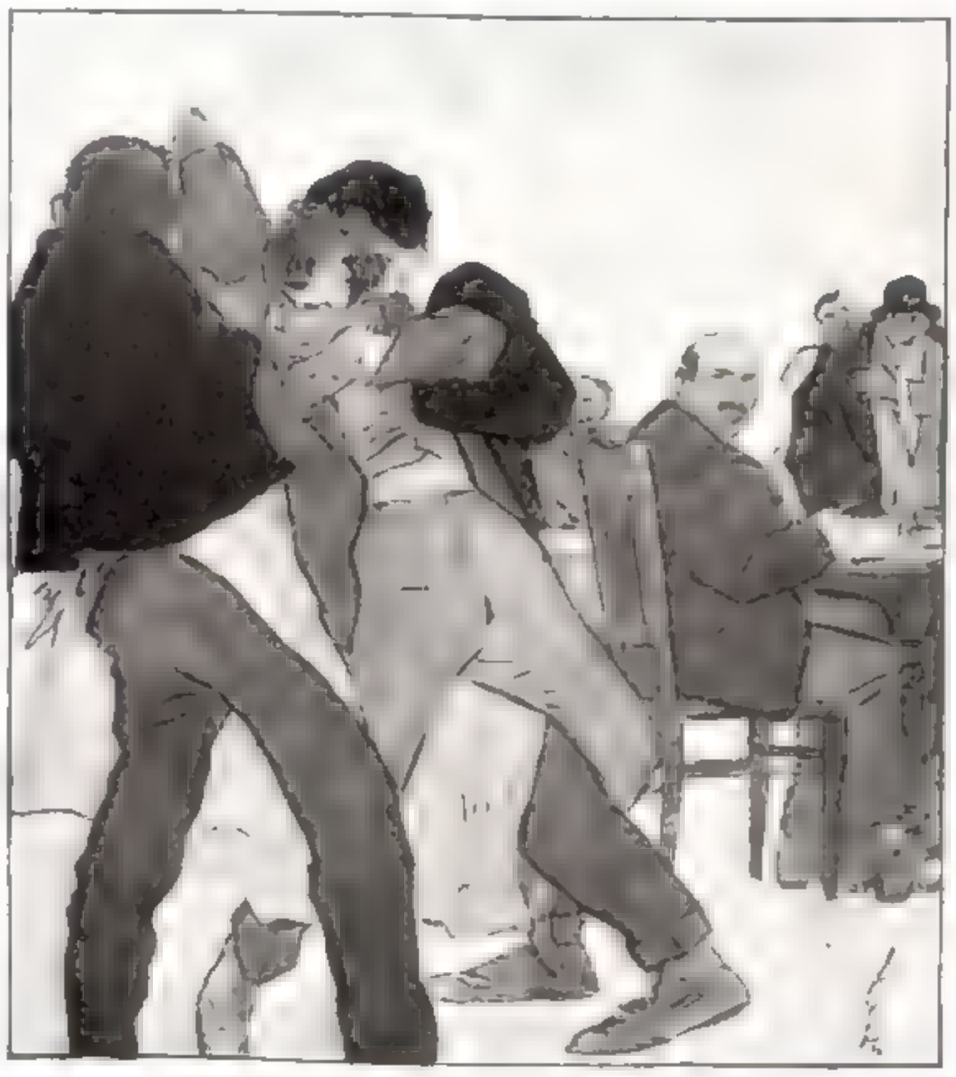
"A secret apartment!" Daiches exclaimed. "Well, if that's the case somebody put it on after I sold it."

Wolfson looked at Daiches, whose uninteresting face expressed all the intelligence of a tailor's lay figure.

"Supposin' they did," Wolfson said, "it's your business to find it out."

"I thought you said it was a *secret* apartment!"

Wolfson made no reply; he felt that he was leaning on a broken reed, but he commenced to pull out the safe's numerous drawers, all of which contained cheap jewelry.



"Schwindler! For All What I Have Done for You, You Give Me a Piece From Glass"

"Let me help you do that, Mr. Wolfson," Daiches said, and suited the action to the word by seizing the top drawer on the left-hand side of the safe. He jerked it clumsily from its frame without supporting the rear and the next moment it fell heavily to the floor.

"Idiot!" Wolfson hissed, but simultaneously Daiches emitted a cry.

He pointed excitedly to the floor where the drawer lay upside down. A small velvet-lined tray extended from the rear of the drawer, while scattered on the floor beneath lay six unset diamonds that winked and sparkled in the half-light of the shuttered store.

Wolfson made a dart for the stones and had managed to tuck away three of them in his waistcoat pocket when Borrochson burst into the store and ran up to the safe.

"What's the matter?" he gasped.

Wolfson wiped his forehead before replying.

"Nothing's the matter," he croaked. "What for you come into the store? Ain't you agreed you shouldn't?"

"Where did them diamonds come from?" Borrochson demanded, pointing to the three gems on the dusty floor.

"I dropped a drawer, the top one on the left-hand side," Daiches said, lifting up the drawer and pointing to the secret slide in its rear, "and this here little tray jumps out."

Wolfson turned on the little safe dealer with a terrible glare.

"You got to tell everything what you know," he bellowed.

Borrochson smiled grimly.

"I guess it's a good thing that I come in when I did, otherwise you would of schmeared Daiches a fifty-dollar note that he shouldn't tell me nothing about it, and then you would of copped out them diamonds and told me you didn't find it nothing. Ain't it?" he said.

Wolfson blushed.

"If you would say I am a thief, Borrochson," he thundered, "I will make for you a couple blue eyes what you wouldn't like already."

"I ain't saying nothing," Borrochson replied. "All I want is you should pay me four hundred dollars balance on the safe and twenty-six hundred and fifty what we agreed on for the store and I am satisfied."

"And how about my five dollars?" Daiches cried.

"That I will pay it you myself," Borrochson said.

"Don't do me no favors, Borrochson," Wolfson exclaimed. "I will settle with Daiches."

"But," Daiches broke in again, "how about them diamonds, Mr. Wolfson?"

He looked significantly at Wolfson's waistcoat pocket.

"What diamonds?" Borrochson asked.

"He means the diamonds what you just picked up off the floor," Wolfson hastened to explain. "He wants his rakeoff, too, I suppose."

He fastened another hypnotic glare on the shrinking Daiches and, taking the remaining diamonds from Borrochson, he put them with the others in his vest pocket.

"Well," he concluded, "that I will settle with him, too. Tomorrow is Monday and we will all meet at Feldman's office at two o'clock. Daiches, you and me will go downtown together and take it a little dinner and some wine, maybe What?"

He took Daiches' arm in a viselike grasp and started to lead him from the store.

"Hold on there!" Borrochson cried. "How about them diamonds? You got the diamonds and all I get is two hundred dollars. What security have I got it that you don't skip out with the diamonds and give me the rinky-dinks? Ain't it?"

"About the stock and fixtures, you got it a writing from me. Ain't it?" Wolfson cried. "And about the safe, Daiches here is a witness. I give you two hundred dollars a while ago, and the balance of four hundred dollars I will pay it you tomorrow at two o'clock when we close."

He took the keys of the store from Borrochson after the door was locked, and once more he led Daiches to the street.

"Yes, Daiches," he said, as they neared the elevated station, "that's the way it is when a feller's tongue runs away with him. You pretty near done yourself out of a fine diamond."

"A fine diamond!" Daiches exclaimed. "What d'ye mean?"

"I mean, if you wouldn't say nothing to Borrochson about them diamonds what I stuck it in my waistcoat pocket before he seen 'em, as soon as we close the deal I give you one. Because if you should say something to Borrochson, it would bust up the deal; and might he would sue me in the courts for the diamonds already."

A shrewd glitter came into Daiches' eyes.

"That's where you make it a mistake, Mr. Wolfson," he said. "If you give it me the diamond now, Mr. Wolfson, I sure wouldn't say nothing to Borrochson about it, because I run it the risk of losing the diamond if I do. But if you wouldn't give it me the diamond till after the deal is closed, then you wouldn't need to give it me at all; y'understand?"

Wolfson stopped short in the middle of the sidewalk.

"You are a fine schwindler!" he said.

"Whether I am a schwindler or I ain't a schwindler, Mr. Wolfson, is got no effect on me," Daiches replied stolidly; "for otherwise, if I don't get it the diamond right this minute I will go back and tell it all about the diamonds to Borrochson."

Wolfson clenched his right fist and grasped Daiches by the shoulder with his left hand.

"You dirty dawg!" he began, when a tall, slender person bumped into him. The intruder was muttering to himself and his face was ghastly with an almost unnatural whiteness.

"Rubin!" Wolfson cried, and stared after the distracted Rubin who seemed to stagger as he half ran down the street.

"Leggo from my arm," Daiches said, "or I'll ——"

Wolfson came to himself with a start. After all, Rubin would be around the next day to buy back his safe, and Wolfson argued that he might as well be rid of Daiches.

"All right, Daiches," he said, "I'll give you a diamond."

He stopped under a lamppost and carefully placed the six diamonds in a little row on the flat of his hand between his second and third fingers. Then he selected the smallest of the six stones and handed it to Daiches.

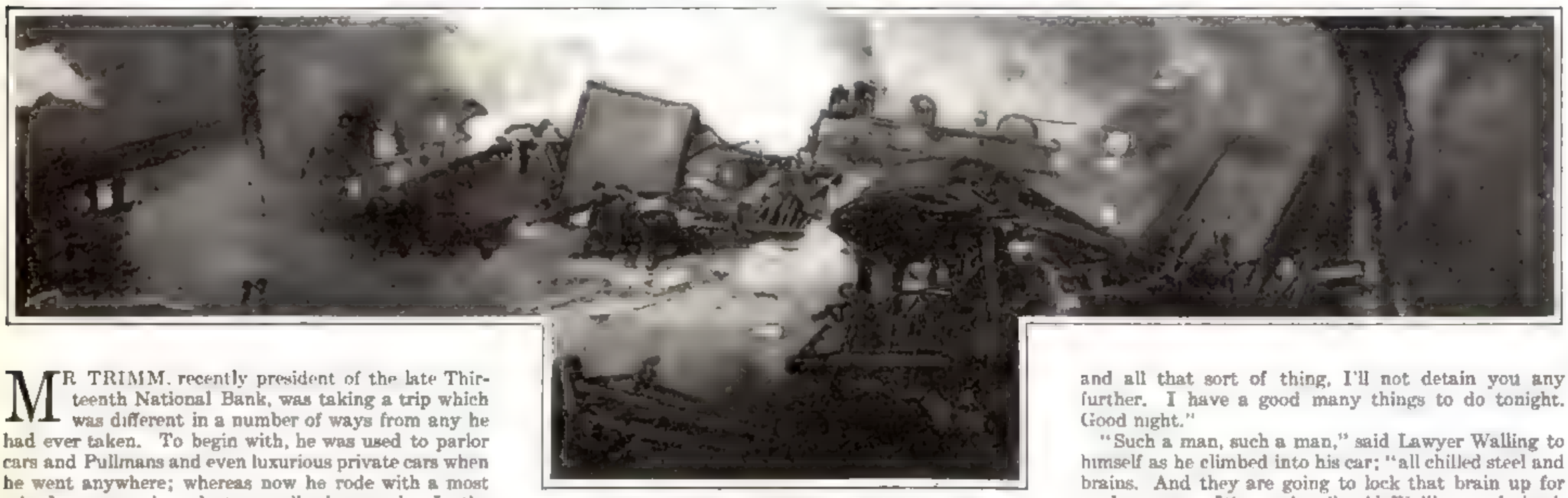
"Take it and should you never have no luck so long as you wear it," he grunted.

"Don't worry yourself about that, Mr. Wolfson," Daiches said with a smile. "I ain't going to wear it; I'm going to sell it tomorrow."

He folded it into a piece of paper and placed it in his greasy wallet, out of which he extracted a card.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM



Jammed Together Like Fighting Bucks That Had Died With Locked Horns

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MR TRIMM, recently president of the late Thirteenth National Bank, was taking a trip which was different in a number of ways from any he had ever taken. To begin with, he was used to parlor cars and Pullmans and even luxurious private cars when he went anywhere; whereas now he rode with a most mixed company in a dusty, smelly day coach. In the second place, his traveling companion was not such a one as Mr. Trimm would have chosen had the choice been left to him, being a stupid-looking German-American, with a drooping, yellow mustache. And in the third place, Mr. Trimm's plump white hands were folded in his lap, held in a close and enforced companionship by a new and shiny pair of the latest model handcuffs. Mr. Trimm was on his way to the Federal penitentiary to serve twelve years at hard labor for breaking, one way or another, about all the laws that are presumed to govern national banks.

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All the time Mr. Trimm was in the Tombs, fighting for a new trial, a certain question had lain in his mind unasked and unanswered. Through the seven months of his stay in the jail that question had been always at the back part of his head, ticking away there like a little watch that never needed winding. A dozen times a day it would pop into his thoughts and then go away, only to come back again.

When Copley was taken to the penitentiary—Copley being the cashier who got off with a lighter sentence because the judge and jury held him to be no more than a blind accomplice in the wrecking of the Thirteenth National—Mr. Trimm read closely every line that the papers carried about Copley's departure. But none of them had seen fit to give the young cashier more than a short and colorless paragraph. For Copley was only a small figure in the big intrigue that had startled the country; Copley didn't have the money to hire big lawyers to carry his appeal to the higher courts for him; Copley's wife was keeping boarders; and as for Copley himself, he had been wearing the stripes for several months now.

With Mr. Trimm it had been vastly different. From the very beginning of the case he had held the public eye. His bearing in court when the jury came in with their judgment; his cold defiance when the judge, in pronouncing sentence, mercilessly arraigned him and the system of finance for which he stood; the manner of his life in the Tombs; his spectacular fight to beat the verdict, had all been worth columns of newspaper space. If Mr. Trimm had been a popular poisoner, or a society woman named as co-respondent in a sensational divorce suit, the papers could not have been more generous in their space allotments. And Mr. Trimm in his cell had read all of it with smiling contempt, even to the semi-hysterical outpourings of the lady special writers who called him The Iron Man of Wall Street and undertook to analyze his emotions—and missed the mark by a thousand miles or two. Mr. Trimm had a smile that reminded one of a man drawing a knife, one of his critics said once.

Things had been smoothed as much as possible for him in the Tombs, for money and the power of it will go far toward ironing out even the corrugated routine of that big jail. He had a large cell to himself in the airiest, brightest corridor. His meals were served by a caterer from outside. Although he ate them without knife or fork he soon learned that a spoon and the fingers can accomplish a good deal when backed by a good appetite, and Mr. Trimm's appetite was uniformly good. The warden and his underlings had been models of official kindliness; the newspapers had sent their brightest young men to interview him whenever he felt like talking, which wasn't often; and surely his lawyers had done all in his behalf that money—a great deal of money—could do. Perhaps it was because of these things that Mr. Trimm had never been able to bring himself to realize that he was the Hobart W. Trimm who had been sentenced to the Federal prison; it seemed to him, somehow, that he, personally, was merely a spectator standing to one side watching the fight of another man to dodge the penitentiary.

However, he didn't fail to give the other man the advantage of every chance that money would buy. This sense of aloofness to the whole thing had persisted even when his personal lawyer came to him one night in the early fall and told him that the court of last possible resort had denied the last possible motion. Mr. Trimm cut the lawyer short with a shake of his head as the other began saying something about the chances of a pardon from the President. Mr. Trimm wasn't in the habit of letting men deceive him with idle words. No President would pardon him and he knew it.

"Never mind that, Walling," he said steadily, when the lawyer offered to come to see him again before he started for prison the next day. "If you'll see that a drawing-room on the train is reserved for me—for us, I mean—and all that sort of thing, I'll not detain you any further. I have a good many things to do tonight. Good night."

"Such a man, such a man," said Lawyer Walling to himself as he climbed into his car; "all chilled steel and brains. And they are going to lock that brain up for twelve years. It's a crime," said Walling, and shook his head. Walling always said it was a crime when they sent a client of his to prison. To his credit be it said, though, they sent very few of them there. Walling made as high as fifty thousand a year at criminal law Some of it was very criminal law indeed. His specialty was picking holes in the statutes faster than the legislature could make them and provide them and putty them up with amendments. This was the first case he had lost in a good long time.

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When Jerry, the turnkey, came for him in the morning Mr. Trimm had made as careful a toilet as the limited means at his command permitted, and he had eaten a hearty breakfast and was ready to go, all but putting on his hat. Looking the picture of well-groomed, close-buttoned, iron-gray middle age, Mr. Trimm followed the turnkey through the long corridor and down the winding iron stairs to the warden's office. He gave no heed to the curious eyes that followed him through the barred doors of many cells; his feet rang briskly on the flags

The warden, Hallam, was there in the private office with another man, a tall, raw-boned man with a drooping, straw-colored mustache and the unmistakable look about him of the police officer. Mr. Trimm knew without being told that this was the man who would take him to prison. The stranger was standing at a desk, signing some papers.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Trimm," said the warden with a nervous cordiality. "Be through here in just one minute. This is Deputy Marshal Meyers," he added.

Mr. Trimm started to tell this Mr. Meyers he was glad to meet him, but caught himself and merely nodded. The man stared at him with neither interest nor curiosity in his dull blue eyes. The warden moved over toward the door.

"Mr. Trimm," he said, clearing his throat, "I took the liberty of calling a cab to take you gents up to the Grand Central. It's out front now. But there's a big crowd of reporters and photographers and a lot of other people waiting, and if I was you I'd slip out the back way—one of my men will open the yard gate for you—and jump aboard the subway down at Worth Street. Then you'll miss those fellows."

"Thank you, Warden—very kind of you," said Mr. Trimm in that crisp, businesslike way of his. He had been crisp and businesslike all his life. He heard a door opening softly behind him, and when he turned to look he saw the warden slipping out, furtively, in almost an embarrassed fashion.

"Well," said Meyers, "all ready?"

"Yes," said Mr. Trimm, and he made as if to rise.

"Wait one minute," said Meyers.

He half turned his back on Mr. Trimm and fumbled at the side pocket of his ill-hanging coat. Something inside of Mr. Trimm gave the least little jump, and the question that had ticked away so busily all those months began to buzz, buzz in his ears; but it was only a handkerchief the man was getting out. Doubtless he was going to mop his face.

He didn't mop his face, though. He unrolled the handkerchief slowly, as if it contained something immensely fragile

"Say, Pal, How Fur Ahead are You of Yore Keeper?"

and valuable, and then, thrusting it back in his pocket, he faced Mr. Trimm. He was carrying in his hands a pair of handcuffs that hung open-jawed. The jaws had little notches in them, like teeth that could bite. The question that had ticked in Mr. Trimm's head was answered at last—in the sight of these steel things with their notched jaws.

Mr. Trimm stood up and, with a movement as near to hesitation as he had ever been guilty of in his life, held out his hands, backs upward.

"I guess you're new at this kind of thing," said Meyers, grinning. "This here way—one at a time."

He took hold of Mr. Trimm's right hand, turned it sideways and settled one of the steel cuffs over the top of it, flipping the notched jaw up from beneath and pressing it in so that it locked automatically with a brisk little click. Slipping the locked cuff back and forth on Mr. Trimm's wrist like a man adjusting a part of machinery, and then bringing the left hand up to meet the right, he treated it the same way. Then he stepped back.

Mr. Trimm hadn't meant to protest. The word came unbidden.

"This—this isn't necessary, is it?" he asked in a voice that was husky and didn't seem to belong to him.

"Yep," said Meyers. "Standin' orders is show no favors and take no chances. But you won't find them things uncomfortable. Lightest pair there was in the office, and I fixed 'em plenty loose."

For half a minute Mr. Trimm stood like a rooster hypnotized by a chalkmark, his arms extended, his eyes set on his bonds. His hands had fallen perhaps four inches apart, and in the space between his wrists a little chain was stretched taut. In the mounting tumult that filled his brain there sprang before Mr. Trimm's consciousness a phrase he had heard or read somewhere, the title of a story or, perhaps, it was a headline—The Grips of the Law. The Grips of the Law were upon Mr. Trimm—he felt them now for the first time in these shiny wristlets and this bit of chain that bound his wrists and filled his whole body with a strange, loathy feeling that made him physically sick. A sudden sweat beaded out on Mr. Trimm's face, making it slick and wet.

He had a handkerchief, a fine linen handkerchief with a hemstitched border and a monogram on it, in the upper breast pocket of his buttoned coat. He tried to reach it. His hands went up, twisting awkwardly like crab claws. The fingers of both plucked out the handkerchief. Holding it so, Mr. Trimm mopped the sweat away. The links of the handcuffs fell in upon one another and lengthened out again at each movement, filling the room with a smart little sound.

He got the handkerchief stowed away with the same clumsiness. He raised the manacled hands to his hat brim, gave it a downward pull that brought it over his face, and then, letting his short arms slide down upon his plump stomach, he faced the man who had put the fetters upon him, squaring his shoulders back. But it was hard, somehow, for him to square his shoulders—perhaps because of his hands being drawn so closely together. And his eyes would waver and fall upon his wrists. Mr. Trimm had a feeling that the skin must be drawn very tight on his jawbones and his forehead.

"Isn't there some way to hide these—these things?"

He began by blurting and ended by faltering it. His hands shuffled together, one over, then under the other.

"Here's a way," said Meyers. "This'll help."

He bestirred himself, folding one of the chained hands upon the other, tugging at the white linen cuffs, and drawing the coat sleeves of his prisoner down over the bracelets as far as the chain would let them come.

"There's the notion," he said. "Just do that-a-way and them bracelets won't hardly show a-tall. Ready? Let's be movin', then."

But handcuffs were never meant to be hidden. Merely a pair of steel rings clamped to one's wrists and coupled together with a scrap of chain, but they'll twist your arms and hamper the movements of your body in a way to constantly catch the eye of the passer-by. When a man is coming toward you you can tell that he is handcuffed before you see the cuffs.

Mr. Trimm was never able to recall afterward exactly how he got out of the Tombs. He had a confused memory of a gate that was swung open by some one whom Mr. Trimm saw only from the feet to the waist; then he and his companion were out on Lafayette Street, speeding south toward the subway entrance at Worth Street, two blocks below, with the marshal's hand cupped under Mr. Trimm's right elbow and Mr. Trimm's plump legs almost trotting in their haste. For a moment it looked as if the warden's well-meant artifice would serve them.

But New York reporters are up to the tricks of people who want to evade them. At the sight of them a sentry reporter on the corner shouted a warning which was instantly caught up and passed on by another picket stationed half-way down the block; and around the wall of the Tombs came pelting a flying mob of newspaper photographers and reporters, with a choice rabble behind them. Foot passengers took up the chase, not knowing what it was about, but sensing a free show. Truckmen halted their teams, jumped down from their wagon seats and joined in. A man-chase is one of the pleasantest outdoor sports that a big city like New York can offer its people

Fairly running now, the manacled banker and the deputy marshal shot down the winding steps into the subway a good ten yards ahead of the foremost pursuers. But there was one delay, while Meyers skirmished with his free hand in his trousers' pocket for a dime for the tickets, and another before a northbound local rolled into the station. Shouted at, jeered at, shoved this way and that, panting in gulping breaths, for he was stout by nature and stale from lack of exercise, Mr. Trimm, with Meyers clutching him by the arm, was fairly shot aboard one of the cars, at the apex of a human wedge. The astonished guard sensed the situation as the scrooging, shoving, noisy wave rolled across the platform toward the doors which he had opened and, thrusting the officer and his prisoner into the narrow platform space behind him, he tried to form with his body a barrier against those who came jamming in.

It didn't do any good. He was brushed away, protesting and blustering. The excitement spread through the train, and men, and even women, left their seats, crowding the aisles

There is no crueler thing than a city crowd, all eyes and morbid curiosity. But Mr. Trimm didn't see the staring eyes on that ride to the Grand Central. What he saw was many shifting feet and a hedge of legs shutting him in closely—those and the things on his wrists. What the eyes of the crowd saw was a small, stout man who, for all his bulk, seemed to have shrunk up inside his clothes so that they bagged on him some places and bulged others, with his head tucked on his chest, his hat over his face and his fingers straining to hold his coat sleeves down over a pair of steel bracelets.

Mr. Trimm gave mental thanks to a Deity whose existence he thought he had forgotten when the gate of the trainshed clanged behind him, shutting out the mob that had come with them all the way. Cameras had been shoved in his face like gun muzzles, reporters had scuttled alongside him, dodging under Meyers' fending arm to shout questions in his ears. He had neither spoken nor looked at them. The sweat still ran down his face, so that when finally he raised his head in the comparative quiet of the trainshed his skin was a curious gray under the jail paleness like the color of wet wood ashes.

"My lawyer promised to arrange for a compartment—for some private place on the train," he said to Meyers. "The conductor ought to know."

They were the first words he had uttered since he left the Tombs. Meyers spoke to a jaunty Pullman conductor who stood alongside the car where they had halted.

"No such reservation," said the conductor, running through his sheaf of slips, with his eyes shifting from Mr. Trimm's face to Mr. Trimm's hands and back again, as though he couldn't decide which was the more interesting part of him; "must be some mistake. Or else it was for some other train. Too late to change now—we pull out in three minutes."

"I reckon we better git on the smoker," said Meyers, "if there's room there."

Mr. Trimm was steered back again the length of the train through a double row of pop-eyed porters and staring trainmen. At the steps where they stopped the instinct to stretch out one hand and swing himself up by the rail operated automatically and his wrists got a nasty twist. Meyers and a brakeman practically lifted him up the steps and Meyers headed him into a car that was hazy with blue tobacco smoke. He was confused in his gait, almost as if his lower limbs had been fettered, too.

The car was full of shirt-sleeved men who stood up, craning their necks and stumbling over each other in their desire to see him. These men came out into the aisle, so that Meyers had to shove through them.

"This here'll do as well as any, I guess," said Meyers. He drew Mr. Trimm past him into the seat nearest the window and sat down alongside him on the side next the aisle, settling himself on the stuffy plush seat and breathing deeply, like a man who had got through the hardest part of a not easy job.

"Smoke?" he asked.

Mr. Trimm shook his head without raising it.

"Them cuffs feel plenty easy?" was the deputy's next question. He lifted Mr. Trimm's hands as casually as if they had been his hands and not Mr. Trimm's, and looked at them.

"Seem to be all right," he said as he let them fall back. "Don't pinch none, I reckon?"

The deputy tugged a minute at his mustache, searching his arid mind. An idea came to him. He drew a newspaper from his pocket, opened it out flat and spread it over Mr. Trimm's lap so that it covered the chained wrists. Almost instantly the train was in motion, moving through the yards.

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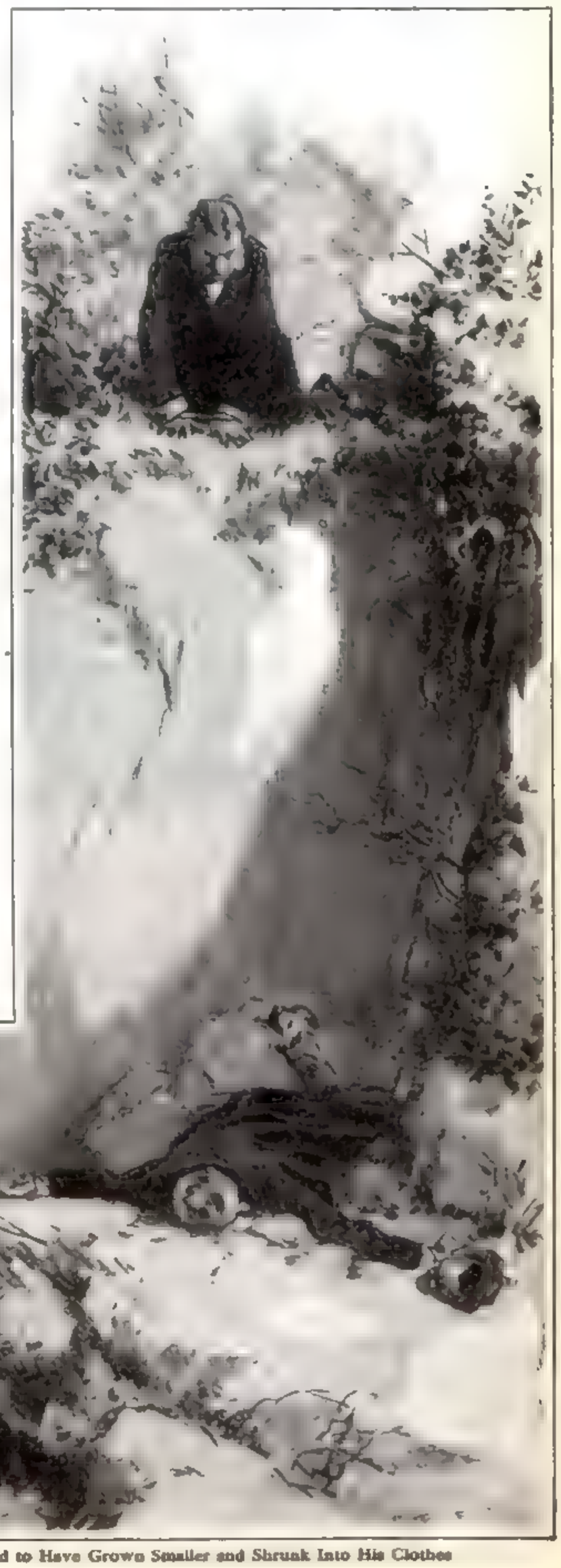
"Be there in two hours more," volunteered Meyers. It was late afternoon. They were sliding through woodlands with occasional openings which showed meadows melting into wide, flat lands.

"Want a drink?" said the deputy, next. "No? Well, I guess I'll have a drop myself. Travelin' fills a feller's throat full of dust." He got up, lurching to the motion of the flying train and started forward to the water-cooler behind the car door. He had gone perhaps two-thirds of



He Seemed to Have Grown Smaller and Shrunk Into His Clothes

the way when Mr. Trimm felt a queer, grinding sensation beneath his feet; it was exactly as though the train were trying to go forward and back at the same time. Almost slowly, it seemed to him, the forward end of the car slewed out of its straight course, at the same time tilting up. There was a grinding, roaring, grating sound, and before Mr. Trimm's eyes Meyers vanished, tumbling forward out of sight as the car floor buckled under his feet. Then, as everything—the train, the earth, the sky—all fused together in a great spatter of white and black, Mr. Trimm, plucked from his seat as though a giant hand had him by the collar, shot forward through the air over the seat-backs, his chained hands aloft, clutching wildly. He rolled out of a ragged opening where the smoker had broken in two, flopped gently on the sloping side of the right-of-way and slid easily to the bottom, where he lay quiet and still on his back in a bed of weeds and wild grass, staring straight up.

How many minutes he lay there Mr. Trimm didn't know. It may have been the shrieks of the victims or the glare from the fire that brought him out of the daze. He wriggled his body to a sitting posture, got on his feet, holding his head between his coupled hands, and gazed full-face into the railroad horror of the year.

There were numbers of the passengers who had escaped serious hurt, but for the most part these persons seemed to have gone daft from terror and shock. Some were running aimlessly up and down; and some, a few, were pecking feebly with improvised tools at the wreck, an indescribable jumble of ruin, from which there issued cries of mortal agony, and from which, at a point where two locomotives were lying on their sides, jammed together like fighting bucks that had died with locked horns, a tall flame already rippled and spread, sending up a pillar of black smoke that rose straight, poisoning the clear blue of the sky. Nobody paid any attention to Mr. Trimm as he stood swaying upon his feet. There wasn't a scratch on him. His clothes were hardly rumpled; his hat was still on his head. He stood a minute, and then, moved by a sudden impulse, he turned around and went running straight away from the railroad at the best speed his pudgy legs could accomplish, with his arms pumping up and down in front of him and his fingers interlaced. It was a grotesque gait, almost like a rabbit hopping on its hindlegs.

Instantly, almost, the friendly woods growing down to the edge of the fill swallowed him up. He dodged and doubled back and forth among the tree trunks, his small, patent-leathered feet skipping nimbly over the irregular turf, until he stopped for lack of wind in his lungs to carry him another rod. When he had got his breath back Mr. Trimm leaned against a tree and bent his head this way and that, listening. No sound came to his ears but the sleepy calls of birds. As well as Mr. Trimm might judge he had come far into the depths of a considerable woodland. Already the shadows under the low limbs were growing thick and confused as the hurried twilight of early September came on.

Mr. Trimm sat down on a natural cushion of thick green moss between two roots of an oak. The place was clean and soft and sweet-scented. For some little time he sat there motionless, in a sort of mental haze. Then his round body slowly slid down flat upon the moss, his head lolled to one side and, the reaction having come, Mr. Trimm's limbs all relaxed and he went to sleep straightway.

After a while, when the woods were black and still, the half-grown moon came up and, sifting through a chink in the canopy of leaves above, shone down full on Mr. Trimm as he lay snoring gently with his mouth open and his hands rising and falling on his breast. The moonlight struck upon the handcuffs, making them look like quicksilver.

Toward daylight it turned off sharp and cool, and the dogwoods which had been a solid color at nightfall now showed pink in one light and green in another, like changeable silk, as the first level rays of the sun came up over the rim of the earth and made long, golden lanes between the tree-trunks. Mr. Trimm opened his eyes slowly, hardly sensing for the first moment or two how he came to be lying under a canopy of leaves, and gaped, seeking to stretch his arms. At that, he remembered everything; he hunched his shoulders against the tree-roots and wriggled himself up to a sitting position where he stayed for a while, letting his mind run over the sequence of events that had brought him where he was and taking inventory of the situation.

Of escape he had no thought. The hue and cry must be out for him before now; doubtless men were already searching for him. It would be better for him to walk in and surrender than to be taken in the woods, still fettered, like an animal escaped from a traveling menagerie. But the mere thought of enduring again what he had already gone through—the thought of being tagged by crowds and stared at, with his fetters on—filled him with a nausea. Nothing that the Federal penitentiary might hold in store for him could equal the black, blind shamefulness of yesterday; he knew that. The thought of the new ignominy that faced him made Mr. Trimm desperate. He had a desire to burrow into the thicket yonder and hide his face and his chained hands.

A Man Worth Four Million Dollars Down on His Knees

But perhaps he could get the handcuffs off and so go to meet his captors in some manner of dignity. Strange that the idea hadn't occurred to him before! It seemed to Mr. Trimm that he desired to get his two hands apart more than he had ever desired anything in his whole life before.

The hands had begun naturally to adjust themselves to their enforced companionship, and it wasn't such a very hard matter, though it cost him some painful wrenches and much twisting of the fingers, for Mr. Trimm to get his coat unbuttoned and his eyeglasses in their small leather case out of his upper waistcoat pocket. With the glasses on his nose he subjected his bonds to a critical examination. The rounded steel bands ran unbroken except for the smooth, almost jointless hinges and the small locks which sat perched on the back of each wrist in a little rounded excrescence like a steel wart. In the flat center of each lock was a small keyhole and alongside of it a notched nub, the nub being sunk in a minute depression. On the inner side, underneath, the cuffs slid into themselves—two notches on each showing where the jaws might be tightened to fit a smaller hand than his—and right over the large blue vein in the middle of the wrist were swivel links, shackle-bolted to the cuffs and connected by a flat, slightly larger middle link, giving the hands a palm-to-palm play of not more than four or five inches. The cuffs did not hurt—even after so many hours there was no actual discomfort from them and the flesh beneath them was hardly reddened.

But it didn't take Mr. Trimm long to find out that they were not to be got off over his hands. He tugged and pulled, trying with his fingers for a purchase. All he did was to chafe the skin and make his wrists throb with pain. The cuffs would go forward just so far, then the little humps of bone above the hands would catch and hold them.

Mr. Trimm was not a man to waste time in the pursuit of the obviously hopeless. Presently he stood up, shook himself and started off at a fair gait through the woods. The sun was up now and the turf was all dappled with lights and shadows, and about him much small, furtive wild life was stirring. He stepped along briskly, a strange figure for that green solitude, with his correct city garb and the glint of the steel at his sleeve-ends.

Presently he heard the long-drawn, quavering, banshee wail of a locomotive. The sound came from almost behind him, in an opposite direction from where he supposed the railroad track to be. So he turned around and went back the other way. He crossed a half-dried-up runlet and climbed a small hill, neither of which he remembered having met in his flight from the wreck, and in a little while he came out upon the railroad. To the north a little distance the rails ran around a curve. To the south, where the diminishing rails running through the unbroken woodland met in a long, shiny V, he could see a big smoke smudge against the horizon. This smoke Mr. Trimm knew must come from the wreck—which was still burning, evidently. As nearly as he could judge he had come out of cover at least two miles above it. After a moment's consideration he decided to go south toward the wreck. Soon he could distinguish small dots like ants moving in and out about the black spot, and he knew these dots must be men.

A whining, whirring sound came along the rails to him from behind. He faced about just as a handcar shot out around the curve from the north, moving with amazing rapidity under the strokes of four men at the pumps. Other men, laborers to judge by their blue overalls, were sitting on the edges of the car with their feet dangling. For the second time within twelve hours impulse ruled Mr. Trimm, who wasn't given to impulses normally. He made a jump off the right-of-way, and as the handcar flashed by he watched its flight from the covert of a weed tangle.

But even as the handcar was passing him Mr. Trimm regretted his hastiness. He must surrender himself sooner or later; why not to these overalled laborers, since it was a thing that had to be done? He slid out of hiding and came trotting back to the tracks. Already the handcar was a hundred yards away, flitting into distance like some big, wonderfully fast bug, the figures of the men at the pumps rising and falling with a walking-beam regularity. As he stood watching them fade away and minded to try hailing them, yet still hesitating against his judgment, Mr. Trimm saw something white drop from the hands of one of the blue-clad figures on the handcar, unfold into a newspaper and come fluttering back along the tracks toward him. Just as he, starting doggedly ahead, met it, the little ground breeze that had carried it along died out and the paper dropped and flattened right in front of him. The front page was uppermost and he knew it must be of that morning's issue, for across the column tops ran the flaring headline: "Twenty Dead in Frightful Collision."

Squatting on the cindered track Mr. Trimm patted the crumpled sheet flat with his bound hands. His eyes dropped from the first of the glaring captions to the second, to the next—and then his heart gave a great bound inside of him and, clutching up the newspaper to his breast, he bounded off the tracks back into another thicket and huddled there with the paper spread on the earth in front of him, reading by gulps while the chain that linked wrist to wrist tinkled to the tremors running through him. What he had seen first, in staring black-face type, was his own name leading the list of known dead, and what he saw now, broken up into choppy paragraphs and done in the nervous English of a trained reporter throwing a great news story together to catch an edition, but telling a clear enough story nevertheless, was a narrative in which his

name recurred again and again. The body of the United States deputy marshal, Meyers, frightfully crushed, had been taken from the wreckage of the smoker—so the double-leaded story ran—and near to Meyers another body, with features burned beyond recognition, yet still retaining certain distinguishing marks of measurement and contour, had been found and identified as that of Hobart W. Trimm, the convicted banker. The bodies of these two, with eighteen other mangled dead, had been removed to a town called Westfield, from which the facts of the disaster had been telegraphed to the New York paper. In another column farther along was more about Banker Trimm; facts about his soiled, selfish, greedy, successful life, his great fortune, his trial, and a statement that, lacking any close kin to claim his body, his lawyers had been notified.

Mr. Trimm read the account through to the end, and as he read the sense of dominant, masterful self-control came back to him in waves. He got up, taking the paper with him, and went back into the deeper woods, moving warily and watchfully. As he went his mind, trained to take hold of problems and wring the essence out of them, was busy. Of the charred, grisly thing in the improvised morgue at Westfield, wherever that might be, Mr. Trimm took no heed nor wasted any pity. All his life he had used live men to work his will, with no thought of what might come to them afterward. The living had served him, why not the dead?

He had other things to think of than this dead proxy of his. He was as good as free! There would be no hunt for him now; no alarm out, no posses combing every scrap of cover for a famous criminal turned fugitive. He had only to lie quiet a few days, somewhere, then get in secret touch with Walling. Walling would do anything for money. And he had the money—four millions and more, saved from the crash that had ruined so many others.

He would alter his personal appearance, change his name—he thought of Duvall, which was his mother's name—and with Walling's aid he would get out of the country and into some other country where a man might live like a prince on four millions or the fractional part of it. He thought of South America, of South Africa, of a private yacht swinging through the little-frequented islands of the South Seas. All that the law had tried to take from him would be given back. Walling would work out the details of the escape—and make it safe and sure—trust Walling for those things. On one side was the prison, with its promise of twelve grinding years sliced out of the very heart of his life; on the other, freedom, ease, security, even power. Through Mr. Trimm's mind tumbled thoughts of concessions, enterprises, privileges—the back corners of the globe were full of possibilities for the right man. And between this prospect and Mr. Trimm there stood nothing in the way, nothing but——

Mr. Trimm's eyes fell upon his bound hands. Snug-fitting, shiny steel bands irked his wrists. The Grips of the Law were still upon him.

But only in a way of speaking. It was preposterous, unbelievable, altogether out of the question that a man with four millions salted down and stored away, a man who all his life had been used to grappling with the big things and wrestling them down into submission, a man whose luck had come to be a byword—and had not it held good even in this last emergency?—would be balked by puny scraps of forged steel and a trumpery lock or two. Why, these cuffs were no thicker than the gold bands that Mr. Trimm had seen on the arms of overdressed women at the opera. The chain that joined them was no larger and, probably, no stronger than the chains which Mr. Trimm's chauffeur wrapped around the tires of the touring car in winter to keep the wheels from skidding on the slush. There would be a way, surely, for Mr. Trimm to free himself from these things. There must be—that was all there was to it.

Mr. Trimm looked himself over. His clothes were not so badly rumpled; his patent-leather boots were scarcely scratched. Without the handcuffs he could pass unnoticed anywhere. By night he must be free of them, and on his way to some small inland city, to stay quiet there until the guarded telegram that he would send in cipher had reached Walling. There in the woods by himself Mr. Trimm no longer felt the ignominy of his bonds; he felt only the temporary embarrassment of them and the need of added precaution until he should have mastered them.

He was once more the unemotional, canny man of affairs who had stood Wall Street on its esteemed head and caught the golden streams that trickled from its pockets. First making sure that he was in a well-screened covert of the woods he set about exploring all his pockets. The coat pockets were comparatively easy, now that he had got used to using two hands where one had always served, but it cost him a lot of twisting of his body and some pain to his mistreated wrist bones to bring forth the contents of his trousers' pockets. The chain caught time and again as he groped with the undermost hand for the openings; his dumpy, pudgy form writhed grotesquely. But finally he finished. The search produced four cigars somewhat crumpled and frayed; some matches in a gun-metal case, a silver cigar-cutter, two five-dollar bills, a handful of silver chicken-feed, the leather case of the eyeglasses, a couple of quill toothpicks, a good watch with a dangling fob, a notebook and some papers. Mr. Trimm ranged these things in a neat row upon a log, like a watchmaker setting out his kit, and took swift inventory of them. Some he eliminated from his design, stowing them back in the pockets easiest to reach. He kept for present employment the match-safe, the cigar-cutter and the watch.

This place where he had halted would suit his present purpose well, he decided. It was where an uprooted tree, fallen across an incurving bank, made a snug little recess that was closed in on three sides. Spreading the newspaper on the turf to save his knees from soiling he knelt and set to his task. For the time he felt neither hunger nor thirst. He had found out during his earlier experiments that the nails of his little fingers, which were trimmed to a point, could invade the keyholes in the little steel warts on the backs of his wrists and touch the locks. The mechanism had even twitched a little bit under the tickle of the nail ends. So, having already smashed the gun-metal match safe under his heel, Mr. Trimm now selected a slender-pointed bit from among its fragments and got to work, the left hand drawn up under the right, the fingers of the right busy with the lock of the left, the chain tightening and slackening with subdued clinking sounds at each movement.

Mr. Trimm didn't know much about picking a lock. He had got his money by a higher form of burglary that did not require a knowledge of lock-picking. Nor as a boy had he been one to play at mechanics. He had let other boys make the toy fluttermills and the wooden traps and the like, and then he had traded for them. He was sorry now that he hadn't given more heed to the mechanical side of things when he was growing up.

He worked with a deliberate slowness, steadily. Nevertheless, it was hot work. The sun rose over the bank and shone on him through the limbs of the uprooted tree. His hat was on the ground alongside of him. The sweat ran down his face, streaking it and wilting his collar flat. The scrap of gun metal kept slipping out of his wet fingers. Down would go the chained hands to scrabble in the grass

(Continued on Page 24)

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

BEFORE he left Toronto on the evening train Pound was again reminded of his former wife.

Tommy Watrous, the office manager, took an early dinner with him at the hotel and brought up a purely personal matter. He wanted a six months' leave of absence. Something was the matter with him, he complained; his health had turned very bad of late. Pound noticed, indeed, that Tommy was rather pale; the girlish pink had left his smooth cheeks, but his blue eyes seemed as bright as ever. At length, smiling in fond embarrassment, Tommy confessed that he was going abroad; as a matter of fact, he expected soon to be married

Pound understood at once. He was still, so to speak, keeping a side glance upon Emma. He knew she was in Paris, for from time to time Mrs. Lester received a letter from her there—as she mentioned to Pound, or even indulgently showed him the epistle itself. Emma's sister May was, of course, with her. That Tommy and May were sweethearts had long been an open secret to Pound.

He was inclined to meet Tommy's wishes. No doubt Murchison, the slow-going, well-recommended Canadian who had been Tommy's chief assistant for some time, could run the office well enough. As a matter of fact, Pound wasn't thinking very much of the future management of the office. For some days the idea of getting all he could out of the Wymans and then quietly departing had been growing steadily in his mind. With his block of Government bonds, and the St. Paul residence which was in Eileen's name, and what he could get out of the Wymans, and such incidental pickings as might come his way, he would have, at lowest, about a million dollars. The bucketshop was losing money steadily. He was disgusted with having to fight all the time. Eileen, with her unsatisfied social ambitions, made it anything but pleasant at home. To spend a year or two abroad as a leisurely millionaire would be very pleasant, he thought. Over there Eileen would forget that she was not received in the best houses of St. Paul.

"We'll arrange it any way you like, Tommy," he said good-naturedly. "You can get away any time after this Wyman deal is closed." His round, gray eyes looked thoughtfully ahead and twinkled a little as of old. "In fact, I'm going to take a trip abroad myself. I may meet you over there." He was thinking that it would be rather amusing if he should happen to run across Emma in Paris.

Returning to St. Paul he at once broached this subject to Eileen—a fine, long trip to Europe, perhaps around the world. Eileen was delighted. It was exactly what she had dreamed of. When Eileen was delighted she could be quite enchanting. The mass of estrangement which many differences, many bickerings, much dissatisfaction on both sides had raised up between them seemed to dissolve. They were again as they had been at marriage. He told her then, confidentially, that he was going to close up the bucketshop. They had plenty of money; she didn't like the business; why should they bother themselves with it?

This was the crowning touch. Eileen's pretty eyes shone; she clapped her hands, dimpling and bubbling with gay endearments, smothering him with kisses.

So, Pound considered it as good as settled. Again he mentally wrote "Finis" to a chapter of his life and turned a new page. He began immediately drawing in money from the Seattle, Chicago and Buffalo offices, even though that reduced those offices to a rather precarious footing. He opened a dummy account on the bucketshop's books, and by means of this account he transferred the money to Eileen's credit at the Norse National Bank. He proposed to get all he could. There was no use leaving any more than was absolutely necessary for the creditors of the bucketshop to divide.

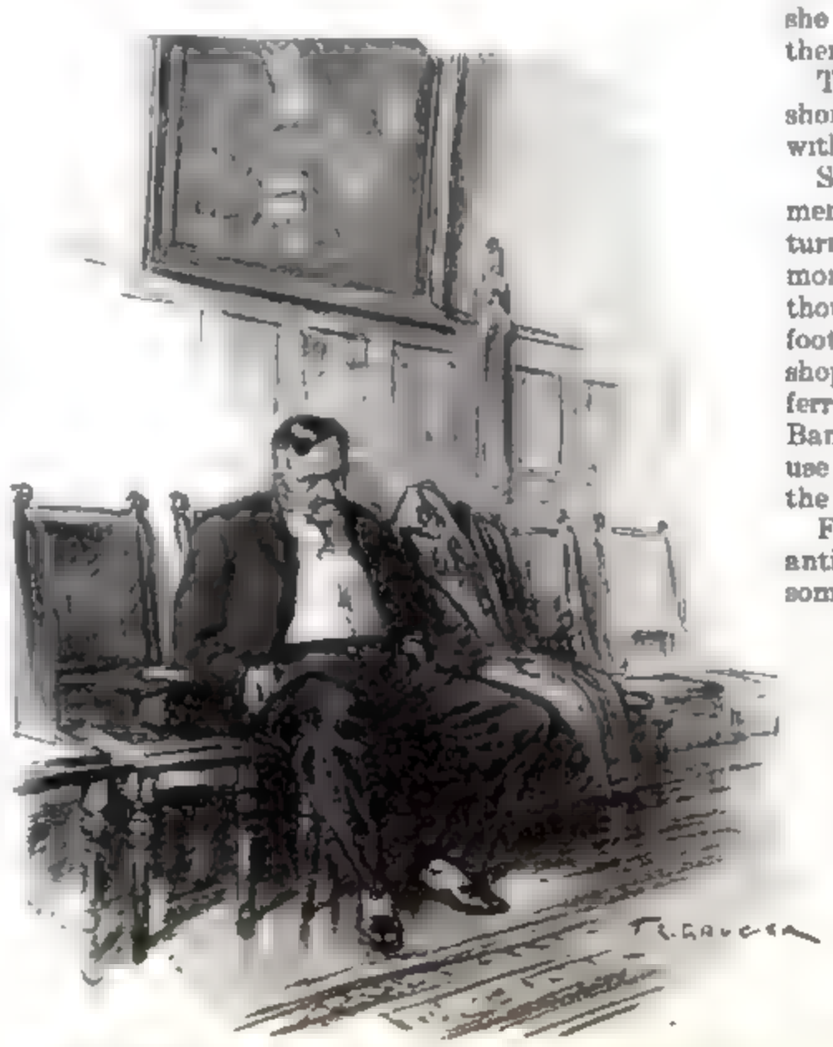
Further, he abruptly stopped his costly fight upon the anti-bucketshop bill in the Legislature. It was worth something to tell the leeches who had been battening upon him in that connection to go to the devil, and watch their crestfallen looks.

One leech, however, took it in very bad part. This was Colonel Myron Yew, who, early in the contest, had proffered to Pound his services as a lobbyist. The colonel's small gray eyes twinkled angrily on either side of his inflamed and lumpy nose.

"What's your game, anyhow?" he demanded with much heat. "What you been up to all along? What you trying to do with this fellow Hammond? D—n me if I can see through it!"

"Hammond? What Hammond? What about him?" Pound inquired with perfect innocence.

The colonel snorted with insulting incredulity. "What did you send him to me for in the first place



He Was Made to Sit in a Guarded Anteroom for Two Hours

if you didn't mean to stick? What's he always got a finger in the pie for? Afraid I might hold out a couple of dollars on you?"

The colonel, in short, insisted that Pound had employed one Hammond as a secret intermediary between himself and the colonel. He said that Hammond had originally invited him to call upon Pound and proffer his services; that from time to time Hammond had suggested various moves in Pound's interest; that Hammond had pretended he was acting entirely without Pound's knowledge, but the colonel had been shrewd enough to see at a glance that Hammond was really an agent, or spy, whom Pound had employed to deal with and watch the colonel.

Pound could make nothing whatever of this strange yarn. Certainly he knew no Hammond. What did the man look like?

The colonel snorted again, out of all patience at Pound's persistent duplicity. "What do you look like? What do I look like? You don't know him! Oh, no! A bony, smooth-faced, round-shouldered man! What's the need of your lying?"

"What Do You Look Like? What Do I Look Like?"

At which Pound not unnaturally lost his temper and drove the irate colonel from the office. Thinking it over afterward he could make nothing whatever out of it except that it was a weird lie on the colonel's part, invented for some obscure purpose. However, he dismissed it from his mind. The colonel might betake himself to the place he was so fond of mentioning; Pound himself would soon be up and away, leaving the whole mess to whoever might choose to stew in it.

That happy consummation, he judged, was a matter of only a few days. For his affair with the Messrs. Wyman was progressing finely. On the Monday following his return from Toronto he received a telegram from Algernon at Dablon, Province of Quebec. It said the sender had discovered his brother Henry and was forwarding by mail a communication for which he begged Mr. Pound's most friendly and careful consideration. The letter arrived duly, couched in Algernon's usual meandering and circumlocutory style. In effect, it said that Algernon had laid the bucketshop proposition before Brother Henry, but Brother Henry was somewhat dissatisfied; he thought, in view of their wealth and position, they were entitled to more generous terms than Mr. Pound had proposed; thought, in short, that Mr. Pound ought to sell them a half interest in the bucketshop instead of only a quarter interest, so they should have an equal voice in the management of the concern. Algernon, in his involved manner, apologized for Brother Henry; hoped to bring him to a more reasonable frame of mind. He thought it well, however, to let Mr. Pound know how Brother Henry felt. Would Mr. Pound kindly wire whether he might possibly be brought to sell more than a quarter interest?

Mr. Pound both wired and wrote to Algernon at Dablon. He himself thought Brother Henry quite unreasonable, and wouldn't think of selling a half interest. However, for the sake of having associates to lighten his crushing managerial burdens, and inasmuch as negotiations had gone so far, and in order to show his hearty good will to Algernon, he would consent to sell four thousand shares instead of twenty-five hundred, which would give the Messrs. Wyman an interest almost equal to his own. He would even let them have that much at the old price of a hundred and fifty dollars a share, or six hundred thousand dollars for the block.

At this concession Algernon was pleased indeed, as his replies by wire and mail abundantly testified. Although Brother Henry still argued for a half interest Algernon was satisfied he would accept Mr. Pound's really handsome offer. Indeed, the brothers would have been in St Paul ere the letter arrived, but, unfortunately, Brother Henry was suffering from a badly-sprained ankle, which made traveling exceedingly painful. Would it be possible for Mr. Pound to arrange to meet them in Toronto, say, on two days' notice, and close the deal?

Needless to say, it would. The game was getting hot now, requiring swift and secret strokes. Pound's problem was to get what he could out of the bucketshop, to hold the shell of that institution together until he had Wyman's money safely in his pocket, then to depart quietly for Europe before anybody discovered that he was going or that the bucketshop was insolvent. Meanwhile, he must avoid leaving in the hands of the Messrs. Wyman any plain evidence by which they could substantiate, in a criminal court, a claim of fraudulent misrepresentation.

Besides his five hundred thousand dollars in Government bonds he had already sequestrated a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the bucketshop's dwindling bank roll, running the money through a dummy account and so passing it to Eileen's credit in bank. He even presented his wife with the bankbook, accompanied by a fond little speech—for they were quite loverlike now. He had already told her to pack up, so they could sail for Europe on a few days' notice. She couldn't really understand why they should be so secret about it, but she accepted his statement that the exigencies of business imperatively demanded it. Meanwhile, affairs at St. Paul were agreeably quiet.

Now, Algernon—more on his brother Henry's account than on his own—forwarded from Dablon a proposal which quite played into Pound's hands. Algernon had shown Brother Henry the figures of the bucketshop's financial standing as they had been disclosed to the investigating committee in St. Paul, long before. Brother Henry thought, however, there should be an exhibit of the concern's assets at the present time. Algernon suggested that Mr. Pound could easily bring his Government bonds and bank statements down to Toronto, and exhibit them to himself and his brother there. At the same time he could bring along the certificates for four thousand shares of stock. Thus the whole affair could be closed up in an hour, Mr. Pound delivering the stock certificates and receiving the six hundred thousand dollars—of which, as Algernon reminded him, a hundred and fifty thousand was already lying contingently to his credit in the London and St. Lawrence Bank.

Pound readily acceded to this proposal. To prepare for the showing of assets he temporarily borrowed from Eileen the hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he had given her, and "kited" it through two banks in St Paul, two in Chicago, one in Buffalo and the London and St. Lawrence at Toronto, thereby for the time being swelling his account by a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in one bank after another. And from each bank, while the migratory hundred and fifty thousand remained in its hands, he procured a statement showing the amount of his balance. Thus, a couple of suckers—as he judged the Messrs. Wyman to be—laying these six bank statements together, would suppose that the bucketshop had over a million dollars cash in bank.

He was perfectly willing, also, to take his Government bonds down to Toronto. They made quite a bulky bundle, and Toronto was nearer to New York than St. Paul was. He proposed to exhibit the bonds and the bank statements to the Messrs. Wyman in Toronto before no witnesses, then drop quietly on to New York with the bonds, wire Eileen to join him there, and take ship for Europe. He was confident of being able to slip the bank statements in his pockets and destroy them afterward. At worst, it would be his word against the word of the Brothers Wyman, and while they might be two against one, he thought, if it came to that pinch, he could tell a more plausible story before a jury than any dozen Wymans. Above all, he would have more than a million and a quarter of dollars in his hands—and possession was certainly nine points of the law as he knew it.

He returned to Eileen the hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he had temporarily borrowed, and advised her to have it transferred to her credit in a New York bank, where in a few moments she could convert it into foreign exchange. When the time came it would be advisable for them to move quickly and without display. So he had his wife forward several of her trunks to New York by express. Making these preparations he impatiently awaited decisive word from Algernon.

That word came by letter from Dablon, reaching Pound on Monday. It appointed the following Thursday as the day of meeting in Toronto. Brother Henry's ankle, Algernon wrote, still troubled him somewhat, but he had agreed to proceed to Toronto and close the deal. Algernon himself was most anxious that there should be no delay. Henry, he said, had committed the indiscretion of writing to a gentleman in St. Jude concerning the transaction. This gentleman was an elderly and most estimable person who had been a business associate of their late father; but, unfortunately, his ideas were disgustingly narrow and antiquated. He had written to Henry that he regarded the Moxley Stock and Grain Company as a most hazardous investment. Of course, the gentleman didn't know anything about it, yet Algernon feared that he might possibly succeed in dissuading Henry if the matter were allowed to drag.

Picturing the St. Jude gentleman as some hard-headed old merchant or banker, Pound fully shared Algernon's fears. He proposed that the matter should not drag. Arriving in Toronto Thursday he judged that he would be able to leave on Friday at latest. Accordingly, he engaged passage to Europe for himself and wife on Saturday's boat, telling Eileen that she should leave for New York on Wednesday evening, and he would join her there Friday.

But neither of them left St. Paul. Tuesday morning the newspapers had a great sensation. Charges of bribery in connection with the anti-bucketshop bill had been made.

At a night session the Legislature had appointed a committee of investigation—as Mr. Pound was informed by a troop of reporters who came battering at the door of his handsome residence about midnight. They seemed to take it for granted that this bribery scandal intimately concerned Mr. Pound.

The two newspapers that had been especially devoted to the cause of the "regular" brokers in the fight against the bucketshop naturally took the same kindly view. Both of them mentioned conspicuously that, according to common report, Pound's bucketshop had been losing money at an enormous rate of late; gossip concerning its solvency had been heard. And the most bitter of them added, casually, that a remarkable woman—the first Mrs. Pound—had borne a chief share in raising that concern to its former flourishing state; when she had been eliminated by divorce, it said, one of Mr. Pound's sporty friends had offered to bet a hundred even that the institution wouldn't last two years.

Naturally, this scandal depressed Eileen very much. Especially that reference to Emma as the real architect of Pound's fortune grievously wounded her. She was so inconsiderate as to declare with tears that she had always known Pound regretted losing Emma, and she was the most miserable of women.

But Pound had something more important than Eileen's low spirits to engage him. The attack put him in black humor. For one thing, it reminded him that in spite of all his money he was essentially an outlaw, otherwise the papers would not dare print such things about him. Well, if he was an outlaw let them look out for him!

Bright and early Tuesday morning he was served with a subpœna to appear before the Legislature's investigating committee at ten o'clock Thursday morning. To disobey the subpœna would be to invite arrest and bring down upon himself a greater uproar than ever. Naturally, therefore, it would be impossible for him to appear in Toronto on the appointed day.

There was one cheering fact. The Messrs. Wyman, in their remote Canadian village, would hardly hear of this uproar in St. Paul. It was obviously to his advantage that they should not hear of it. The scandal could hardly increase even Algernon's eagerness to buy an interest in the bucketshop, while it would certainly give the conservative St. Jude gentleman greater reason than ever to dissuade the less eager Henry. But that the brothers could remain long in Toronto without hearing the news from St. Paul was out of the question. With its great losses to its customers, and with the money which Pound had sequestrated—his own five hundred thousand in bonds and Eileen's hundred and fifty thousand—the bucketshop was already practically insolvent. Pound could not hope to hold the shell of it together very long without turning back some of the sequestrated money—which he had no mind to do. His plans, in short, demanded haste.

He could choose one of two courses. He could postpone the meeting with the Messrs. Wyman—taking the risk that they would shy off—or he could trust a bit to his star. Tuesday afternoon he received a telegram from Algernon. It said the brothers were preparing to leave for Toronto, where they would certainly meet Mr. Pound on Thursday and close the deal. Algernon hoped Mr. Pound would let nothing interfere with meeting them. Their father's friend, he added, had asked Henry, by wire, to come to

St. Jude and have a talk with him; but Henry still held to his purpose of proceeding straight to Toronto and closing the deal

This message confirmed Pound's resolution to trust a little to his star. He was already aware that Tommy Watrous had taken to his bed, leaving the Toronto office in charge of Murchison, the Canadian. Without entertaining any high idea of Murchison's mental qualities Pound had no doubt whatever of his honesty. So he withdrew his bonds from the safe-deposit vault and made them into a neat bundle, in which he inclosed the flattering but very misleading bank statements that he had prepared for the entertainment of the Messrs. Wyman, and certificates for four thousand shares of stock in the bucketshop. This bundle he forwarded by express to the London and St. Lawrence Bank, with instructions that it was to be held subject to his own orders or to such orders as Mr. Murchison might give in his name. To Murchison he wrote a careful letter of instruction to the effect that when the Messrs. Wyman appeared on Thursday he was to take them over to the bank, exhibit to them the bonds and the bank statements, and then deliver to them the certificates for four thousand shares of stock, provided the brothers at the same time deposited to Pound's credit in the London and St. Lawrence Bank the sum of six hundred thousand dollars

Also, he forwarded in Murchison's care a letter for Algernon, expressing his grief at being unable to appear in person and assuring Algernon that the deal might be concluded through Mr. Murchison exactly as well as with himself in person. Some disappointed competitors, he explained, had had the audacity to link his name with a dirty political scandal of which he was entirely innocent. This so incensed him that he had resolved to postpone every other matter, even the weightiest affairs of business, until he had overwhelmed his detractors.

This, on the whole, seemed to him decidedly his best move. If he were at all lucky the deal would be closed on Thursday, just as originally planned. He had been careful to tell Murchison to put the bank statements back in the bundle with the bonds, returning the whole to the vaults of the bank. But even if Murchison bungled this, or even if the manager, later on, should testify in behalf of the Messrs. Wyman—well, he would have the money; possession was nine points of the law, and his wits were far better than theirs. On the other hand, if the Wymans demurred to dealing with Murchison the deal would merely be postponed a day or two until he could personally appear.

On Wednesday there was nothing in particular to do except wait for the morrow. It was a nerve-trying day. Again and again he fairly saw the Messrs. Wyman drawing on to Toronto. Would they take his bait? He yearned mightily to fly thither himself.

Thursday began promisingly. By nine o'clock Murchison wired that he had been over to the bank and made arrangements for the use of a parlor, in which to exhibit the bonds, and so on, to Messrs. Wyman. He understood just what he was to do, and only waited for word from the brothers. Twenty minutes later he wired again. Algernon had just telephoned from the hotel; was disappointed to hear that Mr. Pound could not be present, but had raised no objection to dealing with Mr. Murchison; said Brother Henry's ankle was better, but he was waiting to have a competent physician examine it; proposed that himself and brother should drive around to the office within an hour. Murchison added that he would at once give them Mr. Pound's letter and take them over to the bank

That was all encouraging as far as it went, yet leaving Pound in a disagreeable suspense. He could wait for no further word, as he was to appear before the investigating committee at ten o'clock.

The hearing really amounted to nothing. He was called in, asked some questions of a general sort, then temporarily excused and made to sit in a guarded anteroom for two hours. He had a rather unpleasant experience there. Mr. Benjamin F. Totherow passed through the anteroom and went in to the committee. Pound had known well enough that Mr. Totherow, chief counsel for his enemies, the "regular" commission houses, was doing his best to egg on this investigation, which was obviously aimed at the bucketshop. Yet evidence that Mr. Totherow was on such familiar terms with the committee was unpleasant, and he hated to have the lawyer grin down at him in that supercilious, sarcastic and triumphant manner as he sat, fairly like a prisoner, in the anteroom

Soon after twelve he was again called before the committee, questioned in a general way, and then more particularly as to his relations with Colonel Myron Yew. He replied that he had employed Colonel Yew, off and on, to look after various legal matters; had paid him for his services from time to time; certainly had not employed him to bribe anybody; couldn't remember dates and amounts. During this examination Totherow came in, sitting by like a sarcastic hawk. Again Pound was relegated to the anteroom. There he found a boy from the office awaiting him with a telegram from Murchison. It said simply: "Deal closed; money deposited."

Glancing at those four words Pound's heart grew light and warm. He folded the dispatch and put it in his pocket, a deep content possessing him. When Totherow strode through the apartment an hour later Pound looked up at him with a broad smile. They might all go to the devil! He had beaten them out!

He accepted his enforced wait in the anteroom with good nature. The task before him now was the comparatively simple one of gathering in his money, slipping down to New York and fading away. A task so relatively light amused his mind. Thinking how he would do it from time to time he smiled a little, fairly losing track of the hour. It was, in fact, nearly five o'clock when he was released—with an injunction to come back next morning at ten and conclude his testimony. He was already satisfied that the committee had no definite information, but was merely on a general fishing expedition.

He hastened to the office and found a fuller report from Murchison. The stock had been duly delivered, it said, and six hundred thousand dollars deposited to his credit in the London and St Lawrence Bank. He found, also, a telegram from Algernon, in which that gentleman congratulated himself and his brother upon the happy conclusion of their deal with Mr. Pound. They had hoped to come on to St. Paul at once, but Brother Henry had a little business in Chicago. They would spend a day or two in that city. Pound resolved at once to intercept them there, appointing a meeting on the following Tuesday. From Chicago he could go to Toronto, gathering up his bonds and money, thence to New York.

Friday forenoon Pound again appeared before the investigating committee—in a long game of battledore and shuttlecock. Over and over they asked him about the money he had paid Colonel Myron Yew, but he could remember nothing definitely. He concluded, in fact, that the committee itself knew nothing definitely. The hearing dragged on with two or three intermissions until after three o'clock.

He had hardly reëntered the office before a telegram came from Algernon at the Annex in Chicago. The brothers proposed leaving for St. Paul on Monday. Pound wired back that business called him to Chicago; he would meet them there Tuesday. Some incidental conversation relative to the closed deal passed between himself and Murchison over the private wire. Going home Pound told Eileen that he would leave for Chicago Monday evening; she would meet him in New York Thursday; they would sail Friday.

Saturday was a quiet and busy day. There were, naturally, many little details to be arranged. Pound was in the office only twice during the forenoon, then for brief periods. At noon the establishment closed for the day.

Sunday morning he spent quietly at home. He and Eileen played at a game which in other days had sometimes amused himself and Emma. They got an atlas and looked up places abroad where they might go. In the afternoon, it being a clear, fine winter day, they went for a sleigh-ride. They were both quite content, speaking now and then in pleasant anticipation of their journey.

When they returned to the house Eileen's generally useless butler told them a gentleman had called to see Mr. Pound and insisted upon waiting; said he was an old friend. Before they could wonder who it was the caller stepped in, unbidden, from the little reception-room.

It was Hamilton, looking seedy and without the bushy, red mustache which had once distinguished him. A faded overcoat dangled, unbuttoned, about his lank, round-shouldered form; in one bony hand he carried a battered derby hat. Upon this shabby and mustacheless ghost of the past, Pound and Eileen gazed with blank surprise. But his first words arrested them

"Well, Johnny," he said in an embarrassed, apologetical way, "I thought I'd call. I suppose—that is, I guess—you've had some word about me." He brought it out with difficulty, profoundly embarrassed, glancing uneasily at Eileen. As Pound still looked blank he seemed dashed Shifting his weight to the other foot and fumbling with his hat, he stumbled on, much embarrassed. "Why, I supposed—in fact, I had a talk with Emma the other day." He blurted it out, fairly falling over himself in embarrassment.

At the name of Pound's former wife, Eileen, so to speak, froze into rapt attention. The effect upon Pound himself was scarcely less marked.

Fumbling with his hat and thumbing the lip where once the red mustache had luxuriated, Hamilton mentioned that he had been in very hard luck; finally, through his old friend Billy Brewer, had managed to reach Toronto, where Billy was.

"I got in there Saturday, Johnny," the afflicted man rambled on awkwardly, "Saturday two weeks ago yesterday, and I pretty near run into you right there in the office. You were talking to Tommy Watrous and Murchison just as I was about to go in."

This detail seemed merely a part of the rambling. Pound, however, was aware of a slight stir on Eileen's part. He recalled vaguely that upon the occasion mentioned he had told her he was in Chicago instead of Toronto.

"Well, I ducked," Hamilton continued; "didn't have the nerve to go up and speak to you. Then I got to thinking it over, and I thought, 'It wouldn't do any harm to try,' being plumb on my uppers. So, next Monday I started for the office again, and right there by the office door who should I see but Emma, just going in."

"I supposed," Pound observed stupidly, "that she was in Paris." He felt that an explosion was about to happen, against which he was powerless.

Hamilton looked at him in open—perhaps in reproachful—surprise. "Oh, no," he said. "She's been living in Toronto for some time, she tells me she and her sister May. Well, I got to talking to her and she says, 'Go see Johnny, Ham. Go see him. He may have made his mistakes, like anybody else, but his heart is in the right place for his old friends.' Well—I talked to her several times, and the long and short of it is I came to see you I thought," he added disappointedly "she'd said something to you about it."

All Pound could say was, stupidly: "Do you know what she's doing?"

"Well, sir," Hamilton replied with a kind of philosophical relish, "there's a woman! Who can tell what she's up to? Billy Brewer was telling me that she got pinched right there in Toronto a while ago. And who could have guessed what it was about? Seems she went to the public library and got a file of some newspaper that's published in one of those Canadian towns."

(Continued on Page 34)

"Emma Was Right! She Was Right! You're a Fool! A Fool!"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27, 1909

The New Theater and the Trust

PROBABLY as much matter was printed, first and last, about the opening of a new playhouse in New York as about the elections or any other occurrence in November. By a consensus of editorial judgment this theatrical event was national news of prime importance. But that obviously depends upon how many other New Theaters there are going to be. Just one in New York can accomplish very little.

No doubt the Theatrical Trust is here to stay, for the same reason that the Steel and Oil Trusts are. By means of it a greater profit can be extracted from the business. For the purpose of exploiting the most popular and profitable plays the Trust may be useful and admirable. The trouble is that it will have nothing to do—if it can help it—with any except the most popular and profitable plays. A publishers' trust that agreed to print no book which did not seem likely to sell at least one hundred thousand copies would create a like barren condition in literature. Another trouble is that, notoriously, the Trust cannot tell whether the play is going to prove a "best seller" or a flat failure. If it were as intelligent as the Steel Trust it would be supporting New Theaters in various cities for the purpose of trying out plays.

There cannot be very much of a national drama without an open door to the stage. No art can flourish on a rule that only productions of the most exceptional popularity shall be given a show. No one theater, even if it cost three millions and is patronized by the best society, can have a wide-enough door. There must be a good many New Theaters—opportunity for any striking piece to get a hearing. If there is still a trust to take up the most popular plays and make as much money as possible out of them for author, actor and manager, so much the better. It wouldn't have disturbed Shakspere if one of his plays had happened to run ten years.

The Baltimore Plan

WE HOPE one monetary fact will be understood early. Almost always, when the subject of a central Government bank is discussed by bankers, the desirability of an elastic currency that will expand and contract to meet the fluctuating needs of business is admitted; but pretty often it is suggested that the central bank is only one of two alternative methods by which that object may be accomplished. The other alternative—although presented in many forms that differ as to details—has long been known as the "Baltimore plan."

The Baltimore plan proposes, in effect, that the national banks shall be empowered individually to issue circulating notes not secured by Government bonds, and that the Government shall guarantee payment of the notes. Without Government guaranty the plan would be still more objectionable, for the noteholders' security would not be perfect. With such guaranty the Government would simply hand over its credit to six or seven thousand private institutions, trusting to their six or seven thousand private judgments and senses of honor not to abuse it. This is what some of our eminent financial friends mean by "keeping the Government out of the banking business."

What we hope will be clearly understood is that no such plan can be put into effect. The public may possibly be suspicious of a central bank, but we are vastly mistaken if it is not far more suspicious of empowering several thousand private concerns to issue circulating notes on their general credit.

If credit notes, to pass current as money, are to be issued the credit must be that of the Government. None other would be acceptable. And if the notes are to be based on the Government's credit the Government must issue them by its own agency. If we are to have an elastic currency there is no alternative to a central bank.

An End of Three-Cent Fares

THE defeat of Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, probably settles for a good while the question of three-cent street-car fares in American cities. Its bearing upon the subject of municipal ownership of street-car lines in this country must also be important.

The crux of Mayor Johnson's eight-year-long campaign was a straight three-cent fare. As transportation is a necessity of life in every American city, the price at which it shall be furnished is a matter of real importance. It is one of those matters, also, which can hardly be settled except by experimenting; for a very great increase in travel might possibly make the decidedly lower fare profitable.

Under Mayor Johnson's leadership Cleveland tried the experiment. The result, to say the best of it, was scarcely encouraging. It seems quite clear that a tolerably satisfactory service, with free transfers, cannot be given for three cents; and if a really acceptable service cannot be given for a materially lower fare, the demand for municipal ownership loses much of its popular appeal.

Not that the Cleveland experiment by any means results merely in loss. Simply to settle the question of three-cent fare was worth something; and, thanks to Mayor Johnson's campaign, the street-car people and the public of Cleveland now understand each other pretty thoroughly. The net result, no doubt, will be an arrangement—already well under way—whereby the company will get only a modest return upon its actual investment, and the people will get all the service their money pays for. Instances of powerful revolt, like that in Cleveland and in Chicago, have been vastly beneficial by way of introducing modesty and forbearance into the calculations of street-railway corporations.

That Early Christmas Shopping

THIS year, as usual, city people will do their Christmas shopping early, out of regard for the saleswomen who would otherwise be sadly overworked. The newspapers are already reminding people of their duty in this respect, and nothing more strongly illustrates the power of a united press than the annual sermon about early shopping and its notable effects in the way of practically empty shops in the four or five days preceding the great midwinter festival.

This humane achievement is all the more remarkable because, as everybody knows, right up to Christmas Eve the newspapers continue to print large and attractive advertisements of holiday wares—megaphoning to us through all the back pages, "Go on and buy!" yet anon whispering on the editorial page: "But, of course, you mustn't go; remember the overworked clerks."

At Christmas, desire for the happiness of others should prevail. Behold, then, the Christmas shopper struggling to maintain his tempest-tossed place at the counter while his six bundles slip seven different ways and he tries to get his right hand in his left pocket where his money is. He is remembering the overworked clerk at whom he palely glares—remembering and yearning to pay her some delicate attentions with an axe.

Why didn't he make his purchases early? For no reason at all except that he didn't have the money until yesterday.

It may be a consolation to the saleswoman, in her nervous prostration, that everybody, including the proprietor, begged the public to shop early and spare her. It may comfort a man beneath a load of brick that the bricks were asked to fall lightly upon him. But a higher consolation will be found in knowing, first, that the proprietor procured all the extra help possible; next, that he paid according to what the holiday rush took out of his salespeople—that is, if it took three times the nervous energy of an ordinary week, then three times the pay.

Lo, the Poor Consumer!

FOR many weeks a number of persons at Chicago, New York, Liverpool and elsewhere have been working with power and skill to advance the price of cotton. For a while the price was sixty per cent higher than a year before and considerably higher than in any other recent year except when Mr. Sully was conducting his famous bull operations.

This advance, however agreeable to the grower, did not suit the convenience of the first buyer—the cotton mill. Accordingly we find a vigorous movement on foot—inaugurated, we believe, by the Arkwright Club of Boston, so renowned in tariff history—to get the mills into a combination for the definite purpose of arbitrarily curtailing production, thereby depressing the price of the raw material.

The plan contemplates that each mill entering the agreement shall shut down for two hundred and twenty-four hours during the current cotton year. A similar movement is already well under way in Great Britain, and one is making some progress on the continent of Europe. But the demand for cotton cloth is so brisk that some New England mills, it is said, are holding off

An arbitrary curtailment of production, such as this plan contemplates, should have the effect not only of depressing the price of the raw material, but also of enhancing the price of the finished product. It would cut off the demand for the former and the supply of the latter.

We do not mean to say that the mill men are not acting entirely within their legal and moral rights. As to the legal aspects, at least, the question is far too profound for a mere lay mind. We mean simply to suggest the great advantages of a combination in dealing with prices that are unsatisfactory either because they are too high or too low. The law of supply and demand, of course, will regulate the price; but your combination will regulate the supply and demand.

The Price of Labor

ENGLAND is publishing a Census of Production. It aims to show, among other things, how much the average employee produces in various staple industries—how much his labor and the use of the tools with which he works add to the value of the raw material by converting it into the finished product. This aim touches the root of a question concerning which the United States is woefully in the dark—namely, the true difference in the cost of producing staple articles here and abroad.

It is typical of our benighted state in this regard that there is no telling—without an elaborate investigation by an expert commission—in just how far the English figures and those derivable from our own census reports go on all fours; in how far they take the same factors into account. Taking the two sets of figures as they stand it would seem that the American artisan in the iron and steel industry produces over a hundred per cent more than the English artisan; in the woolen industry he produces over a hundred per cent more; in cotton goods about thirty per cent more

This somewhat rough comparison is sufficient to illustrate the utter worthlessness of that parade of American wage scales, in contrast to foreign wage scales, which the high protectionists pretend to rely upon for proof that it costs much more to produce a given article in this country.

A mere comparison of wage scales sheds darkness rather than light. The cry for light will not diminish. If we can have, next fall, a couple of dozen election returns such as those in Massachusetts this month—where the Republican plurality dropped from sixty thousand to eight thousand—we shall expect to see quite a boom for a truthful study of the tariff by the Government.

Some Handicaps to Reform

PHILADELPHIA doesn't seem to care much how bad an Administration is otherwise if only it will keep the saloons tight shut on Sunday. That is apparently her one simple, steadfast political ideal, beyond which she has little inclination to venture. Defeat for reform there at the November election was probably a foregone conclusion, because reform—unless possibly it proposed to put steel doors with time locks on the saloons—could have nothing to offer that appealed powerfully to the imagination of the majority.

New York, on the other hand, was willing to take a chance on reform in the fiscal department. She did commission the reformers to see what they could do in the way of stopping gross waste of taxpayers' money. But she would take no chance on them in the police department. Whether this was because the head of the ticket was split or because New York feared that reformers in that department might interfere with those liberal standards—including illegal sale of liquor on Sunday—the maintenance of which really constitutes Tammany's chief hold upon the affections of the town, it would be difficult to say.

And in San Francisco a pleasant dream of becoming the Paris of America—with all that that connotes in the way of liberality—combined with annoyance against an agitation that hurt business to roll the reform movement in the dust. Perhaps reform, both in San Francisco and in New York, would have stood a better show if it could have given a binding assurance of its intention to be liberal without too strict regard for the statutes in that case made and provided.

We are by no means pessimistic. We merely point out that reform must have a pretty clear case in order to win.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

An Oregon Editor

WHEN the Palmy-Day Boys get together to mourn over the decadence of things they usually start with the stage; but along in the proceedings somewhere they let loose a good, sobbing mourn for the old-time newspaper editor, the individual editor, you know, who was the paper and on whose words an adoring constituency hung over the breakfast-tables every morning, the chap who wrote that strong and vigorous English and who howled at his political opponents, "You lie, you villain, you lie!" at least six days a week, and wrote an editorial for Sunday advising a meek and lowly conduct of life.

"They've all gone," the Palmy-Day Boys groan, "all gone except Marse Henry, and he isn't what he was. Greeley and Raymond and Dana and the elder Bennett and Prentiss and all the rest have gone, and now we have editors who are at the behest"—always at the behest—"of the soulless corporations, owned body and soul by the plutocrats"—and much more similar mush.

Passing by the fact that, perhaps, it is just as well, I beg leave to call to the attention of the Palmy-Day Boys that there is one editor of the old school in this broad land of ours; one individual editor who is as individual as the way you like your eggs; one writer of vigorous English who is the paper and who has his impress on it and through it as indelibly as the fossil footprint of a megatherium on a Wyoming rock, and that that same editor is Harvey W. Scott, of Portland, Oregon, who owns, edits and controls the Portland Oregonian, one of the big papers of the Pacific Coast, a man with an individual individuality that is peculiar, personal, positive and particular.

When we talk of the grand old men of journalism the first conversation should be about Harvey Scott, aged more than seventy, writing leaders every day, running his paper at full pace with the times and with all the modern methods and improvements in newspaper making, boss and director, and wielding a club with just as good an effect as he did years ago. If there is a job of head-smashing to do in Oregon or elsewhere on the Coast you can hear this old warrior snort for two blocks as he goes into the fray. No delegation of the work to younger men by him. No, sir! He takes a running jump into the thick of it himself, and when he comes out he has all the scars of battle and usually a lot of the trophies.

A grand old fighting man is Scott. In his early life he killed Indians out in the Puget Sound country, and in his later life he has been killing politicians, and he has a lot of notches in his quill. To be sure, it is possible to find men in Portland and Oregon and all the Pacific Coast country who say things about Scott that are not fit to eat, but he has lammed most of them. Politics in that country is more intense and personal than elsewhere. They take a three-hundred-and-sixty-five-day interest in it each year, and they breed animosities and foster friendships that endure for eternity. Naturally, in fifty years of editorial writing Scott has miffed a lot of people—almost as many as he has biffed. However, he goes along, calm and serene, and takes no stock of that. It is all in the day's work. If he thinks it is in his province to crack a head he cracks it, careless of consequences either to the head or to himself. A first-class fighting man.

A Fifty-Year Job

HE HAS been with the Oregonian, first as editorial writer and later as editor and owner, for nearly fifty years. He has taken an active and vital part in the varied politics of all that time, not as a leader, but as the editor of a partisan paper, and he has cut and slashed right and left, and still has a fancy assortment of cuts and slashes left for future use. He has built up the paper from a little frontier journal to a great modern daily, and in the building up he has maintained the character and vigor of his editorial page, which is not usual with great papers that have grown from small beginnings.

Scott has always been a Republican. He has supported Republican policies and Republican candidates, but from time to time he has deemed it necessary to step aside and take a large, general and comprehensive crack at both party policies and candidates, in which case the howls of pain could be heard from San Diego to the Snohomish Slough.

He has been a theoretical free trader, but only between seasons and never when the policy of protection was at stake. He has always claimed that the free-trade theory is correct, but the operation of free trade is not practical. Some of his fights with other Oregon political leaders are historic, notably the one with the late Senator Mitchell, which lasted for years, with no quarter on either side.

A First-Class, Two-Fisted Fighting Man

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Scott came to the Pacific Coast country when he was seventeen years old. He joined a militia company and hunted Indians all along Puget Sound. Then he put himself through school, doing all sorts of manual labor to get money for his expenses, pinchingly poor but determined to get an education. When he had graduated he went to work on the Oregonian—then a small paper in a small city—to write editorials. He has been there ever since, and is now the principal owner and has been for years.

Scott educated himself, in a measure. He was a great student of the English classics and from them acquired the large command of English he has. He has studied and read books all his life and his range of information is marvelous. He appears to know something about everything. Now and then he will write an editorial article for his paper on some erudite subject that bears the impress of the study of a lifetime, and now and then an article on some passing fad of the moment that will show an expert and comprehensive knowledge of contemporary affairs that his cleverest, nearest-to-the-pulse young reporter envies. He is as versatile as he is forceful, and always in the clearest and simplest English.

Those who do not know the old warrior well complain that he is moody, even snarling, at times captious, censorious and unkind.

Perhaps, occasionally, he does appear so, but his moods are not long-lived, and his close friends say he is a most delightful companion, a good story-teller and a fine, likable old chap. He is at his best when talking of English literature. He knows it all, even to the ability to quote long passages from the great poets and dramatists. And, unlike many a student of literature, he does not live in the past. Scott is right up to the minute on every current event.

Well Loved and Well Hated

THE hard life he lived when he was a lad and the struggles he had made him frugal as to his personal expenses, but when it comes to spending for the Oregonian or for any large project he lets go without limit. He is rich now, but lives as simply as he did when he was struggling for a foothold, guarding his personal expenses with as much care as when he had no money and got but little for his heavy labor.

You can find men in Portland and in Oregon who will curse at him in all known languages, from Siwash to Sanscrit.

His fifty years of fighting in the columns of his paper have bred him a crop of enemies of whom any editor might be proud. You will find men who swear by him, as men do by every positive man who has been unafraid. Balancing the two extremes, casting up, if you like, the biggest man in Oregon is Harvey W. Scott, who has done a great man's work in a great man's way in developing and building up his state and his territory.

He is a big man, with shoulders almost a yard across, a deep barrel of a chest and a gigantic body. His head is large and set on a massive neck. He looks stern and forbidding, but he isn't, except at times. He is genial, pleasant and companionable, fond of company and with such a varied store of knowledge that he is most entertaining in conversation.

Every day, when he is in Portland, he goes to the office and writes his copy, and takes a general supervision of affairs.

In 1896, when the free-silver craze swept the West, Scott, who did not believe in free silver, or in bimetallism, or in anything but the single gold standard, kept the Oregonian unswervingly in the gold column. The West was aflame for the doctrine of Bryan, but Scott pounded away for gold. He saw the circulation of his paper dwindle to almost nothing. He saw the entire Pacific Slope wild about silver, but he kept hammering for the gold standard. Politicians, including some now prominent in the Republican party on the Slope, were yammering that sixteen to one was the salvation of the nation, but Scott wouldn't have it. He was for gold and he said so every day in a series of the most forceful editorial articles. When election came Oregon was the only state in the far West that went for McKinley. California split and the rest were for Bryan and sixteen to one.

Even Scott's fiercest critics will admit he kept Oregon for gold in that fight, and he considers it the most notable achievement of his busy life, for he did it in the face of circumstances that would have discouraged any editor who was not the original Stout Heart.

You can get all sorts of opinions about Harvey Scott in Oregon. He has hammered so many men that he is bitterly hated by one faction, and he is as well beloved by another; but whatever the opinion may be, whether from friend or foe, there will never be dissent to the statement that he is a first-class, two-fisted fighting man, a grand old warrior, and long may he wave.

The Hall of Fame

℃ Judge Magoon, former governor of Panama and Cuba, wears a seven-and-three-quarters hat.

℃ Colonel Frank L. Denny, of the Marine Corps, is one of the crack story-tellers of the united services.

℃ Speaker Cannon took his first golf lesson the other day. He made the first hole in nine strokes and six totes.

℃ A good many Navy people say Chief Constructor W. L. Capps is the smartest man in that branch of the service.

℃ Next to President Roosevelt, former Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, is the readiest letter-writer in the country.

℃ J. Ogden Armour, the head of the great Armour company, goes to bed at nine o'clock every night and is at his office by seven each morning.

℃ All Cabinet members are now expected to wear plug hats, which makes Secretary Wilson (Farmer Jim) tired, but he has one, just the same.

℃ Patrick Calhoun, who is the storm center of the row in San Francisco, is a grandson of John C. Calhoun, who was Vice-President of the United States.

℃ Gerald R. Pierce, of Chicago, who owns and edits the National Food Magazine, personally tries all the menus he prints for the delectation of his subscribers.

℃ Pitman Pulsifer, clerk of Senator Hale's Committee on Naval Affairs, is one of the great naval authorities of the world and his yearly handbook is standard.

℃ Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, celebrated as a dinner-giver and of much political power in Pennsylvania, began to learn how as a reporter.

℃ Dennis Flynn, former delegate to Congress from Oklahoma, and one of the most powerful Republican politicians in that new State, was a newsboy in Buffalo years ago.

℃ William Hayward, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, and the handsomest man who lives in Nebraska, sprained his ankle recently, and a sympathizing friend wired him: "Sorry, but glad it was your ankle if you had to sprain anything. Think of terrible loss to pulchritude of your state if you had sprained your face."

YOUR HOME

The Alteration of Frames

ADMIRATION for Fortuny gave us long ago a bald-headed Arab with a long pipe and a mud-wall background. But the glory of Fortuny is his splendid color. Our Fortuny was a photograph all in one tint. It, therefore, wasn't Fortuny; and all of a sudden we realized that we were not born to look upon that bald-headed and colorless Arab forever. We loved Fortuny none the less—but this was not what we loved! And so, to "give us a prince of blood, in change of him," to quote from Troilus and Cressida, we placed in that frame a Francis the First, whose "longest nose in France" had been poked into a portfolio, waiting for a chance to appear.

We had the gift of a fine etching, by Stephen Parrish, of a Massachusetts fishing town. It was in a large frame of ivory-yellow, with an intricately-cut border, and there was a deep mat of white, made of wood overlaid with paper. As the etching itself was large, twenty-four by eighteen inches, the entire effect was quite too monumental for the subject, and the picture had been relegated to an upper hall for years.

Then the idea came to us. The ivory-yellow frame, with its intricate border, was taken off. The mat was covered with decorator's canvas, and then stained brown with common floor varnish, to match the tones of the brown-hued etching. This mat itself made the frame, and the entire effect was now admirable in its plainness, and had been so simply accomplished that the cutting down of the glass was all that we did not do ourselves.

And the frame was thrown away? No. Because with its ornamental edging taken off, it was really good-looking, and we had a pastel, in yellow tints that, with the frame cut down somewhat, was precisely the proper thing for it, frame and pastel being of the same color composition.

There is scarcely one of those large, compound, unattractive, late-Victorian frames, made in two or three different mouldings, that cannot be separated into one or several attractive frames by judicious prying apart with a screwdriver. They are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians!

How one sympathizes with one of the orders given to Moses when in the Plains of Moab; for he was directed, as soon as he got into the Land of Canaan, to drive out all the inhabitants and then, before the smashing of idols and the tearing down of high places, to "destroy all their pictures." Well, there are pictures so bad that your whole impulse ought to be for destruction—yet it is ever so much better when a little management can make them into things of beauty and joys forever. If the frame is bad, change the frame; if the picture is bad, change the picture.

How to Change Your Mind

The taste of every one changes with the passing of the years, no matter how good or how bad it is to begin with. What we once loved we hate. It was a wise man who said that he never hesitated about changing his mind for it showed that he was wiser today than he was yesterday.

Yet it does not need to be a total change in ideals; it may be only a temporary change in fancy, and great pleasure comes from yielding to the fancy. You may wish to look at a picture of strenuosity as a change from one of rural quiet, and in a few months or years you may wish to return to the contemplation of rurality.

Once the feeling is acquired that pictures may and should be changed, the whole question of pictures takes on a new importance and every point is heedfully looked to. Color schemes are studied; pictures are properly hung without showing the defacing wire; if pictures are too crowded for a particular room they are thinned out; if a room demands a larger number, something is found to place there. Location, size, color, the artistic workmanship, all are considered, as well as the subject of the picture and its general treatment. You will freely buy good pictures whenever opportunity comes. On a journey abroad, when photographs and fascinating prints can be so cheaply purchased, you will no longer merely look longingly at them, but will purchase freely, and at home set them up in place of pictures that are not so good. Put your latest taste on the wall; don't put it into a portfolio.

This study of pictures and the constant readiness to say, in the words of the third Richard, "My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed," will not tend toward recklessness, but toward constantly increasing conservatism. Marie Antoinette on the way to execution will not be put over the bed in the guest-chamber. A wolf full of arrows and dragging its dying way to its lair will not be hung in a corner devoted to cozy restfulness. A picture which can only look well in some great room or in a gallery will not be placed in an ordinary house where it would dwarf its surroundings. Had the Vicar of Wakefield been studying pictures he would not have let the artist go ahead with the family portrait, too large to be taken through any door.

The Useful Little Chisel

Why not make an inspection tour of your home and, with every picture ask: "Is it what I want and where I want it, or is it here because I happen to have it? Is it framed well? If it can be bettered by some alteration, how can I alter it?"

On many a wall still hangs the vicious frame of plush that enjoyed high popularity a quarter of a century ago. Before yielding to the newborn inclination toward destruction, just take off the plush, and see if the wood beneath cannot, by painting or staining or waxing or gilding, be made highly presentable. Not infrequently it can. Those once-popular, rough-board frames, gilded, which represented a praiseworthy effort to escape from the ornate, but which were, after all, fantastic of effect, may perhaps be planed into desirability. Frames absurdly bordered with real rope, frames with horseshoes at the corners, frames disfigured with dog collars or riding crops, may be transformed to excellence by a process of elimination. A chisel or screwdriver may work artistic wonders. A pictured lion, glaring out through real bars, will at least look better with the bars knocked off. And perhaps the owner's taste will now tell him that the barless frame will hold a seaview or a charming print to finer advantage than the whiskered king of beasts.

We had a pair of frames of taffy-colored oak. They were narrow and shapely, but had the blemish of an outside border of tiny shells. They were sentenced to destruction and were actually on the way to the fire when reprieve came. With the reprieve came a chisel; and chisel-testing developed that the shells were "composition." Fifteen minutes of easy work cleaned both frames, took off the fussiness, and left them smooth frames of plain oak. Then a few minutes of sandpaper and a staining of the taffy color to dusky brown—and the frames were metamorphosed indeed

We inherited an ancestor with frilled shirt and other picturesque points. He came from over seas, but without a frame. For three years we waited vainly for the proper frame, hoping for an antique, in gold, with designed corners and smooth-curved sides.

Then at an auction we saw two plain frames of wood, dark with age. They were probably some eighty years old. For ten cents they became ours—and one of them was just the frame for the ancestor! To be sure, it wasn't precisely a fit, but two corners were easily opened, and the pieces were sawed in a miter-box (no home is complete without one), and then the size was right. The glass was missing, but the painting required none. The frame and picture now look as if they grew together.

We had the Angelus in a fine, plain, silvered frame. We confess that, much as we admired it, we grew a bit weary of it. One does not always feel like joining in that evening prayer. Thackeray was probably right in declaring that everybody is at least a wee bit snobbish; but, however that may be, there are some pictures, like the Angelus, and Queen Louise coming down the stairway with the scarf about her neck, whose appeal is really too widespread. After a while one gets tired of having them. And so we were just a trifle tired of the Angelus, and we put in its place (by turning the frame the long way up) one of the few personal photographs on our walls—they being something that should be rather sparingly displayed.

It used to be, in the long ago, that pictures were really fixtures, fastened permanently to the wall: this being largely, of course, because there was nothing like the variety of today, and because such pictures as existed were large paintings, which, with their frames, made part of the architectural design of the room.

And even now you will from time to time acquire pictures which you will never wish to put out of sight. Likely enough Mona Lisa, with her eternal enigma of smile, will be of the number, and certain Rembrandts, and landscapes of Corot—all of which are admirably interpreted by good photographs. And the list of unchangeables, whose fascination grows with the years, will slowly be added to.

At the same time, the pleasure of acquisition, as distinguished from that of possession, is so keen and inspiring that any one may find himself like the distinguished New York collector who, a few years ago, had a sale of all his pictures, just so that he might start all over again.

Of course, in criticising and discarding and altering we should avoid what some one has well termed æsthetic egotism; but at the same time we ought to have the courage of our convictions after we have tried to make our convictions worth while. The Florentine artist—it is old Vasari who tells of him—who refused to look at the crucifix, when dying, because it had been too poorly carved, stands for the over-particular; and yet one admires the spirit that demands the right thing or none. "Nature hath framed strange pictures in her time"—as Salarino almost said—and when they are too strange we should use our best judgment in aiming at betterment.

A Matter of Mats

If you have an ugly and grim-visaged ambrotype within an old-fashioned oval frame, likely enough it is the very frame for a colored print of a Sir Joshua Reynolds; the very thing that you would nowadays buy.

Does some room calling for uniformity of color scheme, some dark-paneled library or some buff-hued hall have an assortment of frames, black and brown and white and yellow and gold, and highly varnished? Perhaps this is a case not of any poor or improper framing but merely of an unexpected color demand. Well, the treatment is the same as if the frames were at fault, for sandpaper and stain and polish and wax will work together for the desired harmony of color.

Many a picture looks unsatisfactory on account of a matter of mat. The picture may be one which ought not to have any mat at all, or, if it needs a mat, it needs one of another color. Five years ago the frame-makers offered, and the public accepted, mats of cherry-red, of green, of deadly slate-gray, in spite of its being rarely possible to harmonize them with both the picture and the room. Almost all such mats are still in existence, discordant color notes though they mostly are, but nothing could be simpler than to have them replaced by new ones of the varied tints of cream or white.

After all, in aiming at more pictures than the walls can advantageously hold, and at adaptability, we should only be following the example of the makers of pictures themselves—the artists who in their studios have many unframed pictures, but are prepared to slip any of them into a frame at a moment's notice, having frames for portraits of those who "sit narrow" or "sit wide," and for landscapes broad or tall. And as to taste and judgment, all of us can so improve them that we shall be fairly sure of deciding aright when we "look here, upon this picture, and on this."

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DON'T let another Christmas pass without an Angelus Player-Piano in your home. If you already have an ordinary piano (which but one of a score can play) exchange it for an Angelus Player-Piano, *which you and everyone can play.* But be sure it is a genuine Angelus Player-Piano you receive, otherwise you cannot for one thing have the invaluable advantage of

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Oddities and Novelties

Plants We Ought to Grow

PEAS and beans and a few other pod-bearing plants are familiar to our gardens, but there are ever so many others that might be turned to useful account if we did but know about them.

Recently the Government Plant Bureau has been making experiments with a number of such legumes—for instance, the "kudzu" of Japan, which is a large-leaved and woody plant. The Japanese extract from its thick roots a starch of unusually fine quality, which is used mostly for confectionery.

The fiber of its stems is utilized in the manufacture of a cloth of coarse texture for wrapping, some of which is imported into the United States under the name of grass cloth.

Seeds of the "guar" were first obtained from India by the Plant Bureau six years ago. It is a pod-bearing annual, remarkable for its prolific yield and for its resistance to drought. At Chico, California, a fine crop was produced without irrigation and without a drop of rain from the time it was planted until it was nearly matured. A single plant produced two hundred and sixty pods. The seeds are said to be exceedingly nutritious, and in India the natives eat the green pods as a vegetable, like string beans.

The "moth bean" is another pod-bearing annual from India, where it is grown principally for its seeds, which are used as human food. It runs over the ground, forming mats two or three feet in diameter, and its foliage is so dense that there is practically no evaporation from the soil beneath it. Trials made in this country have shown that it will yield two tons of pods to the acre. It is superior in quality to the cow pea and is thought to be specially adapted to the Panhandle region of Texas.

In China and Japan the "adzuki bean" is largely grown for human food. It is quite as prolific as the famous "soy bean," producing forty bushels or more of seed to the acre. Another Asiatic legume is the "kulti," which runs in a densely-matted vine over the ground. In India it is grown chiefly for its seeds, which are eaten by the poorer classes. Apparently it is best adapted for the semi-arid portions of Texas and adjoining states.

The Old World, it appears, is much richer than the New in pod-bearing plants. Careful study of the subject indicates that Arabian legumes ought to flourish in Arizona, the climate being much the same. Similarly those of India and southeastern Asia do well in our cotton states as illustrated by cow peas, crab grass and velvet beans. The high plains of northern Texas are much like the highlands of India in respect to climate, and practically every plant introduced from that part of the world has thriven well in the Texas Panhandle.

The new Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, in summarizing these facts, states that the Great Plains region east of the Rockies and west of the one-hundredth meridian is very much like the steppes of the interior of Asia, whence many valuable forage plants, including alfalfa, have already been brought to this country. The middle and south Atlantic states resemble in their climate China and Japan. All Japanese plants thrive in those states, many of them finding themselves so much at home that they have literally taken to the woods and behaved like natives. Examples in point are the Japanese honeysuckle, the ailanthus, the Japanese clover, and the recently-introduced Chinese violet.

The western portions of Oregon and Washington are, in point of climate, much like the British Isles, and practically every plant that thrives in those isles is at home on our northwest coast, or vice versa.

Where Hard Money is Wanted

FOR a long time the Treasury has not minted any silver dollars; but it has some hundreds of millions of them on hand and they are in constant demand in some parts of the country—so much so, indeed, that the people who want them are glad to pay the expressage charged for their transportation.

This is true, for instance, of certain manufacturing towns in New England, where the workpeople like hard money, and prefer, for reasons best known to themselves, to receive their wages in big, round, metal dollars.

Contractors who employ great numbers of men, building railroads or doing other work outdoors, commonly call for large quantities of silver dollars. It is more convenient for them to pay the wages where the work is being done—that is to say, in the open air—and paper money is liable to blow away. Under such circumstances it is easier to handle the cash in its metallic form, giving it out from bags.

The Southern states use more silver dollars than any other section of the country, and many millions of these dollars are shipped by the Treasury every year to the region below Mason and Dixon's Line, to move the crops. The negroes who work in the cotton fields are particularly anxious to receive their pay in this shape. They like metal money better than paper, anyway; but there is a special and rather curious reason for their preference in this regard. It is that paper cash cannot be buried in the ground without danger of destroying it, whereas, as experience has shown, silver dollars will endure this sort of treatment very well.

Never Knew He Was an Author

PROBABLY the only instance on record wherein a book was written without the knowledge of the author was that of a volume of Zuni myths, quite a classic in its way, which was published not long ago by the United States Bureau of Ethnology.

The author, Frank Hamilton Cushing, now dead, was the great authority on this subject. He had lived for many years among the Zuni, belonged to their secret societies, and was thoroughly familiar with their folk lore. But, like many another scientist of distinction, he had his peculiarities, one of which was an unwillingness or inability to put down in writing what he knew.

A friend of his, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, of Boston, being herself greatly interested in the subject, often urged him to make a book about the myths of the Zuni. It was very important, she said, because if he should die all this valuable knowledge, so laboriously acquired, would be lost. He told her that he meant to do so, but his intention showed no signs of crystallizing into accomplishment.

Every Sunday afternoon, however, Mr. Cushing would go to Mrs. Hemenway's house, drink tea with her and tell her the folk tales of the Zuni. Finding in her an eager listener he was delighted to discourse on the subject that he had studied so patiently. It never occurred to him to suspect that behind a screen near the window was concealed a young woman who took down, in shorthand, every word he uttered.

By this means, in the course of many Sunday afternoons, Mrs. Hemenway secured, in the form of typewritten manuscript—transcribed from the stenographer's notes—a remarkably-complete account of the myths of the Zuni. Mr. Cushing never knew anything about the matter. After his death the material was placed in the hands of the Bureau of Ethnology, which was delighted to get it, and published it in the shape of a large volume with suitable illustrations.

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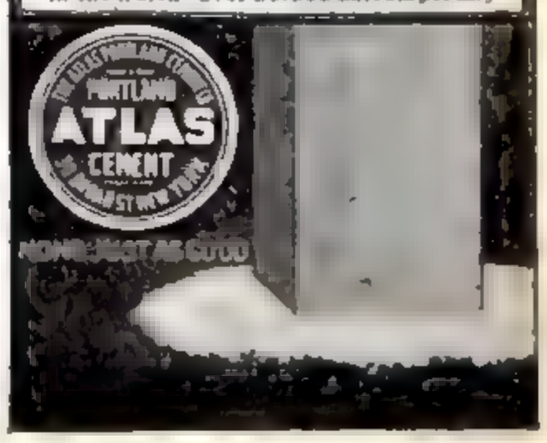

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THAT when company is coming to spend the evening, your little "Spread" can all be prepared any time during the day: Lobster Newburg or Paté filling or what you wish, snugly tucked away in a Thermos Jar (Food Container); Bouillon in a Thermos Bottle, Coffee or Chocolate in a Thermos Pot, Lemonade or Waters in a Thermos Pitcher. When the company arrives you have only to think of enjoying yourself with them. Thermos will let you serve the "Spread" whenever wanted—early or late and only take you away from the circle for five minutes.

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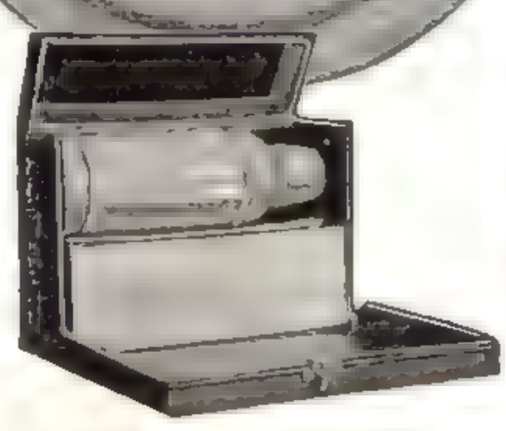

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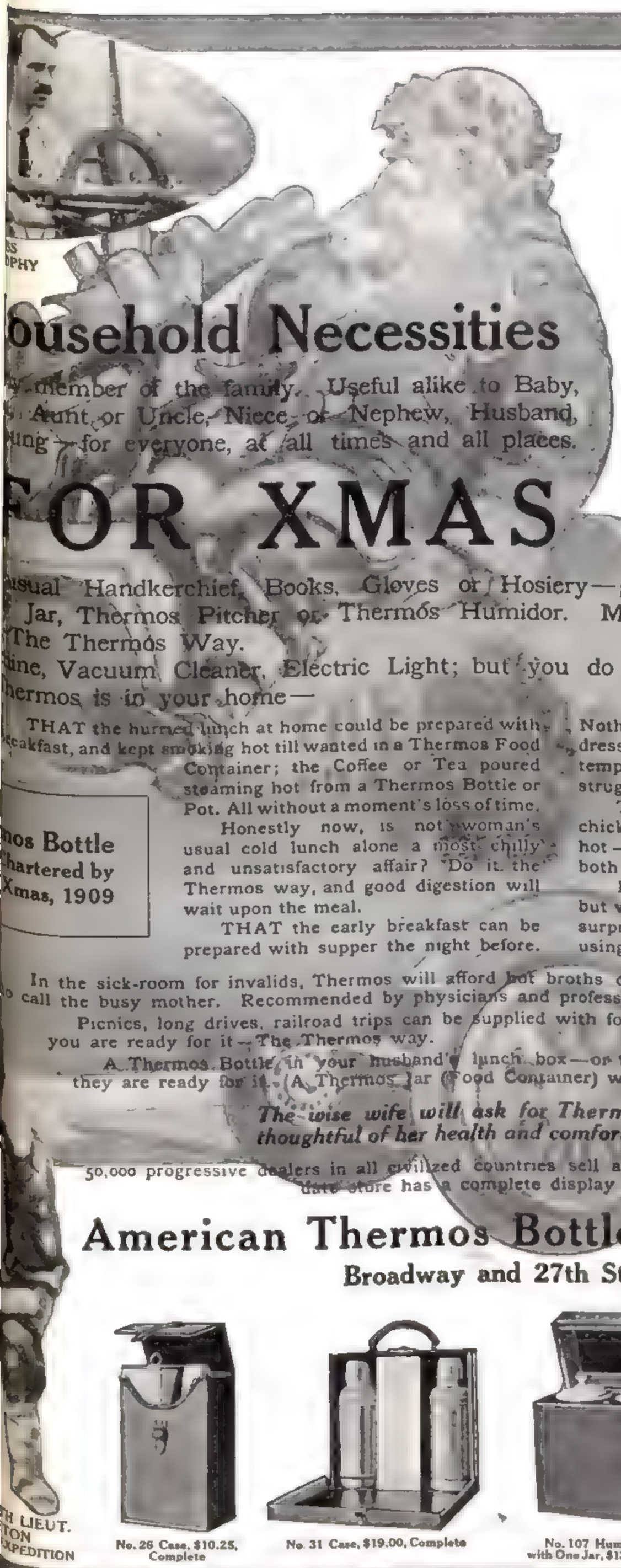

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member of the family. Useful alike to Baby, Aunt or Uncle, Niece or Nephew, Husband, ing — for everyone, at all times and all places.

FOR XMAS

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THAT the hurried lunch at home could be prepared with eakfast, and kept smoking hot till wanted in a Thermos Food Container; the Coffee or Tea poured steaming hot from a Thermos Bottle or Pot. All without a moment's loss of time.

Honestly now, is not a woman's usual cold lunch alone a most chilly and unsatisfactory affair? Do it the Thermos way, and good digestion will wait upon the meal.

THAT the early breakfast can be prepared with supper the night before. Nothing to do in the morning but dress; no rush, no flurry, no lost tempers, no half cooked cereal, no struggle with the stove.

The boiled eggs, creamed chicken or fish will be sizzling hot—all ready when you are ready. The coffee will retain both its flavor and aroma—taste as if just made.

Everything usually "goes wrong" on these early starts, but with all the worry about breakfast eliminated you will be surprised to find how the other troubles smooth out, by using Thermos.

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Xmas, 1909

Thermos Keeps Things Cold 3 Days in Hottest Places

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A Thermos Bottle in your husband's lunch box—or the children's—means hot tea or hot coffee whenever they are ready for it. A Thermos Jar (Food Container) would give them a hot lunch as well.

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THERMOS WITH EXPLORER RICHARD HARDING DAVIS at EQUATOR

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TON
XPEDITION

THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM

(Continued from Page 15)

for it, and then the picking would go on again. This happened a good many times. Birds, nervous with the spirit that presages the fall migration, flew back and forth along the creek, almost grazing Mr. Trimm sometimes. A rain crow wove a brown thread in the green warp of the bushes above his head. A chattering red squirrel sat up on a tree limb to scold him. At intervals, distantly, came the cough of laboring trains, showing that the track must have been cleared. There were times when Mr. Trimm thought he felt the lock giving. These times he would work harder

Late in the afternoon Mr. Trimm lay back against the bank, panting. His face was splotched with red, and the little hollows at the sides of his forehead pulsed rapidly up and down like the bellies of scared tree-frogs. The bent outer case of the watch littered a bare patch on the log; its mainspring had gone the way of the fragments of the gun-metal match safe which were lying all about, each a worn-down, twisted wisp of metal. The spring of the eyeglasses had been confiscated long ago and the broken crystals powdered the earth where Mr. Trimm's toes had scraped a smooth patch. The nails of the two little fingers were worn to the quick and splintered down into the raw flesh. There were countless tiny scratches and mars on the locks of the handcuffs, and the steel wristbands were dulled with blood smears and pale-red tarnishes of new rust; but otherwise they were as staunch and strong a pair of new model handcuffs as you'd find in any hardware store anywhere.

The devilish, stupid malignity of the damned things! With a bitter oath Mr. Trimm raised his hands and brought them down on the log violently. There was a double click and the bonds tightened painfully, pressing the chafed red skin white. Mr. Trimm snatched up his hands close to his near-sighted eyes and looked. One of the little notches on the under side of each cuff had disappeared. It was as if they were living things that had turned and bitten him for the blow he gave them.

. . . . . .

From the time the sun went down there was a tingle of frost in the air. Mr. Trimm didn't sleep much. Under the squeeze of the tightened fetters his wrists throbbed steadily and racking cramps ran through his arms. His stomach felt as though it were tied into knots. The water that he drank from the branch only made his hunger sickness worse. His undergarments, that had been wet with perspiration, clung to him clammily. His middle-aged, tenderly-cared-for body called through every pore for clean linen and soap and water and rest, as his empty insides called for food

After a while he became so chilled that the demand for warmth conquered his instinct for caution. He felt about him in the darkness, gathering scraps of dead wood, and, after breaking several of the matches that had been in the gun-metal match safe, he managed to strike one and with its tiny flame started a fire. He huddled almost over the fire, coughing when the smoke blew into his face and twisting and pulling at his arms in an effort to get relief from the everlasting cramps. It seemed to him that if he could only get an inch or two more of play for his hands he would be ever so much more comfortable. But he couldn't, of course.

He dozed, finally, still sitting crosslegged. A pain in a new place woke him. The fire had burned almost through the thin sole of his right shoe, and as he scrambled to his feet and stamped the clap of the hot leather flat against his blistered foot almost made him cry out.

. . . . . .

Soon after sunrise a boy came riding a horse down a faintly-traced footpath along the creek, driving a cow with a bell on her neck ahead of him. Mr. Trimm's ears caught the sound of the clanking bell before either the cow or her herder was in sight, and he limped away, running, skulking through the thick cover. A pendent loop of a wild grapevine, swinging low, caught his hat and flipped it off his head; but Mr. Trimm, imagining pursuit, did not stop to pick it up and went on bareheaded until he had to stop from exhaustion. He saw some dark-red berries on a shrub upon which he had trod, and, stooping, he plucked some of them with his two hands and put one or two in his mouth experimentally. Warned instantly by the acrid, burning taste he spat the crushed berries out and went on doggedly, following, according to his best judgment, a course parallel to the railroad. It was characteristic of him, a city-raised man, that he took no heed of distances nor of the distinguishing marks of the timber.

Behind a log at the edge of a small clearing in the woods he halted some little time, watching and listening. The clearing had grown up in sumacs and weeds and small saplings, and it seemed deserted; certainly it was still. Near the center of it rose the sagging roof of what had been a shack or a shed of some sort. Stooping cautiously, to keep his bare head below the tops of the sumacs, Mr. Trimm made for the ruined shanty and gained it safely. In the midst of the rotted, punky logs that had once formed the walls he began scraping his feet. Presently he uncovered something. It was a broken-off harrow tooth, scaled like a long, red fish with the crusted rust of years.

Mr. Trimm rested the lower rims of his handcuffs on the edge of an old, broken watering-trough, worked the pointed end of the rust-crusted harrow tooth into the flat middle link of the chain as far as it would go, and then with one hand on top of the other he pressed downward with all his might. The pain in his wrists made him stop this at once. The link had not sprung or given in the least, but the twisting pressure had almost broken his wrist bones. He let the harrow tooth fall, knowing that it would never serve as a lever to free him—which, indeed, he had known all along—and sat on the side of the trough, rubbing his wrists and thinking.

He had another idea. It came into his mind as a vague suggestion that fire had certain effects upon certain metals. He kindled a fire of bits of the rotted wood, and when the flames ran together and rose slender and straight in a single red thread he thrust the chain into it, holding his hands as far apart as possible in the attitude of a player about to catch a bounced ball. But immediately the pain of that grew unendurable, too, and he leaped back, jerking his hands away. He had succeeded only in blackening the steel and putting a big water blister on one of his wrists right where the shackle bolt would press upon it.

Where he huddled down in the shelter of one of the fallen walls he noticed, presently, a strand of rusted fence wire still held to half-tottering posts by a pair of blackened staples; it was part of a pen that had been used once for chickens or swine. Mr. Trimm tried the wire with his fingers. It was firm and springy. Rocking and groaning with the pain of it, he nevertheless began sliding the chain back and forth, back and forth along the strand of wire.

Eventually the wire, weakened by age, snapped in two. A tiny shined spot, hardly deep enough to be called a nick, in its tarnished, smudged surface was all the mark that the chain showed.

Staggering a little and putting his feet down unsteadily Mr. Trimm left the clearing, heading as well as he could tell eastward, away from the railroad. After a mile or two he came to a dusty wood road winding downhill.

To the north of the clearing where Mr. Trimm had halted were a farm and a group of farm buildings. To the southward a mile or two was a cluster of dwellings set in the midst of more farm lands, with a shop or two and a small white church with a green spire in the center. Along a road that ran northward from the hamlet to the solitary farm a ten-year-old boy came, carrying a covered tin pail. A young gray squirrel flitted across the wagon ruts ahead of him and darted up a small chestnut tree. The boy put the pail down at the side of the road and began looking for a stone to throw at the squirrel.

Mr. Trimm slid out from behind a tree. A hemstitched handkerchief, grimed and stained, was loosely twisted around his wrists, partly hiding the handcuffs. He moved along with a queer, sliding gait, keeping as much of his body as he could turned from the youngster. The ears of the little chap caught the faint scuffle of feet and he spun around on his bare heel.

"My boy, would you ——" he began.

The boy's round eyes widened at the apparition that was sidling toward him in

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so strange a fashion, and then, taking fright, he dodged past Mr. Trimm and ran back the way he had come, as fast as his slim brown legs could take him. In half a minute he was out of sight around a bend.

Had the boy looked back he would have seen a still more curious spectacle than the one that had frightened him. He would have seen a man worth four million dollars down on his knees in the yellow dust, pawing with chained hands at the tight-fitting lid of the tin pail, and then, when he had got the lid off, drinking the fresh, warm milk which the pail held with great, choking gulps, uttering little mewing, animal sounds as he drank, while the white, creamy milk ran over his chin and splashed down his breast in little, spurting streams.

But the boy didn't look back. He ran all the way home and told his mother he had seen a wild man on the road to the village; and later, when his father came in from the fields, he was soundly thrashed for letting the sight of a tramp make him lose a good tin bucket and half a gallon of milk worth six cents a quart.

The rich, fresh milk put life into Mr. Trimm. He rested the better for it during the early part of that night in a haw thicket. Only the sharp, darting pains in his wrists kept rousing him to temporary wakefulness. In one of those intervals of waking the plan that had been sketchily forming in his mind from the time he had quit the clearing in the woods took on a definite, fixed shape. But how was he with safety to get the sort of aid he needed, and where?

Canvassing tentative plans in his head, he dozed off again.

On a smooth patch of turf behind the blacksmith shop three yokels were languidly pitching horseshoes—"quaits" they called them—at a stake driven in the earth. Just beyond, the woods shredded out into a long, yellow and green peninsula which stretched up almost to the back door of the smithy, so that late of afternoons the slanting shadows of the nearmost trees fell on its roof of warped shingles. At the extreme end of this point of woods Mr. Trimm was squatted behind a big boulder, squinting warily through a thick-fringed curtain of ripened goldenrod tops and sumacs, heavy-headed with their dark-red tapers. He had been there more than an hour, waiting his chance cautiously to hail the blacksmith, whose figure he could make out in the smoky interior of his shop, passing back and forth in front of a smudgy forge fire and rattling metal against metal in intermittent fits of professional activity.

From where Mr. Trimm watched to where the horseshoe-pitching game went on was not more than sixty feet. He could hear what the players said and even see the little puffs of dust rise when one of them clapped his hands together after a pitch. He judged by the signs of slackening interest that they would be stopping soon and, he hoped, going clear away.

But the smith loafed out of his shop and, after an exchange of bucolic banter with the three of them, he took a hand in their game himself. He wore no coat or waistcoat, and, as he poised a horseshoe for his first cast at the stake, Mr. Trimm saw, pinned flat against the broad strap of his suspenders, a shiny, silvery-looking disk. Having pitched the shoe the smith moved over into the shade, so that he almost touched the clump of undergrowth that half buried Mr. Trimm's protecting boulder. The near-sighted eyes of the fugitive banker could make out then what the flat, silvery disk was, and Mr. Trimm cowered low in his covert behind the rock, holding his hands down between his knees, fearful that a gleam from his burnished wristlets might strike through the screen of wood growth and catch the inquiring eye of the smith. So he stayed, not daring to move, until a dinner-horn sounded somewhere in the cluster of cottages beyond, and the smith, closing the doors of his shop, went away with the three yokels.

Then Mr. Trimm, stooping low, stole back into the deep woods again. In his extremity he was ready to risk making a bid for the hire of a blacksmith's aid to rid himself of his bonds, but not a blacksmith who wore a deputy sheriff's badge pinned to his suspenders.

He caught himself scraping his wrists up and down again against the rough, scrofulous trunk of a shellbark hickory. The irritation was comforting to the swollen skin. The cuffs, which kept catching on the bark and snagging small fragments of it loose, seemed to Mr. Trimm to have been a part and parcel of him for a long time—almost as long a time as he could remember. But the hands which they clasped so close seemed like the hands of somebody else. There was a numbness about them that made them feel as though they were a stranger's hands which never had belonged to him. As he looked at them with a sort of vague curiosity they seemed to swell and grow, these two strange, fettered hands, until they measured yards across, while the steel bands shrunk to the thinness of piano-wire, cutting deeper and deeper into the flesh. Then the hands in turn began to shrink down and the cuffs to grow up into great, thick things as cumbersome as the couplings of a freight car. A voice that Mr. Trimm dimly recognized as his own was saying something about four million dollars over and over again.

Mr. Trimm roused up and shook his head angrily to clear it. He rubbed his eyes free of the clouding delusion. It wouldn't do for him to be getting light-headed.

On a flat, shelving bluff, forty feet above a cut through which the railroad ran at a point about five miles north of where the collision had occurred, a tramp was busy, late in the afternoon, cooking something in an old washboiler that perched precariously on a fire of wood coals. This tramp was tall and spindle-legged, with reddish hair and a pale, beardless, freckled face with no chin to it and not much forehead, so that it ran out to a peak like the profile of some featherless, unwholesome sort of fowl. The skirts of an old, ragged overcoat dangled grotesquely about his spare shanks.

Desperate as his plight had become Mr. Trimm felt the old sick shame at the prospect of exposing himself to this knavish-looking vagabond whose help he meant to buy with a bribe. It was the sight of a dainty wisp of smoke from the wood fire curling upward through the cloudy, damp air that had brought him limping cautiously across the right-of-way, to climb the rocky shelf along the cut; but now he hesitated, shielded in the shadows twenty yards away. It was a whiff of something savory in the washboiler, borne to him on the still air and almost making him cry out with eagerness, that drew him forth finally. At the sound of the halting footsteps the tramp stopped stirring the mess in the washboiler and glanced up apprehensively. As he took in the figure of the newcomer his eyes narrowed and his pasty, nasty face spread in a grin of comprehension.

"Well, well, well," he said, leering offensively, "welcome to our city, little stranger."

Mr. Trimm came nearer, dragging his feet, for they were almost out of the wrecks of his patent-leather shoes. His gaze shifted from the tramp's face to the stuff on the fire, his nostrils wrinkling. Then slowly:

"I'm in trouble," he said, and held out his hands.

"Wot I'd call a mild way o' puttin' it," said the tramp coolly. "That purticular kind o' joolry ain't gen'lly wore for pleasure."

His eyes took on a nervous squint and roved past Mr. Trimm's stooped figure down the slope of the hillock.

"Say, pal, how fur ahead are you of yore keeper?" he demanded, his manner changed.

"There is no one after me—no one that I know of," explained Mr. Trimm. "I am quité alone—I am certain of it."

"Sure there ain't nobody lookin' fur you?" the other persisted suspiciously.

"I tell you I am all alone," protested Mr. Trimm. "I want your help in getting these—these things off and sending a message to a friend. You'll be well paid, very well paid. I can pay you more money than you ever had in your life, probably, for your help. I can promise——"

He broke off, for the tramp, as if reassured by his words, had stooped again to his cooking and was stirring the bubbling contents of the washboiler with a peeled stick. The smell of the stew, rising strongly, filled Mr. Trimm with such a sharp and an aching hunger that he could not speak for a moment. He mastered himself, but the effort left him shaking and gulping.

"Go on, then, an' tell us somethin' about yourself," said the freckled man. "Wot brings you roamin' around this here railroad cut with them bracelets on?"

"I was in the wreck," obeyed Mr. Trimm. "The man with me—the officer—

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was killed. I wasn't hurt and I got away into these woods. But they think I'm dead, too—my name was among the list of dead."

The other's peaky face lengthened in astonishment.

"Why, say," he began, "I read all about that there wreck—seen the list myself—say, you can't be Trimm, the New York banker? Yes, you are! Wot a streak of luck! Lemme look at you! Trimm, the swell financeer, sportin' 'round with the darbies on him all nice an' snug an' reg'lar! Mister Trimm—well, if this ain't rich!"

"My name is Trimm," said the starving banker miserably. "I've been wandering about here a great many hours—several days, I think it must be—and I need rest and food very much indeed. I don't—don't feel very well," he added, his voice trailing off.

At this his self-control gave way again and he began to quake violently as if with an ague. The smell of the cooking overcame him.

"You don't look so well an' that's a fact, Trimm," sneered the tramp, resuming his malicious, mocking air. "But set down an' make yourself at home, an' after a while, when it's done, we'll have a bite together—you an' me. It'll be a reg'lar tea party fur jest us two."

He broke off to chuckle. His mirth made him appear even more repulsive than before.

"But looky here, you wus sayin' somethin' about money," he said suddenly. "Le's take a look at all this here money."

He came over to him and went through Mr. Trimm's pockets. Mr. Trimm said nothing and stood quietly, making no resistance. The tramp finished a workmanlike search of the banker's pockets. He looked at the result as it lay in his grimy palm—a moist little wad of bills and some chicken-feed change—and spat disgustedly with a nasty oath.

"Well, Trimm," he said, "fur a Wall Street guy seems to me you travel purty light. About how much did you think you'd get done for all this pile of wealth?"

"You will be well paid," said Mr. Trimm, arguing hard; "my friend will see to that. What I want you to do is to take the money you have there in your hand and buy a cold chisel or a file—any tools that will cut these things off me. And then you will send a telegram to a certain gentleman in New York. And let me stay with you until we get an answer—until he comes here. He will pay you well; I promise it."

He halted, his eyes and his mind again on the bubbling stuff in the rusted washboiler. The freckled vagrant studied him through his red-lidded eyes, kicking some loose embers back into the fire with his toe.

"I've heard a lot about you one way and another, Trimm," he said. "'Tain't as if you were some pore down-an'-out devil tryin' to beat the cops out of doin' his bit in stir. You're the way-up, high-an'-mighty kind of crook. An' from wot I've read an' heard about you you never toted fair with nobody yet. There was that young feller, wot's his name?—the cashier—him that was tried with you. He went along with you in yore games an' done yore work fur you an' you let him go over the road to the same place you're tryin' to dodge now. Besides," he added cunningly, "you come here talkin' mighty big about money, yet I notice you ain't carryin' much of it in yore clothes. All I've had to go by is yore word. An' yore word ain't worth much, by all accounts."

"I tell you, man, that you'll profit richly," burst out Mr. Trimm, the words falling over each other in his new panic. "You must help me; I've endured too much—I've gone through too much to give up now." He pleaded fast, his hands shaking in a quiver of fear and eagerness as he stretched them out in entreaty. Promises, pledges, commands, orders, arguments poured from him. His tormentor checked him with a gesture.

"You're wot I'd call a bird in the hand," he chuckled, hugging his slack frame, "an' it ain't fur you to be givin' orders—it's fur me. An', anyway, I guess we ain't a-goin' to be able to make a trade—leastwise not on yore terms. But we'll do business all right, all right—anyhow, I will."

"What do you mean?" panted Mr. Trimm, full of terror. "You'll help me?"

"I mean this," said the tramp slowly. He put his hands under his loose-hanging overcoat and began to fumble at a leather strap about his waist. "If I turn you over to the Government I know wot you'll be worth, purty near, by guessin' at the reward; an' besides, it'll maybe help to square me up on one or two little matters. If I turn you loose I ain't got nothin' only your word—an' I've got an idea how much faith I kin put in that."

Mr. Trimm glanced about him wildly. There was no escape. He was fast in a trap which he himself had sprung. The thought of being led to jail, all foul of body and fettered as he was, by this filthy, smirking wretch made him crazy. He stumbled backward with some insane idea of running away.

"No hurry, no hurry a-tall," gloated the tramp, enjoying the torture of this helpless captive who had walked into his hands. "I ain't goin' to hurt you none; only make sure that you don't wander off an' hurt yourself while I'm gone. Won't do to let you be damagin' yourself; you're valuable property. Trimm, now, I'll tell you what we'll do! We'll just back you up agin one of these trees an' then we'll just slip this here belt through your elbows an' buckle it around behind at the back; an' I kinder guess you'll stay right there till I go down yonder to that station that I passed comin' up here an' see wot kind of a bargain I kin strike up with the marshal. Come on, now," he threatened with a show of bluster, reading the resolution that was mounting in Mr. Trimm's face. "Come on peaceable, if you don't want to git hurt."

Of a sudden Mr. Trimm became the primitive man. He was filled with those elemental emotions that make a man see crimson. Gathering strength from passion out of an exhausted frame, he sprang forward at the tramp. He struck at him with his head, his shoulders, his knees, his manacled wrists, all at once. Not really hurt by the puny assault, but caught by surprise, the freckled man staggered back, clawing at the air, tripped on the washboiler in the fire, and, with a yell vanished over the smooth edge of the cut.

Mr. Trimm stole forward and looked over the bluff. Half-way down the cliff on an outcropping shelf of rock the man lay, face downward, motionless. He seemed to have grown smaller and to have shrunk into his clothes. One long, thin leg was bent up under the skirts of the overcoat in a queer, twisted way, and the cloth of the trousers leg looked flattened and empty. As Mr. Trimm peered down at him he saw a red stain spreading on the rock under the still, silent figure's head.

Mr. Trimm turned to the washboiler. It lay on its side, empty, the last of its recent contents sputtering out into the half-drowned fire. He stared at this ruin a minute. Then without another look over the cliff edge he stumbled slowly down the hill, muttering to himself as he went. Just as he struck the level it began to rain, gently at first, then hard, and despite the shelter of the full-leaved forest trees he was soon wet through to his skin and dripped water as he lurched along without sense of direction or, indeed, without any active realization of what he was doing.

Late that night it was still raining—a cold, steady, autumnal downpour. A huddled figure slowly climbed upon a low fence running about the house-yard of the little farm where the boy lived who got thrashed for losing a milkpail. On the wet top rail, precariously perching, the figure slipped and sprawled forward in the miry yard. It got up, painfully swaying on its feet. It was Mr. Trimm, looking for food. He moved slowly toward the house, tottering with weakness and because of the slick mud underfoot; peering near-sightedly this way and that through the murk; starting at every sound and stopping often to listen.

The outlines of a lean-to kitchen at the back of the house were looming dead ahead of him when from the corner of the cottage sprang a small terrier. It made at Mr. Trimm, barking shrilly. He retreated backward, kicking at the little dog and, to hold his balance, striking out with short, dabby jerks of his fettered hands—they were such motions as the terrier itself might make trying to walk on its hindlegs. Still backing away, expecting every instant to feel the terrier's teeth in his flesh, Mr. Trimm put one foot into a hotbed with a great clatter of the breaking glass. He felt the sharp ends of shattered glass tearing and cutting his shin as he jerked free. Recovering himself he dealt the terrier a lucky kick under the throat that sent it back, yowling, to where it had come from, and then, as a door jerked open and

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a half-dressed man jumped out into the darkness, Mr. Trimm half hobbled, half fell out of sight behind the woodpile

Back and forth along the lower edge of his yard the farmer hunted, with the whimpering, cowed terrier to guide him, poking in dark corners with the muzzle of his shotgun for the unseen intruder whose coming had aroused the household. In a brushpile just over the fence to the east Mr. Trimm lay on his face upon the wet earth, with the rain beating down on him, sobbing with choking gulps that wrenched him cruelly, biting at the bonds on his wrists until the sound of breaking teeth gritted in the air. Finally, in the hopeless, helpless frenzy of his agony he beat his arms up and down until the bracelets struck squarely on a flat stone and the force of the blow sent the cuffs home to the last notch so that they pressed harder and faster than ever upon the tortured wrist bones.

After wasting ten or fifteen minutes in a vain search the farmer went shivering back indoors to dry out his wet shirt. But the groveling figure in the brushpile lay for a long time where it was, only stirring a little while the rain dripped steadily down on everything.

The wreck was on a Tuesday evening. Early on the Saturday morning following the chief of police, who was likewise the whole of the day police force in the town of Westfield, nine miles from the place where the collision occurred, heard a peculiar, strangely-weak knocking at the front door of his cottage, where he also had his office. The door was a Dutch door, sawed through the middle, so that the top half might be opened independently, leaving the lower panel fast. He swung this top half back.

A face was framed in the opening—an indescribably dirty, unutterably weary face, with matted white hair and a rime of whitish beard stubble on the jaws. It was fallen in and sunken and it drooped on the chest of its owner. The mouth, swollen and pulpy, as if from repeated hard blows, hung agape, and between the purplish parted lips showed the stumps of broken teeth. The eyes blinked weakly at the chief from under lids as colorless almost as the eyelids of a corpse. The bare white head was filthy with plastered mud and twigs and dripping wet

"Hello, there!" said the chief, startled at this apparition. "What do you want?"

With a movement that told of straining effort the lolling head came up off the chest. The thin, corded neck stiffened back, rising from a dirty, collarless neckband. The Adam's apple bulged out prominently as big as a pigeon's egg.

"I have come," said the specter in a wheezing rasp of a voice which the chief could hardly hear—"I have come to surrender myself. I am Hobart W. Trimm."

"I guess you got another think comin'," said the chief, who was by way of being something of a neighborhood wag. "When last seen Hobart W. Trimm was only fifty-two years old. Besides which, he's dead and buried. I guess maybe you'd better think agin, grandpap, and see if you ain't Methus'lah or the Wanderin' Jew."

"I am Hobart W. Trimm, the banker," whispered the stranger with a sort of wan stubbornness.

"Go on and prove it," suggested the chief, more than willing to prolong the enjoyment of the sensation. It wasn't often in Westfield that wandering lunatics came a-calling.

"Got any way to prove it?" he repeated as the visitor stared at him.

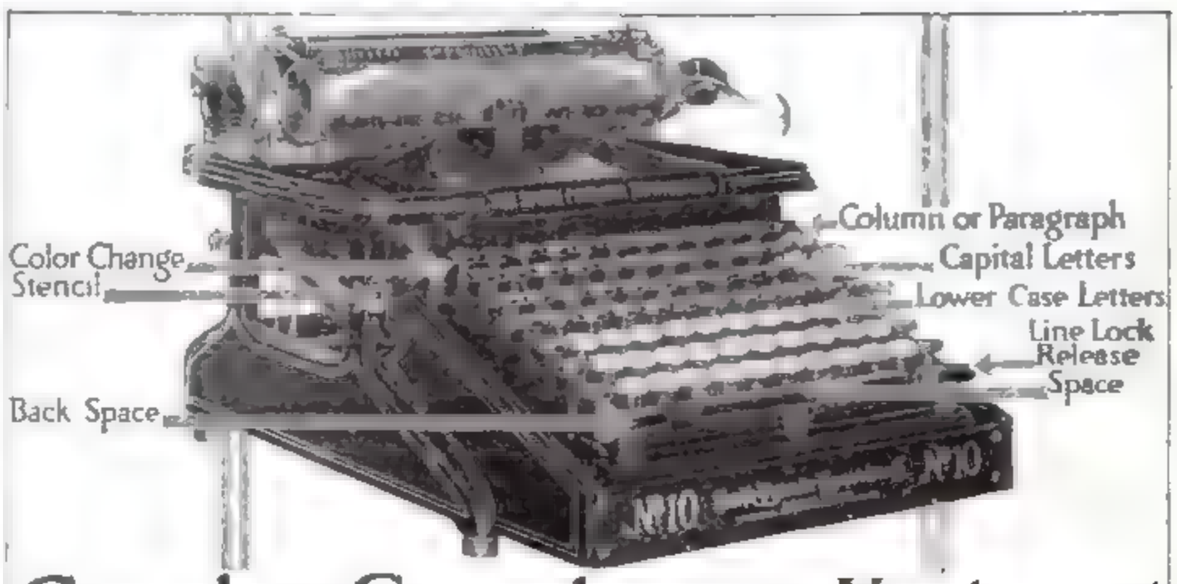
"Yes," came the creaking, rusted hinge of a voice, "I have."

Slowly, with struggling effort, he raised his hands into the chief's sight. They were horribly swollen hands, red with the dried blood where they were not black with the dried dirt; the fingers puffed up out of shape; the nails broken; they were like the skinned paws of a bear. And at the wrists, almost buried in the swollen folds of flesh, blackened, rusted, battered, yet still strong and whole, was a tightly-locked pair of new model handcuffs.

"Great Scott!" cried the chief, transfixed at the sight. He drew the bolt and jerked open the lower half of the door.

"Come in," he said, "and lemme get them irons off of you—they must hurt something terrible."

"They can wait," said Mr. Trimm very feebly, very slowly and very humbly. "I have worn them a long, long while—I am used to them. Wouldn't you please get me some food first?"



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THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches everywhere

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

Carbo Magnetic — REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE — Griffon — NO HONING NO GRINDING

Why Razors Get Dull

The edge of a razor is a row of saw like teeth. If the steel is not tempered *evenly*, some of these teeth are always bent, which makes the edge uneven. The bending of only a few teeth causes the [illegible] Then the whole must be honed to renew the teeth

The Carbo-Magnetic Razor is not tempered in *uneven* fire heat, but by electro-carbonization—a process similar to that by which diamonds have been produced—so that each tooth is tempered to an equal degree of toughness

The result is the hardest, most uniformly tempered cutting edge known to science—a blade of *Carbo-steel* that will give you the closest, smoothest, speediest shave you ever enjoyed.

Easily said, yes, and as easily proven. Go to your Dealer and ask him for a Carbo-Magnetic Razor on 30 Days' Free Trial. Let the razor itself prove what it will do. You do not risk a penny of your money for you need not buy the razor unless you are satisfied it is better than any other you ever tried.

Go to your Dealer *today*. If he cannot supply you send this coupon to us. With each Carbo-Magnetic Razor we give a safety guard free, if you ask for it

GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS 476 Broadway, New York

30 Day Free Trial Coupon S. E. P. Nov

Tear out this coupon now—take it to your dealer—if the first one you go to cannot supply you, write his name below, then [illegible] on us and we will see that a Carbo-Magnetic is delivered to you on 30 Days' Free Trial.

My Name _____ My Dealer _____

Address _____ His Address _____

THIS HANDSOME

Hall Clock

$28.80

Sent, freight prepaid on receipt of price to any point in the United States.

Constructed of polished cherry mahogany or polished selected oak.

Height 7 feet. Width 20 inches. Depth 11 inches.

Ornaments Hand polished and lacquered brass.

Doors French crystal.

Dial 12 inch square, black Arabic figures.

Movement Of unusual power and accuracy, having the Graham dead beat escapement, strikes the hours on a coil gong.

Each clock is guaranteed for 10 years. Made of oak or cherry as wanted.

We refer to any commercial agency.

Hall Clocks have heretofore ranged in price from $40.00 to $1,000.00.

We will sell this beautiful Colonial Hall Clock, exactly like illustration, to you in your home, all charges prepaid, from our factory at the

LOW PRICE OF

$28.80

Partial Payment Plan. If you prefer to pay for this clock by monthly payments, remit $5 per month for eight months.

Up to the present time a **first-class hall clock** at a popular price has been unknown.

An ornament to any room, hall or staircase.

An appropriate birthday, wedding or Xmas gift.

File order early.

A hall clock is a treasure for any home. It lends a dignity to the home.

DESCRIPTION

Constructed of polished cherry mahogany or polished selected oak.

Size—Height 7 feet. Width 20 inches. Depth 11 inches.

Ornaments Hand polished and lacquered brass.

Doors French crystal.

Dial 12 inch square, black Arabic figures.

Movement Of unusual power and accuracy, having the Graham dead beat escapement, strikes the hours on a coil gong.

Each clock is guaranteed for 10 years. Made of oak or cherry as wanted.

We refer to any commercial agency.

The Ithaca Calendar Clock Company
21 Adams Street, ITHACA, N. Y.
Established 1865
Makers of the world renowned Ithaca Calendar Clock
If interested in calendar clocks, send for catalogue

Ask for "N F 10" Shoe Laces

and you get the strongest, longest-wearing shoe laces ever made.

So strong that they stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking.

So well-made and durable and satisfactory that every pair is

guaranteed 6 months

Such a lace deserves the best tip, and we invented a special one for it. Dull black, absolutely fast color, and it won't come off.

Be sure to get the genuine *"N F 10" Shoe Laces*. Look for the individual sealed box, and see that *"N F 10"* is stamped on the patented tips of the laces. That protects you from imitations.

10 cents per pair—black and tan, in four lengths, for men, women and children. Sold only in sealed boxes. At shoe and furnishing goods stores, and haberdashers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer can't supply you.

Write today for illustrated booklet about *"N F 10"* and our other laces including the *Nufashond* Patented Laces for oxfords.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

N F 10 Shoe Laces

Guaranteed 6 months 10 cents per pair

Pens that Write Right

Perfect penmanship—fine hair lines and even shading—is only possible when the pen is perfect. The smoothly rounded points, even temper, correct form and great elasticity of

Spencerian Steel Pens

make every writer a good one. Just right for every kind of writing. A sample card of 12 different kinds sent free for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.

Peanut Vending Machine Operators

and those wishing to enter the Vending Machine business can learn something interesting by writing to
M. L. Larson, 1762 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.

THE AWFUL WEAPON

(Continued from Page 9)

"'None at all?' he says. 'Well, what should we do in a case like this?' he says.

"I never answered, but just pulled open my knife an' whittles a match with it. 'Oh, well,' says he, 'I'll just explain to her that we can't use her,' he says. 'Those that can't earn their pay must go. That answer is easy,' says he, an' he pulls down his vest an' walks in.

"I remember that a thaw came on that afternoon, an' a thaw up in this country means that a part of the winter's snow, packed up on them hills, runs down to make walkin' an' wadin' all the same thing on these muddy roads. So, on the way back after dinner, an' when I got down by Mrs. Jordan's boardin'-house, I was payin' a good deal of attention to places to put my feet down, an' it weren't till I got to the rise that I looked up, an' then, just as sure as I'm sittin' here, I seen Jennie Lyons carryin' the measly dog under her arm an' just goin' in the factory door.

"She weren't in my room when I got up there, so it was a big load off my chest; an' it weren't till I started down the stairs that night an' looked in at the lasters' room, where Ben Joline is foreman, that I seen what had become of her. Fer there she was, cleanin' lasts, an' the dog at her little feet inter the bargain!

"Ben Joline is dead now. You never knew him, but it took a big, rough old fellow to handle them Finns an' Canucks an' jailbirds that we always seemed to get on the lasters' bench. He was one of the kind that shaves in the mornin' an' has a bristlin' beard by noon; an' his neck was as big around as a boy's body, an' red. Then he was marked with smallpox, an' until he got inter this business he had been boss of gangs of longshoremen on the lakes. An' he had a voice that would bust the big pipe on a church organ, an' was a very rough talker an' strict with his men. When I seen him standin' there, an' the thin, mousy girl sittin' there, too, it made me think of the way they feed live rabbits to the lion in the circus.

"I met the boss at the foot of the stairs with his hat on, goin' out.

"'Did yer fire the girl?' I says.

"'Jim,' says he, waving his hand, 'I'm just goin' out in a big hurry. Unless you want me for somethin' important you'll have to wait fer another time,' he says.

"An' I guess it was three or four days after that when Joline come up at about five an' walks up to me, hitchin' up his trousers front and back, as he learned sailorin'. 'Jim,' says he with a whisper that sounded like a train goin' over a bridge, 'did that Jennie Lyons work fer you?'

"'Yes,' I says.

"'Weren't any good, was she?' says he.

"'No,' says I.

"'Why didn't you give her the sack?' he says.

"'What's that to you?' says I.

"'Ho! ho!' he says, 'you old rascal, you!' he says. 'I bet I know.'

"'You tried it, too?' I asked.

"'Sh-ah,' says he, slappin' me on the back with his big hand. 'Don't say a word! I've sacked a couple o' thousand men in my day. An' the boss told me if she weren't any good to tell her to go. Well, she ain't any good—you know that,' he says. 'An' that sick pup of hers!' he says.

"'Well,' says I, 'you've fired her?'

"'Sure,' he says. 'I fired her once, an' now what's best to do next?' he says.

"I laughed at him an' says, says I: 'Well, you know she ain't got any folks or anybody to love her but that sore-eyed dog,' says I, 'an' I hardly know what she'd do up here in the winter without work,' I says. 'But then,' I says, 'we oughter have no sentiment about business matters,' says I.

"'Before you go on tryin' to throw yer jokin' at me,' says he, 'wait till I tell yer what I done,' he says. 'I found out that Joe Bent down in the packin'-room was short of somebody to sort sizes, so I offered her to him, an' darn me, he took her!'

"'He didn't know?' says I.

"'Not a word,' says he. 'She's goin' to start in tomorrow; an' if you say anythin' to him I'll choke yer ter death.'

"'It's a mean trick,' says I.

"'On Joe?' he asks.

"'No, on the little girl,' I says. 'Fer I was thinkin' of Bent an' his ways. I

Burns 5 Hours for 1c Worth of Gas

A New, Gas-Saving, Brilliant Home Light that you attach to Fixture in one minute's time. Use your own globes—either gas or electric.

Welsbach Junior
PRICE 35 CENTS

The Welsbach Junior is five inches high, [illegible] candle power light [illegible] light in *quality*. It is restful on your eyes—a perfect home light.

The cheapness of the Welsbach Junior (boxed complete for 35 cents), its simplicity of attaching (screw it on as you would an electric light bulb) and its tremendous gas economy (burns 5 hours for 1c worth of gas) recommend its use on every gas outlet in the home.

Sold Everywhere by Gas Companies and Dealers

Buy one Welsbach Junior Light and test every claim made for it. Then equip your entire home. You'll save 30 per cent. of your gas bills and have a cheerful, soft, mellow and perfect light.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

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—the Original and Largest Manufacturers of Incandescent Gas Lights and Mantles in the World

Get the Welsbach Goods [illegible] Mark

[illegible] All genuine Welsbach goods bear this trade mark. It [illegible] Insist upon getting it.

Our illustrated booklet—"The History of Light"—sent free on request. Address Dept. A Welsbach Company, Gloucester, Mass.

Let Pope Cigar Sellers Make You Big Profits

Of all the commodities that permit of automatic merchandising none can compare with cigars in quantity sold, in steady daily demand, or in big profits. Profits estimated at $200,000,000 a year. No one has ever been able to make an Automatic Cigar Selling Machine that was mechanically or commercially practical until we perfected the Pope Automatic Machine.

Every time you drop a coin in the Pope machine it automatically delivers you a cigar from the original box.

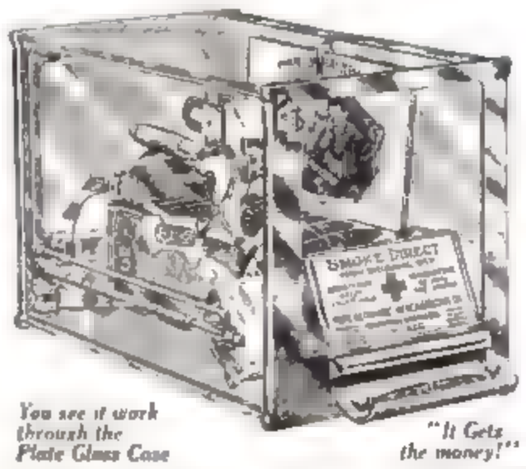
We have a monopoly of the automatic selling of these nine billion cigars because we control the patents and make the only commercially practical Automatic Cigar Selling Machine in the world. It will bear the severest test—the most searching investigation.

The purchaser drops a coin in the machine and instantly gets his cigar.

The field for the operation of these machines throughout the world is too big for our organization to handle. We reserve Chicago however for our operating company. We wish to establish systems of Pope Cigar Selling Machines in all cities, counties and states which are not already provided with them.

We have contracts already entered for over $[illegible],000 worth of these machines in various sections of the United States. We invite [illegible] from $1,000 to $[illegible],000 to [illegible] this business which [illegible] returns from 5 to 7 times that of [illegible]. We [illegible] where the [illegible] as we can [illegible] Then we [illegible] only [illegible] to establish a local system, but they should also have the [illegible] push to install the maximum number of machines in a given district.

Please bear in mind that we are not selling patent rights nor stock in our company. We dispose of the machines to you outright—no royalties to pay—and turn over the control of the operation, selling and leasing of the machines in your district to you. We furnish you with plans showing how to install and operate the plant and how to make each machine in the system earn a maximum of profit for you.



You see it work through the Plate Glass Case

"It Gets the money!"

Large moneyed interests control and are operating these machines in a number of eastern and western states. Scores of medium sized towns have been taken up by local capitalists and many counties throughout the various states have been disposed of. These represent investments in machines of from $1,000 to $94,000. Hundreds of [illegible] towns [illegible] pending or offer open territory [illegible] counties and states. Quick action may be necessary to get control of these now [illegible] territory.

Judging by the [illegible] of responses [illegible] recent announcements, together with the readiness with which the territory was taken up, the public has been waiting for just such a machine as we make and exclusively control.

Write For Our Proposition A-5

To the right man—one with brains and energy, as well as money, we will make a proposition that he cannot afford to pass by. Write to-day for our Book "A-5" and ask for a ten days option to exclusively control your territory. Negotiations are pending for many cities. Yours may be taken unless you act quickly. Write at once.

POPE AUTOMATIC MERCHANDISING CO., Dept. A-5, Corn Exchange Bank Building, CHICAGO

Ventilated Underwear!

Think how important your underwear really is. It covers most of the skin and in doing so it also covers most of the pores of the body Every twenty-four hours these pores exude more than a pint and a half of moisture.

With the old style two-piece underwear the waist is covered with two layers of cloth and other parts of the body poorly fitted with the fabric. But with ***Superior*** Union Suits the pressure on the sweat pores is evenly distributed —the fabric is so porous and sponge-like that the moisture is readily evaporated and fresh air reaches every part of the body.

Everywhere you will note that most men who carry themselves brisk1y and alertly during the day are men who wear union suits. Some may have tried one kind and some another but those who have at last obtained a perfect fitting garment are those who know the merits of ***Superior.***

We make nothing but men's union suits. This has enabled us to concentrate every energy on their improvement. We have produced a lap in back and crotch that remains closed; sleeve and ankle cuffs that never stretch or get baggy: buttonholes that don't stretch and the buttons that stay on till the garment is ready for the rag bag. But above all we have obtained **perfection in fit.** Won't you try one suit and learn what supreme comfort in underwear can mean?

Most first-class dealers have ***Superior.*** If yours hasn't send your name and address and that of dealer for handsome book and samples.

Be sure you ask for this label.

You can send direct to us for Free Booklet showing fabrics and weights.

The Superior
A PERFECT UNION SUIT

The Superior Underwear Co.
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You Merely Turn The Crank

You can sift a whole week's ashes quickly by a few turns of the crank, when you use a

Hill's Hustler Ash Sifter

It makes a big cut in your coal bill's. No moving objects to using it. Enclosed rotary sifter drops cinders clear and sifts the without the least dust. For wood or iron barrel. Soon saves its cost. Big descriptive Folder No. 5 free. Send for it.

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5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

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First National Bank

Billings, Montana

Organized 1883

always kinder disliked Joe. He was one of these young fellers that is tall an' thin an' so straight it seems to hurt him, an' he never makes no mistakes an' keeps a diary an' thinks he's got trouble with his stomach, an' so far as I could see he had about as much feelin' fer anybody else as I've got fer that board there on the floor. He was always snifflin' an' snifflin' an' always done his duty, an' had so much modesty that he'd try to show how modest he was every chance he got. An' cold-blooded! He was about as human as a plaster-paris model of a cake of ice

"As I was sayin', I says to Ben Joline, 'It's a mean trick on the girl.'

"'Oh, yes,' says he, 'but you know Joe. He hates all women-folks, anyway; an' when he makes up his mind he's good fer action. He never has any use fer girls. He'll get pleasure out of sackin' Jennie. The boss knows it, too. She's as good as gone. She could cry aloud on the floor an' he'd freeze it fer her,' says he. 'He's a woman-hater, he is,' an' with that he slaps me on the back again as if he'd just had money left him, an' walks off.

"An' I suppose it was as much as four weeks after that I went down to the office to talk about a new lot of upper leather with the boss, an' we argues fer a while an' I remember I says to him at last: 'Well, anyhow, the cheaper product cuts best fer economy,' I says.

"'An', by the way,' I says, 'I understand Jennie Lyons was workin' for Joe Bent in the packin'-room Of course you know it,' I says

"'Yes, I did,' says the old boss, lookin' at me kinder suspicious

"'She *was* workin' fer him,' says I.

"'Was?' says he. 'Did he fire her?'

"'He did,' says I, an' I pulls a cigar out of my pocket an' holds it up. 'How's that?' says I.

"'The cigar?' he says. 'Where'd you get it?'

"'You've just come in,' I says, 'so you don't know. Joe Bent gave it to me.'

"'Great guns!' says the old man. 'I never knew Joe ever gave away a cigar in his life.'

"'Why,' says I, 'he passed 'em around to everybody this mornin'.'

"'Fer what?' he says.

"'Fer dischargin' Jennie,' says I. 'He's fixed it so she won't work here no more.'

"'Had the backbone! I knew it,' says the boss. 'No sentiment fer him! She's through.'

"'Yep,' says I, 'last night he married her.'

"'Happy days!' yells the old boss, an' slid down in his desk chair. 'How did it happen?'

"'Well,' says I, 'they say he told her she wouldn't do an' she begun to cry; an' by-and-by he put his arm around them little shoulders of hers, an' then, of course ——'

"'Well, I'll be thundered!' says the boss. 'You an' Joline, the tough old nut that he is, an' cold-blooded Joe Bent! Not one of you with the nerve. So far as I can find out, a little woman's weepin' is an awful weapon—at least to hear you boys tell it,' he says.

"'An' what about you?' says I. 'You tried.'

"'Me?' says the old man. 'Oh, I don't count. I'm a damn fool about those things, anyway.'"

CAVEAT EMPTOR

(Continued from Page 11)

"Here is also my card, Mr. Wolfson," he said with a smile. "Any time you want some more work done by safes, let me know; that's all."

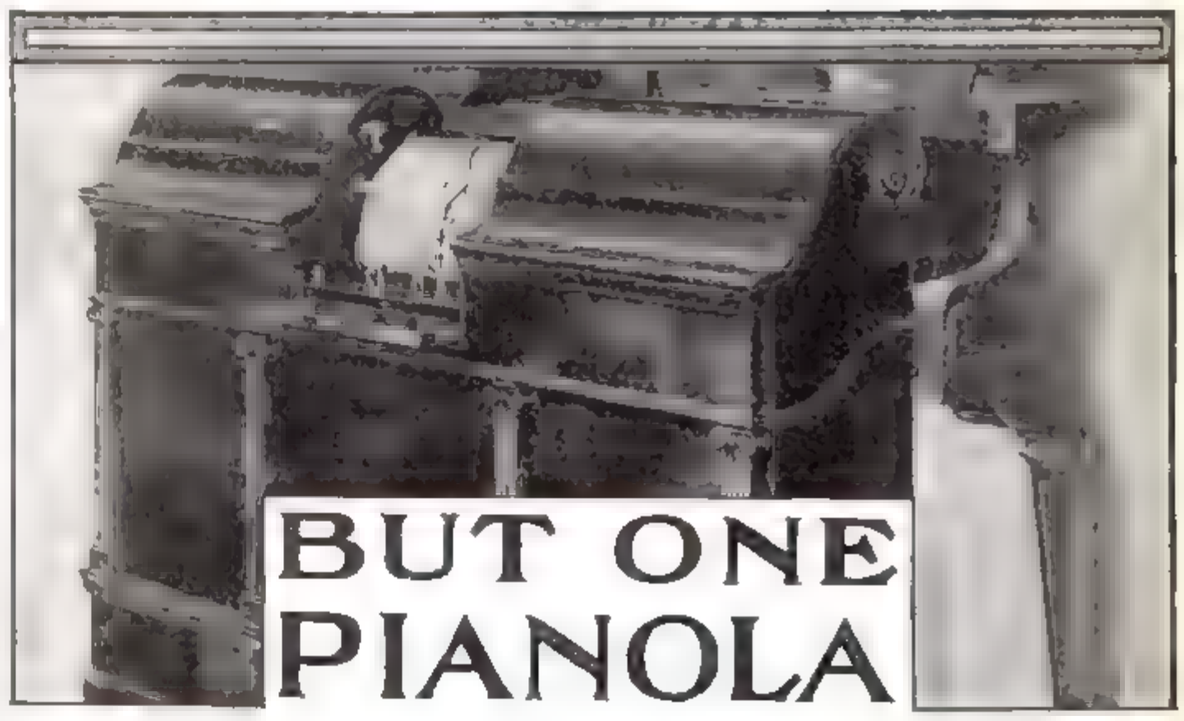
III

WHEN Borrochson and Wolfson met the next afternoon in the office of the latter's attorney, Henry D. Feldman, they wasted no courtesy on each other.

"Feldman has sent up and searched the Register's office for chattel mortgages and conditional bill-off-sales, and he don't find none," Wolfson announced. "So everything is ready."

"I'm glad to hear it," Borrochson said. "When I get into a piece of business with a bloodsucker like you, Wolfson, I am afraid for my life till I get through."

"If I would be the kind of bloodsucker what you are, Borrochson," Wolfson retorted, "I wouldn't be calling a decent,



BUT ONE PIANOLA

DURING the past year seventeen attempted infringements upon the trade-mark name of the PIANOLA have been prevented. In coining a name which closely resembles that of a standard article, the infringer's object is of course to cause confusion in the public mind and intercept some of the sales intended for the article of established reputation.

Intending purchasers of the PIANOLA or PIANOLA Piano are cautioned to make sure that they secure the genuine. The Aeolian Company's instruments are sold only by the company's authorized representatives.

Remember that "PIANOLA" is *not* the name of Piano-players in general, but of the one specific instrument made by the Aeolian Company. Do not make the mistake of supposing that because a music-store sells Piano-players, it has the PIANOLA and PIANOLA Piano.

Unless the word "PIANOLA" appears plainly upon the fallboard of the instrument, it is not of our make and does not contain the many advantages which have given the PIANOLA its universal fame and made it the recognized standard of its class.

In order to protect yourself, write us for the name and address of our nearest representative. Descriptive catalogue A sent free upon request together with terms of easy payment plan.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL 362 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Buy Your LAMBERT Jewelry Today

THE **LAMBERT GEM BOOK** points the way for buyers of Christmas jewelry who seek novelty of design, solid workmanship and low prices. This book of 166 pages, full of pictures, descriptions and of eye-opening prices for all sorts of jewelry, mailed **FREE.** It tells what a splendid service is placed before you by practical jewelers whose record goes back to 1877. We are direct importers of fine, carefully chosen diamonds and large spot cash buyers of what we don't make. A large portion of our stock comes out of our own factory.

267	14 Karat LaVallière, Amethyst and Pearls	$12 00
268	14 Karat Half-Pearl Brooch, 1 Diamond	$15 75
269	14 Karat Tie Clasp	$3 50
270	10 Karat Handy Pins, a Pair	$1 80
271	10 Karat Engraved Locket	$4 50
272	14 Karat Brooch	$5 00
273	Platinum Top Ring, 7 Fine Diamonds	$90 00
274	Fine Diamond Ring	$80 00
275	Fine Diamond Ring	$27 50
276	10 Karat Handy Pins, Pearls, a Pair	$3 75
277	10 Karat Brooch, 5 Amatrice, 1 Pearl	$5 50
278	10 Karat Sleeve Links, Rose Diamonds	$4.50
279	14 Karat LaVallière, 2 Amethysts, 1 Pearl	$8 80
280	10 Karat Handy Pins, a Pair	$1 25
281	10 Karat Brooch, 1 Pearl	$3 75
282	10 Karat Scarf Pin, 1 Pearl	$2 25
283	10 Karat Scarf Pin, 1 Pearl, 1 Pearl	$4 00
284	10 Karat Signet Ring	$5 00
285	14 Karat Tie Clasp, 1 Diamond	$9 00
286	14 Karat Locket, 1 Diamond	$30.00

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Free Please show me how my checks can be raised. Also send "What Pinkerton, the Great Detective, Says About Forgery and Check Raising."

Mail this Free Coupon Today

Anybody Can Raise Your Check

13-Year Old Girl Stole Hundreds of Dollars by Raising Checks

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 27—Amazing cleverness displayed in the [illegible] of Miss Anna Karger of Marysville, Cal., in raising checks signed by Miss Karger.

Among specimens of the child's cleverness is a check changed from $5 to $80, which was accepted by the bank without detection.

(From Boston American, Sept. 28

No matter how carefully you write, *it is easy* to alter the amount of any check, right over your genuine signature, and get your money out of the bank without your knowledge.

It requires no skill. Anybody can do it. We will show any reputable business man how it is done.

Over Five Million Dollars were lost by the users of checks that were raised in 1908 alone. It is done every day. It's a mighty serious matter to every man who signs checks.

And there is only one possible way to prevent it. It's the Protectograph way—the only form of protection that has never been successfully altered in ten years of world-wide use.

Why not mail the coupon and get posted?

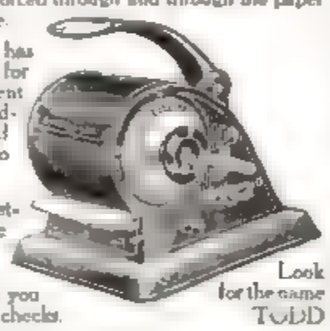
Protectograph

Stamps a Line like this

NOT OVER TEN DOLLARS 10

Protectograph cuts each character completely into slits, while acid-proof ink is forced through and through the paper under enormous pressure.

U. S. Treasury Dept. has used the Protectograph for years. Protects Government checks. Thousands of leading business houses and 90% of the banks also use it.



You couldn't have a better example than "Uncle Sam" and the banks.

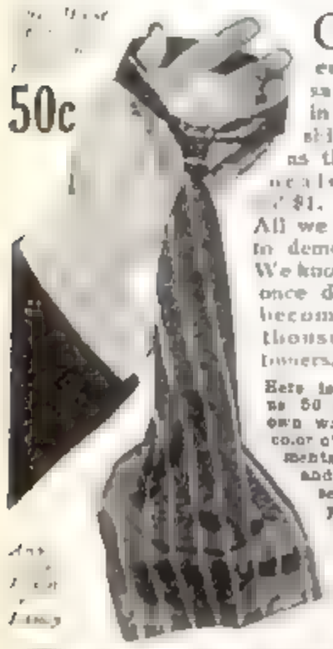
Look for the name TODD

Write to TODD when you want information about checks.

G. W. TODD & CO.

1144 UNIVERSITY AVE., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Buy Christmas Neckwear Direct from the Makers



OUR 50 cent ties, sold by mail from-maker-to-wearer, are the same in quality of silk, in shape, in workmanship and in color variety, as the ties your home dealer sells for 75 cents or $1.

All we ask is an opportunity to demonstrate this to you. We know that when you have once dealt with us you will become one of our many thousands of regular customers.

Here is our proposition. Send us 50 cents telling us in your own way just what shape and color of tie you want. Our assortments are practically endless, and we will make a careful selection. The tie will reach you by return mail in a box prepaid. If not perfectly satisfactory simply return it and we will immediately refund your money without a word of argument.

Or, if you prefer, we will first send you (free) an assortment of silk samples, a Spring Latest Neckwear Style Book, views of our factory, employing 200 skilled workers, also pictures of our chain of retail stores. Either way, let's get acquainted. It will be money in your pocket and you'll get more satisfactory neckwear than you ever had before.

Geo. Golde & Co., 535 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio

References:

Any Mercantile Agency, Bank or Trust Company in Cincinnati

respectable man out of his name. What did I ever done you, Borrochson?"

"You tried your best you should do me, Wolfson," Borrochson replied.

"You judge me by what you would have done if you had been in my place, Borrochson," Wolfson rejoined.

"Never mind," Borrochson said. "Now we will close the whole thing up, and I want it distinctively understood that there should be no comebacks, Wolfson. You seen it my stock and fixtures, also my safe?"

"Sure I seen it and examined everything, and I don't take your word for nothing, Borrochson," Wolfson declared, as they were summoned into the presence of Feldman himself.

There Borrochson executed a bill-of-sale of the stock, fixtures and safe, in which he swore that he was their sole owner.

"It is distinctively understood," Borrochson said, as he dipped his pen in the ink to sign the affidavit, "that I don't guarantee nothing but what I am the owner of the goods. Quality and quantity he got to judge it for himself."

Mr. Feldman bowed.

"In the absence of a specific warranty the same doctrine applies in this as in any other case," he replied sonorously, "and that is the doctrine of *caveat emptor*."

"Caviare?" Wolfson murmured in complete mystification. "What for caviare is that?"

"*Caveat*, not caviare," Feldman replied. "*Caveat emptor* means 'Let the purchaser beware.'"

Wolfson heaved a deep sigh.

"I bet yer it applies in this case," he commented; "if ever a purchaser had to beware it is in this case."

Borrochson grunted and then pocketed Wolfson's certified check for the balance of the purchase price, including the four hundred dollars due for the safe. A minute later he departed, leaving Feldman alone with his client.

"Mr. Feldman," he said as soon as Borrochson had gone, "supposing a feller thinks that a safe has got diamonds into it, and supposing I got that safe, but I know there ain't no diamonds into it because I took 'em out already. And supposing that feller doesn't think that I know there was diamonds into the safe because them diamonds was supposed to be in a secret apartment what he only is supposed to know it. Supposing he buys the safe from me, thinking them diamonds is still into it, and pays me six hundred dollars for a safe what is only worth fifty. Would there be any comeback?"

"Decidedly not. And I sincerely hope you haven't been buying any such safe."

"*Gott soll hüten!*" Wolfson exclaimed.

"No, indeed, there will be no recourse to the vendor," Feldman replied. "The doctrine of *caveat emptor* would apply in that case, too."

Wolfson was effusive in his thanks and hastened to return to his recently-acquired jewelry business.

When he left the elevated station on the way to the store Wolfson glanced around him for the haggard features and the attenuated form of Rubin, but without avail. He unlocked the store door and immediately made a thorough examination of the stock and fixtures. Nothing was missing, and, after consulting the figures furnished him by Borrochson, he succeeded in opening the combination lock of the Rubin safe. He took out the top drawer on the left-hand side and scrutinized it carefully. No one could have detected the secret slide, which was now replaced. Nevertheless, he found that, unless the drawer was handled with the utmost delicacy, the secret slide invariably jerked out, for the slightest jar released the controlling spring.

"The wonder is to me," he muttered, "not that Daiches and me discovered it, but that Borrochson shouldn't have found it out."

He pondered over the situation for several minutes. If Rubin came in to buy the safe, he argued, the first thing he would do would be to look at the drawer, and in his feverish haste the slide would be bound to open. Once Rubin saw that the diamonds were missing the jig would be up and he, Wolfson, would be stuck with the safe.

At length he slapped his thigh.

"I got it," he said to himself. "I'll shut the safe and lock it and claim I ain't got the combination. Borrochson must have changed it when he bought it at Rubin's bankruptcy sale, and so Rubin couldn't open it without an expert, anyhow. And I wouldn't bargain with Rubin, neither. He wants the safe for five hundred dollars; he shall have it."

After emptying it of all its contents he closed and locked the safe and sat down to await developments. Four o'clock struck from the clock tower on Madison Square and Rubin had not arrived yet, so Wolfson lit a fresh cigar and beguiled his vigil with a paper he had found under the safe.

"I guess I'll lock up and go to my dinner," he said at eight o'clock. "Tomorrow is another day, and if he don't come today he'll come tomorrow yet."

Half an hour later he sat at a table in Glauber's restaurant on Grand Street, consuming a dish of *paprika schnitzel*. At the side of his plate a cup of fragrant coffee steamed into his nostrils and he felt at peace with all the world. After the first cup he grew quite mollified toward Borrochson, and it was even in his heart to pity Rubin both for the loss he had sustained and the disappointment he was still to suffer. As for Daiches, he had completely passed out of Wolfson's mind, but just as pride goeth before a fall, ease is often the immediate predecessor of discomfort.

Perhaps there is nothing more uncomfortable than to receive a glassful of cold water in the back of the neck, and although Wolfson's neck bulged over his celluloid collar so that none of the icy fluid went down his back, the experience was far from agreeable. After the shock had spent itself he turned around to find J. Daiches struggling in the grasp of two husky waiters.

"Schwindler!" Daiches howled, as he was propelled violently toward the door. "For all what I have done for you, you give me a piece from glass."

"Wait a bit!" Wolfson cried. "What is that he says about a piece from glass?"

But the waiters were too quick for him and Daiches struck the car tracks and bounded east on Grand Street, toward his place of business, before Wolfson had an opportunity to question him.

Wolfson returned to his table without further appetite for his food. Hastily and with trembling fingers he took from his wallet a tissue-paper package wrapped after the fashion of a seidlitz powder. This he opened and exposed five glittering gems, but it seemed now to Wolfson that they possessed almost a spurious brilliancy. He glanced around nervously and at a table in the rear of the room he espied Sigmund Pollak, the pawnbroker, who could appraise a gem at a minute's notice by virtue of his long experience with impecunious customers.

At a frenzied gesture from Wolfson, Pollak leisurely crossed the room.

"Hullo, Wolfson," he said, "what's the trouble now?"

"Nothing," Wolfson replied, "only I want it you should do me a favor and look at these here diamonds."

Pollak examined them carefully.

"How much did you give for 'em?" he asked.

"I didn't give nothing for 'em," Wolfson replied. "I found 'em in a safe what I bought it from a feller by the name Philip Borrochson, in the jewelry business."

"Well," Pollak replied slowly, "you ain't made nothing by 'em and Borrochson ain't lost nothing by 'em, because they ain't worth nothing. They're just paste. In fact, there's a lot of that stuff around nowadays. A feller by the name Daiches showed me one of 'em about half an hour ago yet, and wants to sell it to me. I offered him a quarter for it."

Pollak returned the paste gems to Wolfson, who tossed them into his trousers' pocket with a nonchalance engendered of many years' poker playing.

"Have a little something to drink, Pollak?" he said.

"Thanks. I shouldn't mind if I did," Pollak replied. "By the way ain't that your friend Borrochson what is coming in now?"

Wolfson again turned around in his chair, and this time, despite his poker training, he was shaken out of all self-possession.

"Who's this here tall, white-face feller what comes in with him?" he hissed.

"Him?" Pollak answered. "Why, that's a great friend from Borrochson's, a feller by the name Rubin what is one of the actors by the Yiddisher theayter."

Wolfson faced about and again essayed to tackle his *schnitzel*.

"Say, Pollak," he croaked, "d'ye want to buy a good safe cheap?"

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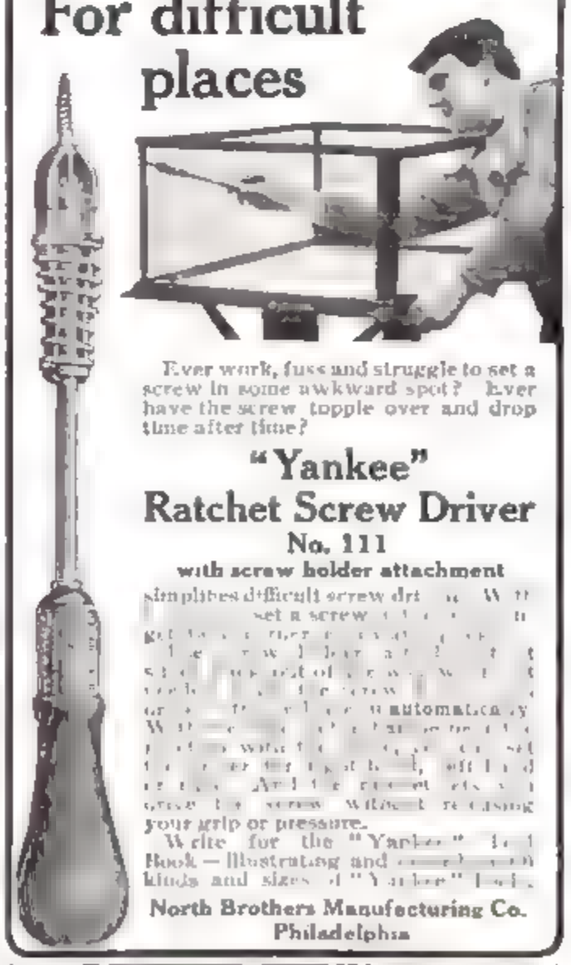

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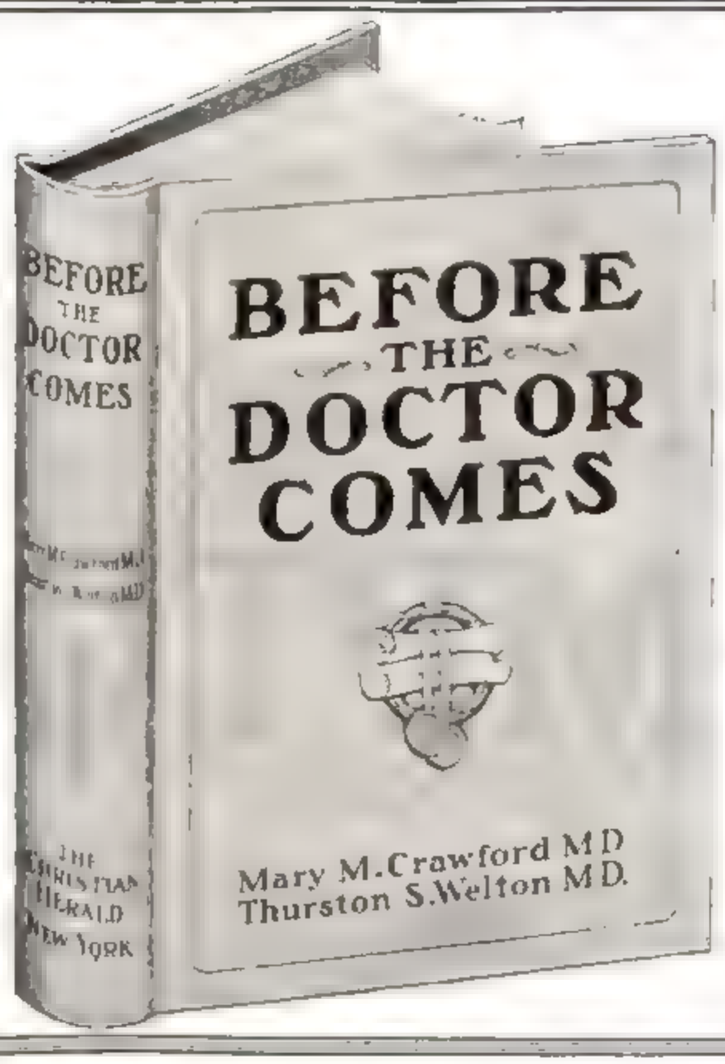

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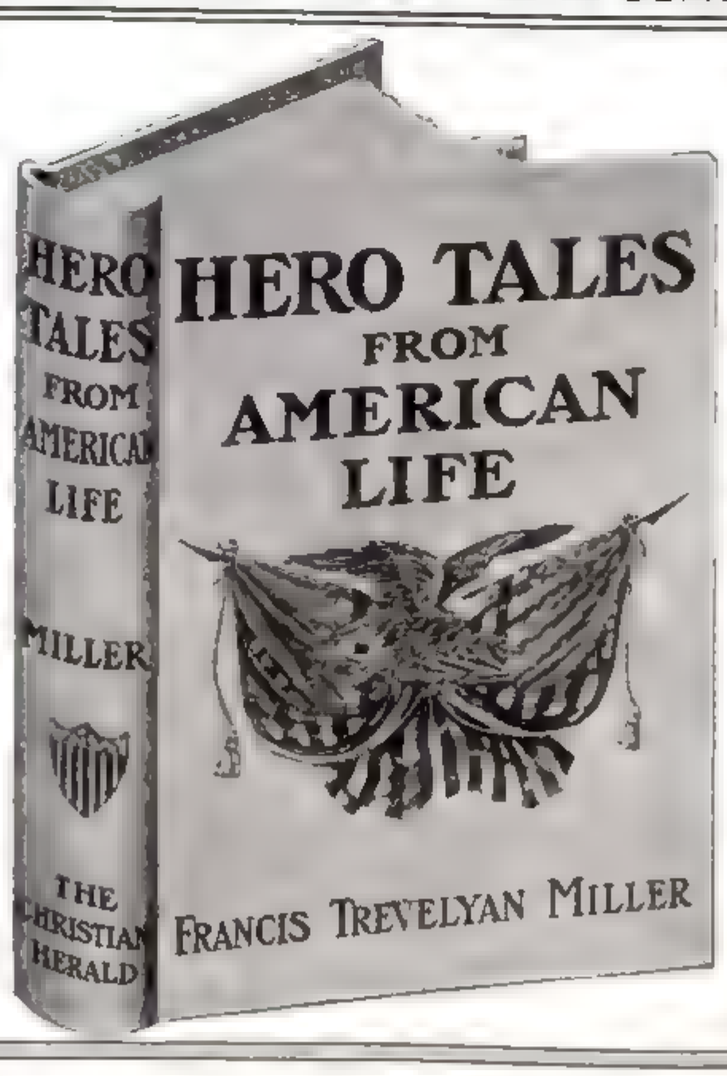

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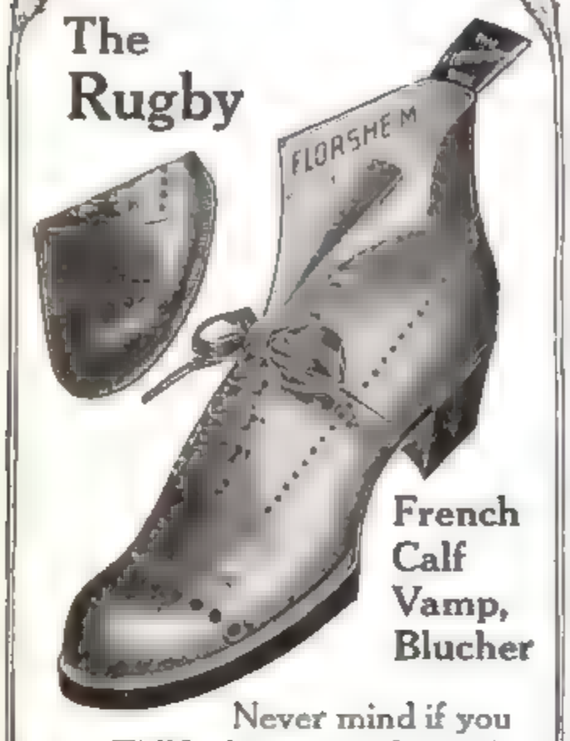

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THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 17)

He reflected. "St. Jude—I believe Billy said it was a paper published in St. Jude. She got the file and took it over to a desk and pretty soon somebody saw her cutting something out of it—about a column of stuff. Of course they pinched her, and she said in court that she was weakminded by spells and didn't know what she was doing." Hamilton laughed with melancholy humor. "Catch Emma not knowing what she's doing! She got away with the piece she cut out of the paper, too; nobody could find it. Seems it was something about two young fellows at St. Jude contesting their father's will and coming into a fortune. I suppose she had some con game in mind, but Billy says he never heard how it came out."

For a minute there was dead silence, while Hamilton gazed at the polished floor. Then he looked up at Pound apologetically. "Well, Johnny, as I was going to say——" he began.

But Pound was already consulting his watch. "Excuse me," he murmured absently, and started hastily for the stairs.

Hamilton seemed embarrassed as Pound rapidly disappeared up the stairs, leaving him to face Eileen.

"Nice house you got here, Mrs. Pound," he ventured propitiatingly, with an admiring glance around the hall. "Mighty swell house, I should say. I—well, so long, Mrs. Pound," he concluded lamely, for Eileen was glaring at him and impatiently tapping her foot upon the floor. "So long," he repeated, gallantly but awkwardly waving his faded hat at her in adieu. That was the last either of them could remember of seeing him.

A moment later Eileen burst into Pound's room and discovered him throwing things into a suitcase. She shut the door behind her and faced him, panting "You're going to Toronto!" she cried.

To Pound, half distracted with anxiety, that statement seemed superfluous. "Huh? To Toronto? Of course I'm going to Toronto," he exclaimed, diving into the bathroom for toilet articles.

Eileen was hot upon his heels. "You're going to meet that woman! You've been going there to meet her before! You've been lying to me! She's been writing to you!"

She clamored at him distractedly, furious with jealousy. "You put that thing in the newspapers yourself!" she averred. Almost as distracted, Pound clamored back. It was business, business, business! He had to go! He must catch the train! They would be ruined! Get out of the way! So he bawled at her. Wretch! Deceiver! Libertine! A shameless woman! An adventuress! A jade! So she screamed upon his track. In a fury, as he rudely shoved her aside, she seized the suitcase, flung it half the length of the room, scattering its contents, darted to the door and locked it.

At best he had barely time to catch the train. This was maddening. "Emma was right!" he shouted. "She was right! You're a fool! A fool!" He caught her, rudely tore the key from her hand, wrenched open the door and fled, shouting: "She was right! You're a fool!"

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Pound, meanwhile, was drawing on to Toronto and thinking. From the train he dispatched a telegram to the postmaster at St. Jude and was really quite prepared for the answer—which was that Messrs. A. G. and H. Wyman had taken up their residence in England immediately upon the settlement of their father's estate. Now that a clew was in his hands, it was easy to see how anybody in Paris might have mailed letters written by Emma to Mrs Lester; how anybody might have been sending him letters and telegrams signed

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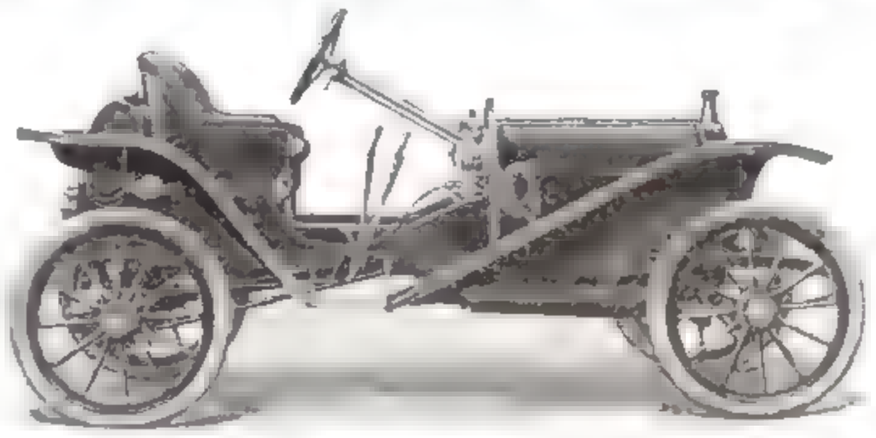

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Alg. G. Wyman. Above all, it was painfully clear in his mind that as to what had happened in Toronto since Thursday morning he had no information whatever except the communications that had passed between himself and Murchison over the private wire. And Emma knew as much about the art of wire-tapping as he did. How simple it would have been for an expert to send him bogus messages in Murchison's name, and Murchison bogus messages in his name, meanwhile intercepting the genuine messages.

At Toronto he hastened to the London and St. Lawrence Bank. An official, albeit evidently surprised at Mr. Pound's questions, answered him courteously. Mr. Murchison had taken out the express package which Mr. Pound had forwarded. The official was rather under the impression that Mr. Murchison had turned the package over to Mr. Wyman, who had accompanied him to the bank at the time; seemed to remember that Mr. Wyman had carried the package out in his bag. It was the same Mr. Wyman who had once deposited a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the bank in connection with some pending stock deal. Oh, yes, Mr. Wyman had withdrawn his hundred and fifty thousand; in fact, had closed his account with the bank some days before.

The official described Mr. Wyman as a short, thick-set, youngish man—quite fat, indeed—swarthy, very jolly-looking. Pound at once recognized Billy Brewer. So, of course, Hamilton was in it, too. That had occurred to him on the train; but he wondered now why he hadn't seen it at a glance, for certainly Hamilton was never such a fool as he had appeared on Sunday afternoon.

He went out of the bank rubbing his brows, feeling that someway his brains must have gone back on him of late. He climbed into the cab pondering. Why in the world, then, had Hamilton gone to St. Paul? It seemed such a foolhardy risk. The Sunday interview rose before him, and suddenly he seized the answer. The conspirators knew that when he was in Toronto he had wired Eileen as though he were in Chicago. Hamilton had gone up there to engineer a row between himself and Eileen—and had succeeded beautifully. They wanted to work upon Eileen; to set her talking.

He shouted to the driver to hurry, and paralyzed slow-going Murchison by bursting into the office like a storm. He had no time for Murchison now; he knew well enough what a blockhead rôle Murchison had been playing. He dove for the table where the telegraphers sat. Even then he noted mechanically that Billy Brewer's long-jawed friend was gone. He got Patterson in the St. Paul office; told him to bring Eileen down to that end of the wire immediately; she was to be told it was vitally important; not a minute was to be wasted. If they got her by 'phone, he calculated, she could be at the office in twenty or thirty minutes.

In the painful suspense, his mind really absorbed in other things, he talked to Murchison. It was exactly as he had supposed. Only Mr. Algernon Wyman had appeared on Thursday; the bad ankle kept Brother Henry in St. Jude—just as Murchison had informed Mr. Pound by wire at the time. Also, Murchison had turned the bonds and bank statements over to Algernon, in order that the latter might take them to St. Jude and exhibit them to his sick brother—all according to Mr. Pound's instructions over the private wire. Looking apathetically up at the stocky, blunt-faced, honest manager, Pound realized for the first time how much a blockhead he really was.

Meanwhile he was bombarding Patterson with inquiries. Where was Eileen? Why didn't she come down? But no Eileen came. Something else came instead—namely, word from the distraught Patterson that a receiver had just stepped in and taken possession of the office. Evidently Patterson was at his wits' end. A whole painful hour passed before Pound could get a satisfactory account.

Benjamin F. Totherow, it appeared, had filed the bill upon which the receiver had been appointed. The bill alleged that the bucketshop was insolvent and Pound an absconder; that he had been abstracting large sums from the bucketshop; especially that he had abstracted one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and turned the same over to his wife, to whose credit it was now lying in a New York bank; that

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Pound had made all preparations to sail for Europe; had engaged passage; had forwarded his baggage to New York. Incidentally, the bill prayed that the hundred and fifty thousand be turned over to the receiver, for the benefit of the creditors.

Obviously, Eileen had been blabbing Totherow had her in his hands. The bucketshop game was up.

One card remained, however. The bucketshop itself had some eighty thousand dollars to its credit in the London and St. Lawrence Bank not much, but better than nothing. It might be embezzlement, but anything was better than to be stone broke. Pound, therefore, commanded the perturbed Murchison to draw him a check for nearly the whole amount. But ere the manager could comply word came from the bank by telephone. It had been advised by wire from St. Paul that the concern was in the hands of a receiver; must decline, for the present, as mere matter of self-protection, to honor any more of the company's checks. So that path was blocked; and at this trying moment what baffled Pound more than anything else was that he couldn't lay his hands on a dollar. It was like finding one's self weaponless in the midst of a fight. For once he was dazed

But very soon something aroused him Hardly twenty minutes after the telephone from the bank another dispatch came from Patterson. It said the newspapers were out with extras announcing that Colonel Myron Yew had been arrested. One of the papers said Colonel Yew had made a full confession and a warrant was already issued for the arrest of a very prominent bucketshop proprietor.

Pound wondered whether this was a bluff, or whether Colonel Yew had made a confession implicating himself. Something now came back to him—the colonel's anger at their last interview and his allegation that a mysterious person named Hammond had originally set him on to seek employment from Pound in the line of lobbying. Hammond—Pound seemed to remember that the colonel had described him as a lank, round-shouldered, sandy, smooth-shaven man; which description would fit Hamilton, now that the mustache was gone.

Upon his mind arose the rounded outlines of a wide, strong net spread with infinite patience and great skill. It was by no mere coincidence that Totherow, the Legislative committee, the unfriendly newspapers had hit him at the most fatal moments. An adroit and comprehensive mind had formed the whole harmonious plan. He knew whose mind it was.

He was stripped to the bone. Before him loomed the dubious entanglement of the bribery matter, a horde of outraged creditors with all sorts of unpleasant questions to ask, liberal abuse from the newspapers, all of which he was to face without a dollar. Or else, he was just quietly to fade out of the situation by the first convenient train.

One further thing occurred to him. What had become of Tommy Watrous? He asked Murchison. Which reminded the flustered manager that, on leaving last Thursday afternoon, Tommy had put in his hands a note which was to be delivered to Mr. Pound the first time the latter came to Toronto. Murchison procured the note. The superscription was not in Tommy's hand, but in feminine characters with which Pound was very familiar. He crossed over and sat down before breaking the seal. This note was dated Thursday.

Dear Johnny: Tommy and I were married here today. Thought it only right to leave word for you. I'm awfully fond of Tommy. We sail tomorrow. Expect to be gone a long time and travel all over. You know, I've always wanted to travel a lot, but was called back by business the last time. Ham and May will join us soon. They are going to be married. You'll be glad to know that he hasn't drunk a drop in a long while, but has been attending strictly to business. Honestly, Johnny, I wish you all kinds of good luck in the future.

Yours, EMMA.

Finally, Pound put the note in his breast pocket. There was a vague cheer in the fact that she wished him luck—in the future. As for the present, rather than go through the bribery mess and the mess with the creditors, penniless, he thought he would fade away.

(THE END)

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WHITE MAGIC

(Continued from Page 5)

glance she flung at him. "I'm a little afraid of you. I half believe you hypnotize me. You—seem to—to put to sleep my ordinary, every-day self and to wake up one that's usually asleep—one I've only known—until until recently—as a—a sort of troublesome ghost that haunts me from time to time."

He, thinking of his picture, was only half attending to her. "But you'll marry the man with the money, all right," said he absently.

She started. "How did you know?" she demanded. "Have you found out who I am?"

"Certainly. You're Rix, model to Chang. . . . No, I was joking. I know only what you told me yesterday—or, rather, what you enabled me to guess."

"And you approve of my marrying—that way?"

"I'd hardly be guilty of the impertinence of either approving or disapproving."

"Frankness wouldn't be impertinence—between you and me. At least, that's the way I feel about it. Do you really approve of of marriage for—for other reasons than love?"

"Heartily."

A long silence. Then she, with an effort: "When I got back home night before last all that happened up there seemed unreal—absolutely unreal—like a dream."

"Even the biscuit and the chocolate?"

"Even you," she replied.

Her tone made his wandering attention concentrate, made him glance swiftly at her.

She smiled. "Don't be alarmed," said she.

"Sure?" inquired he jestingly. "You see, I'm not used to young girls—American girls. You talk so freely. If I weren't an American I'd misunderstand."

"What would it matter if you did?" retorted she.

"To be sure it wouldn't matter at all," he admitted. "Do go on."

"If it weren't that my knowing you—this way—would always seem unreal—not at all a part of life—I'd not dare come. Now, don't misunderstand. That doesn't mean I'm falling in love with you—at least, I don't think it does." Dreamily—"No, I don't think so."

"Depressing," said he, with an awkward attempt at humor. He did not like these frank personalities from his model—these alarming skirtings of the subject he wished to discuss or consider with no woman. It was interesting, refreshingly interesting, this unheard of, direct way of dealing with a matter invariably ignored by an unmarried, marriageable girl—that is, so far as his experience went, it was ignored—but, perhaps, in the America growing up during his absence—yes, this interesting audacity was disquieting.

"No—I've thought it out carefully, Chang," pursued she. "I'm not afraid of falling in love with you. It's simply that what you are—what you stand for—appeals to my other self the self I'm soon going to wrap in a shroud and lay in a grave forever. . . . Coming here is a kind of dissipation for me. But I sha'n't lose control of myself." She nodded positively, and there was a shrewd flash in her eyes.

"I'll back you up," said he. "So you needn't worry. Falling in love is entirely out of my line."

He saw that she had no more belief in this than the next woman would have had. For, little though he knew about women the realities as to women, the intricacies of women—he had not failed to learn that every young or youngish woman regards herself as an expert at compelling men to love, as a certain victor whenever she cares to exert herself to win. "You have your career, I mine," he went on. "They have nothing in common. So we needn't waste time worrying about impossibilities."

"That's true," exclaimed she with enthusiasm.

He changed the subject to safer things, acting as if the whole matter of their relations was settled. But, in reality, he was profoundly disturbed. If the scheme of his picture had not taken such firm hold upon him—the hold that compels an artist, in face of any debt to consequences, however heavy—he would have contrived to rid himself of her that day for good and all. He had had too many adventures not to know the dangers filling the woodland in the springtime for a young man and a young woman with no one to interrupt. He did not like his own interest in her; he was little reassured by her explanations as to her interest in him, though he told himself he must be careful not to judge American girls by foreign standards. But the picture must be made, and she was indispensable.

. . . . . .

The bright weather held for several days. Every morning artist and model met near the cascade and worked and talked alternately until toward lunchtime. She came earlier and earlier, until it was hardly six when her canoe shot round the bend which divided off that end of the lake into a little bay. He was always there before her. "Do you spend the night here?" she asked.

"Why, this is late for me," he replied. "I have breakfast before sunrise and go up to the studio for an hour's work before I come down here. You see, light—sunlight—is all-important with me. So I go to bed with the chickens."

"You don't live at the studio?" Then she reddened and hastily cried: "No don't answer. I forgot."

At her suggestion they had been careful about letting slip things that might betray their identity in the outside world. This had become a fetish with them, as if betrayal would break the charm and end their friendship. "I never had anything like a romance in my life before," she had said. "I suppose I seem very silly to you, but I want to do the best I can with this. You'll humor me, won't you?" And he agreed, with a superior smile at her folly—a smile not nearly so sincere as he fancied, for, like all men of his stamp, he was still the boy and would be all his life.

Though she came earlier she lingered later; once it was noon before she slowly paddled away in her graceful canoe with its high, curved ends. His uneasiness about what was going on in her head ended with her second visit; for she did not again speak of personal things and treated him in a charming, comrade-like fashion that would have quieted the suspicions of a greater egotist than he. She let him do most of the talking—about painting and sculpture, about books and plays—the men he had known in Paris—about his curious or amusing experiences in out-of-the-way parts of Europe. It was flattering to have such a pretty listener, one so tireless, so interested; her many questions, the changes in her expressive countenance, the subtle sense of the sympathetic she radiated, were all proof convincing of her intense interest.

"And nothing has ever happened to me—nothing but this," she sighed.

"But this!" laughed he. "Don't you call it something to be clandestinely an artist's model? Think how horrified your prim, proper, pious people would be if they knew!"

"What kind of people do you think I come from?" she inquired, gazing at him quizzically.

"That's tabooed," he answered. "I've never speculated about it. When the stern of your canoe rounds that bend yonder I never follow. You begin and end at the bend."

"I don't see how you can help wondering," mused she. "I wonder a great deal about you. Not that I want to know. I'd rather wonder—fancy it as I please—differently every day. You see, I haven't much to think about—much that's interesting. Honestly, don't you wonder—at all—about me?"

"I've always been that way about my friends," replied he, and went on to explain sincerely: "They interest me only as they appear to me. Why should I bother about what they are to other people—people I don't know and don't care to know?"

After a pause she said: "You may not believe it, but I'm a frightful snob—out there."

He shrugged his shoulders. "But not here. There's nothing here to be snob about—thank God!"

"Yes—I'm as different as possible—out there," she went on. "There are people I detest whom I'm sweet to because of what they are socially. I'm like the rest of the girls—crazy about social position and fond of snubbing people—and ——"

"Don't tell me about it," he interrupted gently, but with an expression in his

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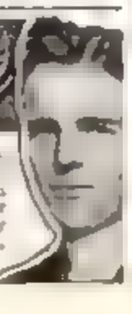

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straight, honest eyes that made her blush and hang her head. "I'm sorry for what you are when the black magician who rules beyond the bend takes possession of you. But what he does to you doesn't change what the white magic makes of you here."

"I told you because I—I'm ashamed to be a fraud with you. . . . I wonder if you're really as big and honest as you seem? Nobody is—out there. They're all so mean and petty!—when you see through what they pretend to be—pretend even to themselves. I'm just as big a fraud as the rest. And I often convince myself I'm sweet and good and—if I could only ——" There she stopped, leaving her wish unexpressed but easy to imagine.

"The way to keep the little things out is to fill one's mind with the big things," said he. "But you're not to blame for being what your surroundings compel."

"Do you think I could be different?" she asked, waiting in a sort of breathlessness for his answer.

"I've not thought about it," was his depressing answer. "Offhand I should say not. You're at the age when almost everybody does a little thinking. But that'll soon stop, and you'll be what you were moulded to be from babyhood."

"I know I don't amount to much," said she humbly. "Out there—under the black magic—I'm vain and proud. But here—I feel I'm just nothing."

"You're a superb model," said he consolingly. "Really—superb."

"Please don't mock at me. Honestly, don't you think I'm commonplace?"

He gave her that fine, gentle smile of his, particularly fine coming from such a big, masculine sort of man. And he said, "Nothing that the sun shines on is commonplace."

She developed strong curiosity as to the general aspects of his affairs—as to his hopes and fears for the future. Her efforts to draw him out on these subjects amused him. His frank confession that he was unknown in America threw her quite off the track; it never occurred to her that he might be known abroad. "And you have worked many years?" she said.

"All my life."

She looked tenderly-sympathetic distress. "Doesn't your not being recognized discourage you?" she said.

"Not a bit," declared he, with every indication of sincerity. "Everything worth while takes time. Anyhow, I don't much care. My living is secure. You see, I'm quite rich."

Her eyes opened wide. "Rich!" she exclaimed. "Really? Why, I thought ——" There she halted, blushing.

"Oh, yes. I've got forty thousand—not to speak of my land."

"Forty—thousand—a year! That's *very* good." And her face revealed that her brain was busy and what it was busy about.

He laughed loudly. "Forty thousand a *year!*" he cried. "No—*two* thousand a year."

Her chagrin was pitiful. "Oh!" she exclaimed dismally. "I thought you said you were rich."

"And I am. Why, when I think of how I used to live on less than two thousand francs a year I feel like a Rothschild." He tried to keep his face and his tone serious as he added: "What's the matter? Why do you look so woebegone?"

"Nothing. Only —— You gave me such a shock! For a minute I thought you were—were—different."

He looked shrewdly at her—began to tease. "You thought of transferring yourself from that other rich man?"

She was overwhelmed with embarrassment. Then she met his laughing eyes with a brave attempt at mockery. "Well—I'd rather marry a rich man I liked than one I didn't."

"Naturally. But forget about me, please. I'm not a candidate, remember." He was glad of this chance to remind her of his views as to marriage.

"Never fear," said she, forcing a laugh and a look of coquettish scorn. "We're equally safe from each other."

. . . . . .

On the eighth morning it began to drizzle at dawn, and by the time artist and model should have been at work a heavy, cold rain was falling. However, Chang in his waterproofs walked down to the lake shore. He had to take a walk—he always took a walk—no matter what the weather; why not in that direction? As he drew near the cascade he was amazed to see the

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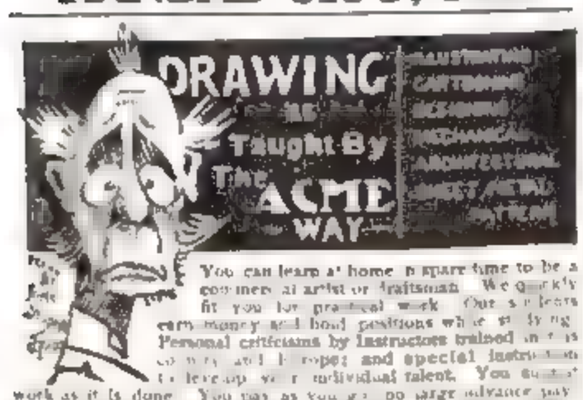

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canoe beached in the usual place. And there, huddled under a tree, as doleful as the shivering birds, stood Rix. He hesitated, started quietly back the way he had come. "No," said he to himself, "she might catch sight of me. Then she'd be offended and what would become of my picture?" So he turned about—in obedience to these counsels of calm and unprejudiced good sense.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded with friendly severity as he came forward. "You'll catch your death of cold."

At sound of his voice her drooping form straightened ecstatically. At sight of him, looking more tremendous than ever in the big waterproofs, she gave a smile like a sunburst. "You're *frightfully* late!" she reproached.

"Late! We can't work today."

"You didn't tell me not to come if it rained," said she, with a convincing air of innocence. "And—I didn't want to lose a day's pay."

He was still frowning. "I came very near not coming at all," said he. "It was by the merest accident that I took my walk in this direction."

"But—you did," said she slyly.

"Why not?" was his carefully-careless reply. "I walk, rain or shine."

"I don't mind rain, either—when I'm prepared for it," said she cheerfully. "You don't know how fascinating canoeing in the rain is."

But he was not convinced. He stood staring gloomily out over the lake, as if he were seeing formidable enemies approaching under cover of the thick, blue mist. "I've got to go in a few minutes," said he almost curtly. "I've arranged for a trip to town, as I can't work today."

"To sell a picture?"

"I haven't any. Those from the other side aren't here yet. Anyhow, I'm going to show only American work."

A long pause—an uncomfortable pause. Then she said in her artless, impersonal way: "I should think a wife would be of great assistance to an artist ——"

"As a roper-in, you mean?" he interrupted fiercely. "No real artist does that sort of thing."

"Yet you've told me of all sorts of queer schemes you've put up to lure in buyers," she said.

"An artist who marries is a fool—and worse," said he sourly. "If he's happily married his imagination is smothered to death. If he's unhappily married it's stabbed to death."

She listened sweetly and patiently. "The subject of marriage is on my mind today," said she with confiding and child-like innocence.

"It usually is on the minds of young girls," said he, big and frowning.

"But my—my affairs are near the crisis," proceeded she. "And one reason I came through the rain was that I wanted your advice."

He shook his big frame, making the water fly as from the fur of a great, shaggy dog that has been in swimming. "I don't give advice," said he ungraciously. "When you give advice you make yourself responsible for the consequences. Besides, I don't know enough about you to be able to judge."

Her look up at him was the essence of implicit trust. "You know more about me than any one in the world—more than I know myself."

He laughed shortly. "I know nothing about you. Girls are not exactly in my line."

Her pretty face, the prettier for the dreariness all round, now took on an expression of hurt feelings. "What's the matter, Chang?" she asked gently. "You're not a bit friendly today."

His expression could not but soften before this sweet appeal. He said in a kindlier tone: "I think you ought to go home. I'm sure you'll catch cold."

She looked immensely relieved. "Oh, that's why you're cross, is it?" said she gayly. "Don't worry about me, Chang. I'm as dry and snug as can be. Now, do be kind to me. I don't see how I'm going to marry Pete—that is, this man. He's a nice fellow—good-looking—has everything I want—but—— Ye gods! He's such a rotter!"

"What's that?"

"It's a man—or woman, for there are lots and lots of female rotters—it's a person who—well, you always know just what they are going to do before they do it, and

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just what they're going to say before they say it."

"That sounds like good marrying material. You know, you don't want surprises in married life."

"Chang, how *can* I live through it?" she cried despondently.

"You say you've got lots of tastes, all expensive. So—marry him."

"He's really very good-looking," pursued Rix, watching him out of the corners of her eyes. "And he dresses beautifully—has everything just right. There isn't a thing against him—except ——" And there she halted.

"Except—what?" inquired he, impatient at the long pause at the most exciting point in the recital.

She secretly delighted in the success of her ruse. But she said plaintively: "Oh, you're not interested. You're not listening."

"I'm sure you're catching a hideous cold. Of all the absurd, silly performances ——"

"Now, don't lecture on health. I simply can't stand it. As I was about to say when you interrupted me ——"

"I didn't interrupt you," protested he.

"Not paying attention is interrupting," said she. "Anyhow, you're interrupting now. What I want to say is, the only thing against him is that I don't love him."

This seemed to cheer the big, dark young man. With a certain gayety he replied: "But you soon will. You've been well brought up, haven't you? Well, that means you are—just girl—ready to be whatever your husband chooses to make of you."

"That's true of most girls, Chang"—he winced each time she gave him that name—"but it isn't true of me—at least, not any more. You've put all sorts of ideas into my head."

He started back in dismay before her accusing, reproachful face, so sad, so serious. "*I*? Put ideas into your head? Why, you were buzzing and boiling with 'em the first time I saw you."

"But they didn't amount to anything until you ——"

"That's like a woman!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Trying to shift responsibility to some one else."

"But you have a tremendous influence over me."

"Rubbish! Have I ever tried to get influence over you?"

"I don't know how you got it," was her maddeningly-feminine evasion.

He gave a kind of snort. "Next thing you'll be accusing me of advising you not to marry this rich man you're engaged to."

"Not quite engaged," corrected she. "He wants me to be. And," she went on with meek obstinacy, "while you didn't advise me against it in so many words ——"

"Now, Rix," he almost shouted, pointing his finger at her, "you stop right there!"

"Please, Chang—come in out of the rain. And don't talk so loud; it makes me nervous. I'm almost hysterical as it is."

He looked at her in terror. All that would be needed completely to upset him would be for her to have hysterics. He moved nearer her, went on in a soothing, persuasive tone: "I advised you to marry him. I showed you it's the only thing for you to do."

"And such talk was unworthy of you," said she, like a rebuking angel. "You didn't really mean it. You know you wouldn't stoop to do such a thing yourself."

His frank countenance had quite a wild look, so agitated and confused was he by her swift twistings and turnings, so alarmed was he as he felt the awful danger approaching. "We're not talking about me. We're talking about you and your affairs—or, rather, you are talking about them. Keep me out of this."

"But how can I?" argued she gently, looking admiringly up at him. "You've become the big influence in my life. If I had known you earlier I'd have been very different. Even now I feel as if a great change were coming over me ——"

"It's the cold you're catching," interrupted he, in desperate attempt to be jocose and create a diversion. "You must go straight home."

"Chang," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "if you were rich, instead of poor, would you talk to me like this?"

"Now, Rix—stop that nonsense."

"Don't, Chang," she pleaded. "You realize, just as well as I do, that we've made a frightful mistake."

He did not venture an answer.

"You knew it as soon as you saw me this morning didn't you?" continued she. "Yes, I saw it in your eyes. I felt it in your ——"

He suddenly seized her by both shoulders, looked into her eyes searchingly. "This isn't a bit like you, Rix. What are you up to?"

She simply gazed at him a gaze he found it hard to withstand, yet he could not shift his charmed eyes.

"You're trying to lead me on. Why?" he demanded.

"Because we love each other, Chang," she said as simply and sweetly as a child.

He laughed gently. "What a romancer you are! Fortunately, I'm a man. I don't take advantage of a baby."

"I'm twenty-two."

"And as ignorant of the world as a baby."

"I know what I want when I see it, just as well as you do, Chang," she replied steadily. "Better—because you're making me do all the talking—which isn't gentlemanly of you." Her eyes filled with tears and very lovely they looked—like dew-drenched violets. "If it wasn't that you're holding back simply because you're poor I'd not forgive you so easily."

He dropped his hands from her shoulders, turned away abruptly. He strode to the edge of the lake and debated with himself. When he came back to her he was serene though grave. At sight of his expression, which she had eagerly awaited, she shivered. "Rix," he said and all the fine frankness and simplicity of his nature was in his eyes and his voice—"it's lucky for you that I've lived a little, or we might be dragging each other into a fearful mess. You think you've fallen in love—don't you?"

"I know it, Chang," she answered, undaunted.

"Well, I know you haven't fallen in love with me. You've simply fallen in love with love. Your imagination has been giddied by this little adventure that seems so romantic to you. And the day'll come when you'll thank me for having had the sense to understand you and to understand that my own strong liking for you isn't love, either."

"It's what *I* call love," said she, a solemn, wistful look in the eyes she fixed on him.

He suddenly lost his temper. "This is too exasperating!" he cried. "I've done wrong to let you come here. I was innocent enough in it ——"

"You couldn't have kept me away," she interrupted with a kind of childish glee. "The mischief was done the first day—over the chocolate. Wasn't it, Chang?"

"You're a nice little girl, but ——"

She cut him off again: "If you knew how I fought that evening and night and all the next day and night—and how early I started out to find you. Had you begun to hunt for me?"

"No," said he, more curt than convincing.

"Then what were you thinking about—that first morning down by the waterfall?"

He flushed guiltily. Very poor, indeed, at all kinds of deception was Chang—except, possibly, self-deception.

"I watched you for half an hour. You were sketching a face, Chang—instead of the waterfall. Whose face was it?"

"Yours," he admitted, as if the matter were of no consequence. With a smile of patient indulgence he went on: "Oh, if you'd had experience! But you haven't. That's why you're carrying on like this. Now, listen to me, child ——"

"I like Rix better," she interposed.

"No matter," he said, with a gesture of impatient brushing away. "I don't love you. I won't marry you. And you've got to stop proposing to me. I never heard of such vanity! What would people think of you?"

"You've taught me not to mind what people think. You said you despised ——"

"No matter what I said! What will you think of yourself? What will *I* think of you?"

"Why, that I love you," said she sweetly.

He looked hopelessly at her, threw out his arms in a gesture of despair. "A baby—just a baby. Go home and grow up!" he cried, and strode swiftly away with a great swashing of the skirts of his long coat and a great swishing of the disturbed undergrowth of the wilderness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A FINE, JOLLY FELLOW, BUT—

(Continued from Page 7)

Congress to enact some of his reform propositions into law, or will he be content to sit back after making the recommendations and let it go at that? After he has met this emergency and acted the West will make up its mind whether he is the real goods or not, and not until then. They want action out there and not conversation.

Meantime there is another impression in the West that is fairly general, and that is that Taft has, either entirely or in a measure, allied himself with the reactionaries, and that he is not treading the glorious path hewed out by T. Roosevelt. That suspicion is unjust, of course, for Taft has not yet taken a stand on anything that will indicate his plans, except to say, in broad terms, that he is for the Roosevelt policies, and to say it, also, without any particular enthusiasm. Whereupon, in the East they are watching eagerly, also. Taft must take his first stand when he sends in that first message of his. If it is a "good" message it will please the East and not the West. If it is a "bad" message it will please the West and not the East. If it is a namby-pamby message it will please nobody

For the first time in many years Uncle Joe Cannon is on the defensive, and that is another situation Taft must face before he will have proved up with the West. Uncle Joe tried very hard to get the same sort of an indorsement that Aldrich and Tawney got while he was with the President on the Mississippi River trip but he didn't get it. Constant hammering at the tough hide of Uncle Joe has made it sensitive. He is squirming now for the first time. He is looking for a place to get off. Instead of being the popular homespun hero he is getting as unpopular as he never was homespun.

There seems to be a universal warfare on this "kindly, rugged, old-fashioned, wouldn't-hurt-a-fly" citizen, Uncle Joe. The insurgents and the Democrats have him in a flutter. They have put up a number of things to him in a manner to make him uncomfortable, and he needs White House support. If he gets it Taft loses with the constantly-growing independent, or insurgent, end of his party. If he doesn't get it Uncle Joe is in a bad way.

The Great Cannon Myth

The insurgents in the House accomplished some things during the tariff fight. There is no doubt that the bill would have been much worse than it is if it had not been for the fight the progressive Representatives and Senators made for it, but, in the last analysis, as Uncle Joe would say himself, the wool, not to say the woolen schedule, was pulled over the President's eyes and many sacred schedules remained sacred and unsullied. Now these insurgents are going to bat again in the coming session. They have the sympathy of their states, mostly Western, where Taft has been talking, and Mr. Taft will have a lot of thinking to do before he decides to aid or not to aid them. It would be pretty tough on him to lose the House in the elections of 1910

Wherefore the West, knowing all these things, is sitting back and holding judgment in suspension, with the kindliest feelings toward Taft, hoping he will prove up according to their standards, but not indorsing as yet to any appreciable extent.

Cannonism will play a large part in the decision of the West. Taft has sidestepped it so far. The time will come when he will be obliged to face the music. He must be for Uncle Joe or against him. As a matter of fact, the Great Cannon Myth has been growing for several years until it has assumed dangerous proportions, not only for those who are with Uncle Joe, but for those who are against him. They have the old man explaining now; and when you get a statesman explaining you have him on the run. Naturally, Taft likes Uncle Joe. So does everybody who knows him. He is a fine, companionable old chap, and he is as far from being the horned-and-hoofed citizen his enemies proclaim him to be as he is from being the haloed-and-harped person his friends declare. He is an old-fashioned politician, who believes in the rule of majority and who has not an idea outside the fact that the ends justify the means—the ends being for his side to win. He plays the game every minute, rewarding his friends and punishing his foes. The organization is paramount with him. He is for it through thick and thin.

Naturally, he has incensed certain statesmen who had individual axes to grind, and certain statesmen who, being out, desired all the ins to be outs also. No man can be the boss of three hundred and ninety-one men without ruffling some feathers, and Uncle Joe hasn't been particular where he did his ruffling so long as he got his own desired results by the process. The insurgents have had the rights of many contentions and Uncle Joe hasn't always been wrong. However, if you get a certain temper aroused among the people there must be an object of wrath. Uncle Joe seems to be occupying that undesirable position just now. There are lively days coming when Taft and Cannon and Cannon and Taft will mix it or be mixed, and the West is waiting to see what will come out of it all.

Reckoning With the Roosevelt Spirit

They were interested in the Crane episode in the West, also. Here was the providentially-found man, Crane, of Chicago, who was picked for the Chinese mission after several statesmen, like former Senator Fulton and former Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, had refused the place. Crane was the man to take the job and carry out our far-Eastern policies to a delicate and desirable finish Crane accepted amid loud acclaim from Taft, who said Crane was the one man he had been looking for, and hip-hip-hurrah!

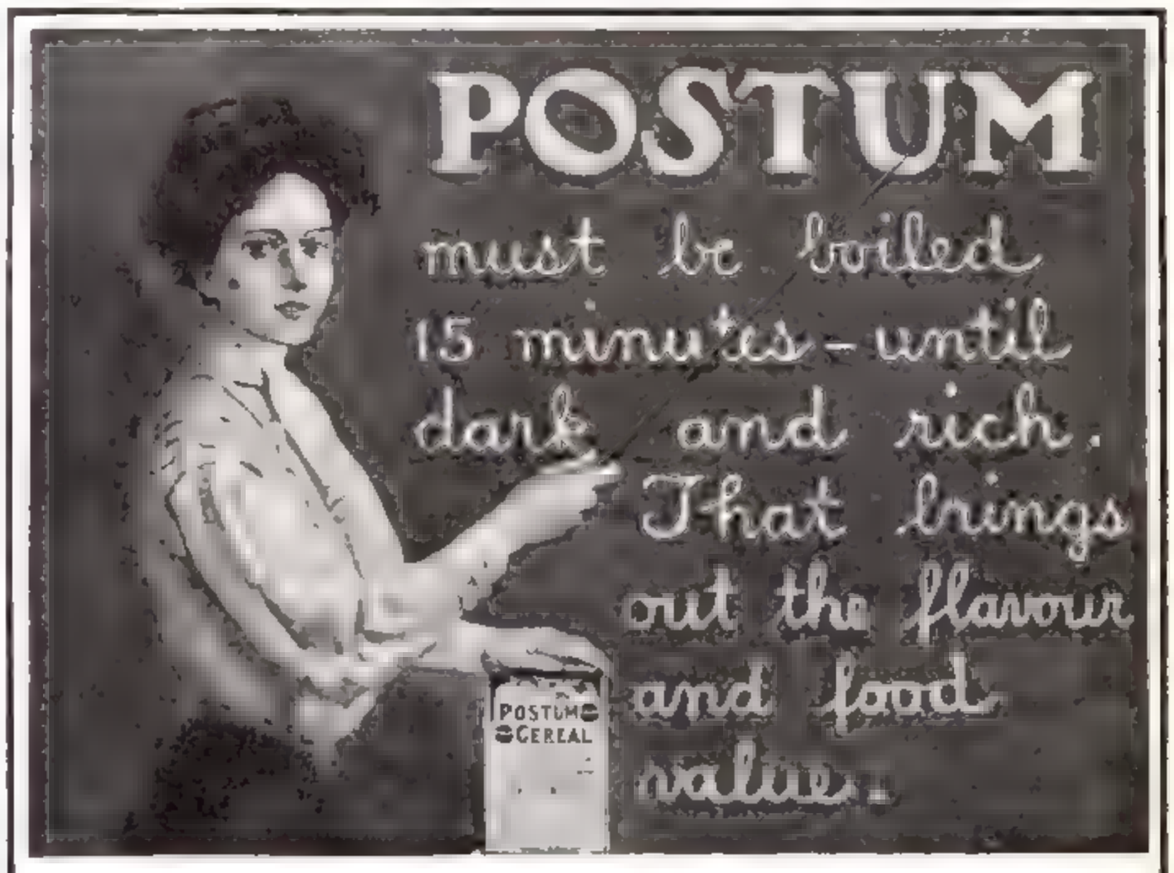
Crane came to Washington, and Knox, Secretary of State, was not there. He tried to see Wilson, Assistant Secretary of State, and Wilson had an engagement to have his appendix cut out. Crane saw a bureau chief, had a talk, and then went out and talked to himself. He says Taft told him to talk. Anyhow, he talked. Suddenly, as he was about to step aboard ship to go to China and be a great diplomatist, Secretary Knox sent him a telegram telling him to come back to Washington, and when he reached Washington told him he had been talking too much and handed poor Crane a written resignation to sign.

Of course the real reason for the sudden dismissal of Crane wasn't the one given out. He said nothing in his newspaper interviews that hurt. There is a reason behind it and nobody has been able to dig it out as yet, for Secretary Knox is mute on the subject and the President hasn't been home long. Something else was behind the humiliation of Crane, either subtle Japanese influence, which the West does not relish, or subtler financial influence, which the West relishes still less This is a minor phase of the matter, of course, but the West would like to know just why Crane didn't go to China and expects Mr. Taft to explain in due time.

The conservation project in all its phases is intensely interesting to the West, and they want to know definitely where Taft stands. Is he for the policy of Roosevelt and Pinchot, wide and sweeping, or is his stand that which is indicated in his letter of whitewash for Ballinger? The West has its ideas on conservation, as I hope to explain at another time. Taft's ideas do not exactly jibe with those Western ideas, nor do his speeches and his Ballinger letter hold in full accord all the way through.

Meantime, while giving Taft full faith and credit, there is the Roosevelt spirit in the West to be reckoned with, the Roosevelt spirit that this very conservation rumpus is conserving and keeping strong. There have crept into the newspapers lately statements that Mr. Roosevelt is coming back earlier than he expected to, or announced he would. Indeed it is said that eight installments of his story on his African experiences, to run a year, are already in this country. Those who knew the Colonel best did not think he would stay in Africa as long as he thought he would. He has had all the hunting experience he can have already, and there are lectures to be given in Europe and that triumphal tour. Moreover, the intimate Roosevelt people in this country are not at rest.

The former Roosevelt men, like the Tennis Cabinet and their associates, have never recovered from the blow of Roosevelt's declination to run again and Taft's



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election. They were eliminated, at one swoop, from the limelight. Thus it is claimed in Washington by men who say they know, and I put it down merely as a claim and without explicit knowledge on my part, that the newly-organized National Conservation Association is to be a Roosevelt machine, to be the practical end of the sentimental Back-From-Elba Club that hopes to see the Colonel land in this country, sweep in mighty triumph across and back again, and be nominated and elected in 1912

The National Conservation Association will be directed by the men who are closest to Mr. Roosevelt, his friends and intimates, headed by James Rudolph Garfield, former Secretary of the Interior, and Gifford Pinchot, still Chief Forester of the United States and greatest advocate of the Roosevelt policy of Conservation. It is purposed to get a membership of one hundred thousand, each member to pay a two-dollar fee, and to move on Congress and demand conservation in its widest sense; but those who have examined into it say that it is also to be used for the political purposes of Colonel Roosevelt. Now this may be pure gossip, and it probably is. It is set down here merely to show another of the difficulties of President Taft. Roosevelt is not eliminated as a factor in the politics of this country. Taft knows that If Taft does not do a good deal to keep himself forward he will be the one who will be eliminated

This, as I found it, is the spirit of the West: They are all for Taft, fond of him as a man, genuinely hoping he will come to the front in an individual and powerful way, but not yet seeing clearly how to be for him as a President, in a political sense. He has his own way to make and the path will be hard. They are open to conviction and praying that they will be convinced. They have none but the kindliest feelings for the big President—no criticism and no blame, speaking broadly—but they want him to show down. If he makes good they will be glad. If he does not make good they will be sorry; but he must make good before he can hope to occupy any such place in the affections of the West as his predecessor occupied.

His trip, I take it, has been a good thing for Taft and excellent for the country. It has enabled the people to see their Chief Executive, to size him up, to get a knowledge of him that will assist in their final determination, and it has given Taft his chance to feel out his constituency and to lay his plans. He likes the people and the people like him. They always will like him as a man and a citizen. Whether they will like him as a President depends on what is done during the next six months. They are suspending judgment.

"He is a fine, jolly fellow, but ——"

YOUR SAVINGS

How to Know a Good Mortgage Bond

WHEN you examine the inscription engraved on a mortgage bond you invariably find, among other things, a sentence that reads like this: "This bond is one of a series of like tenor and date, numbering from one upward, issued and to be issued under and in pursuance of and all equally secured by a mortgage or deed of trust duly executed."

It is safe to say that not one in every hundred persons owning bonds ever reads this and not one in a thousand realizes the significance of the mortgage itself. Yet no feature of investment is quite so important as the mortgage, because the mortgage constitutes the legal claim on the security given to the bondholder by the company issuing the bond. If the mortgage is not valid the value of the bond is impaired. The bond gives no hint of the nature or value of the property. The investor himself must scrutinize the mortgage or find out from his broker or banker what it says. In order that he may understand the essential features this week's article will be devoted to an explanation of the subject.

It is worth while calling attention to the fact that no word in all investment phraseology is so carelessly hawked about as "first mortgage." The glib bond salesman says, "This is a first-mortgage bond," and the investor hands over his savings without knowing if it is really a first lien or not. Then, when it is too late, perhaps, he finds out that there are many claims ahead of his alleged first mortgage. If the property had to be sold all the proceeds might be exhausted before the turn came to his claim.

When the First Was Last

The Seaboard Air Line first 4s afford an example of this. This system represents a number of consolidated smaller roads. Each one of these divisional lines had its own issue of first-mortgage bonds. When the roads were consolidated the Seaboard issued first-mortgage bonds against the whole group. The man who owned one of these bonds may have thought that he owned a real first lien on the Seaboard. But he did not. Every one of the first mortgages on the divisional lines ranked ahead of his. When panic came and the earnings slumped, the interest on these first 4s was defaulted. It is only fair to add, however, that in the reorganization of the road they have held their place, and all that the bondholders lost was the interest during the period of defaulted payment. The moral of this episode is impressive, for it shows that a first-mortgage bond is not always just what it seems. In a properly-drawn mortgage you can see how all the bonds issued by the company rank.

The mortgage itself is a legal document that tells, in the terms and conditions governing the bond issue, the story of the investment. It is a matter of public record. In the case of a railroad company it must be recorded in every county through which the line passes. It is always executed to a trustee, usually a trust company, who is charged with the duty of carrying out its provisions. Like reports of railway earnings a mortgage, because of its complicated legal construction, is very difficult to translate into simple terms for the layman.

The Security Behind the Bond

Let us first, for the purpose of illustration, take up a concrete mortgage and see just what it contains. Take the mortgage securing the $50,000,000 first-mortgage gold bonds of the Western Pacific Railway Company. It is a clear-cut first mortgage and contains all the important clauses that the average investor should know about. It is executed to the Bowling Green Trust Company of New York, trustee, and is dated September 1, 1903. You get some idea of the scope of a mortgage when you find that this one, which is the usual length, makes a printed book of one hundred and eleven pages.

At the outset it states the authorization of the bond issue by the stockholders and directors, and then gives a copy of the bond both in registered and coupon form. Now comes the provision of supreme importance to the investor. This is the "granting clause" which conveys to the trustee the property mortgaged. In other words, it is the security behind the bond. This clause in a mortgage should state clearly and specifically just what property is pledged and, what is just as important, to what prior claims it is subject. In the Western Pacific mortgage used here as a type it is set forth that the mortgage is on the main line of the road from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, on all its branches, terminals, roadbeds, equipment, rights-of-way, leases, rents, traffic agreements; in fact, on all property. There are no prior liens. Hence, this is a real first mortgage.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the matter of priority of other claims. In some mortgages the phrases covering these claims are so cunningly worded that the average reader, and even a lawyer sometimes, gets no real idea of the previous incumbrances on the property. The right sort of mortgage should, as in the case of this Western Pacific indenture, state unreservedly and distinctly just what is pledged. Or, as is presented in the case of the mortgage securing the issue of $163,000,000 Rock Island Railway 4s of

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My confidence in these coffees is so great—so sure am I that one or the other of these brands will certainly please you, that I am willing to give you this coffee pot with your first purchase, through your dealer, of one can each of the ***Faust Blend*** and ***Grant Cabin*** Coffees at $1.00 for each can.

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If you wish to take advantage of my offer, mail me your name and address, also that of your dealer, and I will send you by return mail a "Certificate Order" which will entitle you to my new patent 2-quart White Porcelain Sanitary Drip Coffee Pot without cost with your first purchase of one can each of ***Faust Blend*** and ***Grant Cabin*** Coffee at $1.00 for each can. This coffee pot is the result of many years' experience—I designed and patented it so that the users of ***Blanke's*** Coffees might have a perfectly sanitary coffee pot in which to make an ideal "cup quality" beverage.

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1934, there should be a complete record of all the prior mortgages and just what they cover. In this way the investor can ascertain if there is enough property left to protect his bond.

At this point in the consideration of a mortgage the question suggests itself: How is the investor to know the value of the property pledged? There is no estimate of value in this Western Pacific mortgage or any other mortgage. How, then, is it to be obtained? In the answer lies another lesson for the bondholder, though it scarcely applies as readily to the Western Pacific, which is a new road under construction, as it does to a road that has been operated for some time. Summed up it is this: the value of the security pledged lies in the road's earning capacity. Many people make the mistake of measuring this value by the cost of the property. A road may cost a small fortune per mile and yet not earn as much money as a line that costs considerably less. The same is true of any kind of property pledged, whether it be a powerhouse, factory or railroad. Hence, a road may be heavily bonded when it has a big earning capacity. When a road is under construction and has no earning power as yet it is best to get the mileage from the mortgage and then figure out the amount of bonds per mile. This calculation can readily be compared with the bonds per mile of a road built under similar conditions.

Following the list of property pledged comes a description of the bonds. In the Western Pacific it is interesting to note that the coupon bonds may be had in denominations of $100 and multiples.

Pitfalls to be Avoided

As you proceed in the mortgage you reach the conditions under which the bonds are issued. Every safeguard should be placed about this act. The Western Pacific indenture affords a good illustration. The whole $50,000,000 authorized is not issued at once, but in installments as the work is finished. Thus, for each batch of bonds there is some actual, tangible security. To have all the proceeds of the sale of bonds of a road under construction accessible at the very start would possibly invite extravagance. Injudicious expenditures might eat up all the available money and there would be no property on which to base new bonds.

Under the Western Pacific mortgage only $5,000,000 in bonds was issued at the start. This was secured by property then owned by the company. Thus, the first lot of bonds had real security behind them although the road was not built. The remainder of the issue, $45,000,000, is issued from time to time for purposes of construction or acquisition of equipment or of other roads—all of which is set forth in the mortgage. But the trustee cannot execute the bonds until he has a statement, signed by the chief engineer, to the effect that the money has been spent according to the indenture. In this way the security keeps equal pace with the bonds as they appear.

The costly results of a failure to provide for this installment method of issuing bonds to cover actual property have been shown in many instances. A certain western railroad will serve as an example. Several years ago this road authorized $1,500,000 bonds to construct and equip a small line. In the mortgage there was no check on the use of all the proceeds at once. The result was that the money was all spent before the construction had been fairly started; there was nothing to justify new bonds, and the project promptly went into the hands of a receiver.

Let us return again to the Western Pacific mortgage. The next points to consider are the provisions for a sinking fund and for the payment of principal and interest in gold coin, which is usual in most mortgages. One feature of this Western Pacific mortgage is a requirement of the road that a complete description of the property built or acquired up to date shall be filed with the trustee every six months. The company obligates itself to pay all taxes, assessments and Government charges.

Equally important is the agreement to maintain the leases of leased roads. Very often the continuous operation of one of these small subsidiary lines is absolutely essential to the profitable operation of the main line.

The rights and remedies of the bondholders constitute an important section of the mortgage. In any mortgage the individual bondholder is helpless in case interest is defaulted. To secure action he must join with the other bondholders.

There are two ways of obtaining possession of the road. Six months after any interest coupon has been defaulted, twenty per cent of the bondholders may make a written request to the trustee to take charge and operate the road. This is called entering possession. It is seldom done.

The more ordinary procedure is to have receivership proceedings instituted. The court names a receiver, and then the bondholders form committees and reorganize the road.

In most mortgages the period after default at which the bondholders may take some action is six months. In the United States Steel bonds, however, the time is two years.

All mortgages must contain provisions for redemption. The bonds for redemption are almost invariably drawn by lot by the trustee.

Another important feature that all indentures should have provides for the maintenance of the integrity of the mortgage in case the road is absorbed by another road.

There are pitfalls for the investor in some mortgages, especially in what is known as the open mortgage. This is one under which more indebtedness can be incurred. It is important that the future issues should be so well secured that the security of the original bonds is not impaired.

In the case of a public-service corporation, for example, the new issue should be based on earning capacity. If the issue is to be devoted to new property it should not be for more than 75 per cent of the cash value of the plant, and then only when the net earnings of the company for a considerable period prior to the new issue have been at least one and a half times the interest on the old bonds and the bonds about to be issued.

A mortgage that puts no limit on future bond issues is dangerous for the reason that if the management of the property should pass into dishonest hands sufficient care might not be exercised in safeguarding the bonds of the company. The company itself, in such cases, should not be the judge of the value of the new security. This should be left to outside engineers or experts.

The whole lesson conveyed by this article is simply that the investor, before buying a bond, should know just what kind of mortgage secures it and just what rank his bond has in the obligations of the company.

All reputable bond houses are glad to furnish copies of mortgages of bonds they underwrite, and in the case of the standard railroads the mortgages are easily accessible at the broker's or banker's office. The investor should not hesitate to ask for a complete explanation of the mortgage.

A Gleam of Sunshine

A SAN FRANCISCO mother-in-law went to the Orient and, coming back, was caught trying to smuggle in a lot of choice silks.

She had to pay the duty and a fine. Then there was talk of a criminal action to follow.

Her son-in-law called on the customs official. "Is it possible," he asked in a severe tone, "that after my mother-in-law has paid the duty on that stuff and her fine that you contemplate criminal action?"

"We are considering it," the customs official replied gravely.

"And if my mother-in-law were to be convicted, as she probably would be, she would have to go to jail?"

"I think so."

"Do you mean to tell me you intend to do this thing to a woman—a lady who has already expiated her fault and recompensed the Government?"

"I do; but look here, old chap, don't take this too hard. I've got to do my duty, you know. Don't feel so badly about it."

"Badly?" shouted the son-in-law. "Why, my dear sir, this is the first gleam of sunshine that has entered my home in twenty years."

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The Mirror that is always where the light is best!

The most useful toilet article invented for many years. People who use an ordinary mirror don't really know what their face looks like. This mirror shows it with the clearness and minuteness of the full light of out-of-doors. Its use is a revelation and a delight.

It is instantly attached to any window pane by simple pressure of vacuum cup. Will hold for months yet is removed without effort. Adjustable at a touch in any direction.

FOR SHAVING—No matter how dark the room, this mirror shows the face from every angle in clear, full light. Doubles the pleasure and halves the labor of shaving.

FOR WOMEN'S TOILET—Actually makes a woman acquainted with her face for the first time, reflecting every detail of the features with a startling clearness and minuteness.

FOR TRAVELLING—A luxury every day, on train, steamer, or in hotel, by daylight or gaslight.

May also be used as stand mirror. 6 in. heavy, bevelled, French plate mirror, beautiful nickelled brass, chased frame.

If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and we will supply you direct for **$3.00 postpaid.** *Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.* Write for booklet.

TO AGENTS. The Vacu-Mirror creates enthusiasm at first sight. We want able agents where we have no dealers. Write for our very attractive plan.

Austin Sales Co., 18 Vesey St., New York

Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name WILBUR stamped on it, and the Cupid trade mark enclosed in the wrapper.

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Many chocolate makers imitate them, and every imitation is open confession that no other chocolate was ever so popular or so good. At dealers, or we will send a pound box prepaid for $1. *One* sample box for 30c and your dealer's name.

For eating only—less sugar, greater body, greater satisfaction, delightful in aroma. Flat cakes, 10c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., 222 Bread St., Philadelphia
Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA

Write a postal now for book of styles and prices, or see them at your dealers.

STRONG CHILDREN—bright eyes—rosy cheeks—rugged, healthy bodies—all can be had if you get your child an **IRISH MAIL**—the popular children's car. Endorsed by physicians—keeps children out in the fresh air. *Genuine Irish Mail has large name on seat. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes. Look for the name.* At all up-to-date dealers or write to us for book of styles and prices. **Bill Standard Mfg. Co.**, 549 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana. *Makers of "Horizontal Express" and "Silent Partner" Boys' Wagon.*

(Patented) Get the Genuine. Name on seat.

Sense and Nonsense

The Poet—By Peter Newell

The poet said: "The distant hills
Are swathed in azure haze,
While all the trees beside the rills
With crimson are ablaze."

Then came the firemen from the town,
In uniforms of pink,
And chopped the blazing trees all down,
And drenched them well with ink.

The Song of the Aeronaut

Up from the creaking rail I rise to the lure of the arching blue,
With a song in my heart like the ancient song the great Olympians knew.
While I steady myself on wings of white to the rush of the roving breeze,
Tempting the wrath of the infinite, the marvelous weightless seas;
Below me the world is a blur of green, a flicker of brown and red,
And the vault of the sky is mine to try and the limitless vast ahead!
It's sport that only the birds have known who poise in the upper day,
But now I challenge their airy throne—these kings of the blue highway!

I buffet my route through winds that shout, I dip to the billows of air,
And mock me the hawk and the pirate bird that hover in wonder there.
Disdainful I sweep above mortals who creep like worms on the overturned clod,
And serenely I soar in the empire of space—an insolent, strong-winged god!
The purr of the motors, the shiver of wires and the lift of the quivering planes,
As I clamber the sides of aerial hills and swoop down aerial lanes,
Stir all my blood to a turbulent flood till all that is earthly of me
Is lost in a rapture of speed and of flight—I am free, I am free, I am free!

For mine is no road that is meted and bound, but the way of the wind and the sky,
Beyond all the dust and the fret and the heat, above all the clamor I fly
To the height where the hawk circles wary and lone, to the vault where the bald eagles scream,
Where the fetters of earth and the worries of earth are dim in the haze of a dream.
Then sudden I drop toward the world I have left and the wind whistles keen through the frame,
Or I wheel and I swing in a glorious ring on a trail that is never the same.
Oh, danger is mine in this frolic divine as I dare all the forces that slay,
But mine is the song of the free and the strong—the Lord of the Blue Highway!

—*Berton Braley.*

The Modern Mother Goose

The International Alliance

To Europe, to Europe,
To wed a fine prig;
Home again, home again,
Jiggety, jig!

The Peach Basket

Seesaw, Margery Daw,
Wore on her head
Near a bushel of straw!

The Suffragette

Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither do you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
Into Congress' chamber.
There I saw an old man
Who wouldn't heed our prayers;
I grabbed him by the coat sleeve
And threw him downstairs.

Taffy the Plumber

Taffy was a plumber,
Taffy's price was steep;
Taffy came to our house
And went fast asleep.
I went to Taffy's house
And paid him thirty bones
For soldering a pipe joint
In a house my landlord owns!

The Inevitable Thirst

If all the states were going dry
And all the teas were pink,
And all the sprees were sewing bees—
'T would drive a man to drink!

Simple Simon

Simple Simon went a-gunning
A combine to bust,
And all the powder that he had
Was Sherman's anti-trust!

Nervous John Bull

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, our Dad John
Went to bed with a warship gone;
He never closed an eye till dawn,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, our Dad John!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Our Record Year

Oliver Typewriter's

17-Cents-a-Day Plan

Announced One Year Ago
Brings Amazing Results

Just one year ago we gave to the public the famous **17-Cents-a-Day Plan** of purchasing Oliver Typewriters. We took this step for two very important reasons.

First—Because we saw that the time was coming when typewriting would be the almost universal method of transcribing thought to paper.

Second—Because the simplicity, speed and convenience of the Oliver Typewriter made it the one machine supremely fitted for **universal use.**

The announcement that the Oliver Typewriter—the latest model, with all its perfected conveniences—could be had on such tempting terms created a furore of buying.

The new plan made the Oliver as easy to **own** as to rent! It placed the machine within easy reach of every **home**—every **individual.**

A man's "cigar money"—a woman's "pin money"—now buys the greatest typewriter in existence. Even the school children are buying Oliver Typewriters by simply saving their **pennies.**

You can buy an Oliver on this plan at the regular catalog price—$100. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly. And the possession of an Oliver Typewriter enables you to **earn money to pay for it.**

The OLIVER Typewriter

We find at the close of this record-breaking year that the plan has appealed to **all classes.**

Business and professional people, salaried workers—men and women of every station in life have bought Olivers on this simple, convenient plan.

We have decided to continue this 17-Cents-a-Day offer.

Every reader of **The Saturday Evening Post** who does not already own an Oliver Typewriter should write at once or see the nearest Oliver Agent for full details of this great offer.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
Oliver Typewriter Building
(10) **43 Dearborn Street, Chicago**

Best Gift for a Boy

Every year Winter takes a heavy toll of sickness because boys can't be kept indoors, and because parents don't safeguard the health of their youngsters by providing them with the right kind of Winter footwear. There's danger in wet feet—danger and doctor-bills. It's far better (and cheaper) to keep the boy's feet *dry-shod* in a pair of Potter's

PATHFINDER Buckle Boots

They're *waterproof!* And they have "Everwear" waterproof soles, guaranteed to outwear *four* pairs of best oak-tanned soles. **PATHFINDER** Boots fit perfectly and are more comfortable and serviceable than any other boot made. Height, 8 to 9 inches, according to size. Colors, Black or dark tan. All sizes and widths. Sent, express prepaid, on receipt of price. State size and width wanted. Booklet free.

Sizes 1 to 5½ . . $4.00
Sizes 10 to 13½, $3.50

The Potter Shoe Co.
12 W. 5th St.
Cincinnati, Ohio
(Est. 1866)

All Sizes for Men, $5.00

—9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
—How to get money by mail
—How to buy at rock-bottom
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—How to stop cost leaks
—How to train and handle men
—How to get and hold a position
—How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say, "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to SYSTEM, Dept. 36-1127, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

CLASS PINS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

A Beautiful and Practical Holiday Gift

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

in special holiday boxes solve the Christmas present question for millions of shoppers. Three exquisite designs in colors by the famous artist, Léon Moran.

"*Fair Rosamond*"
(Shown here)

"*The Bachelor Girl*"
(Blue—See Woman's Home Companion for Dec.)

"*The Lady in Yellow*"
(See Ladies' Home Journal for Dec.)

We show you the box—every man knows the suspenders. The business man, the athlete, the millionaire and the man who works knows and wears "the suspender with the sliding cord," and each finds in them suspender-comfort unknown in any other kind and a weight and length adapted to his individual need.

Guaranteed unconditionally the most comfortable, the most durable suspender made. The latest, exclusive designs and colors.

At All Dealers

50c

Light Weight Lisle, for office and dress wear.
Medium Weight, for ordinary wear.
Extra Lengths, for tall men.
Special size, for youths.

If your dealer is "sold out" early this season, *and he will be*, order direct from the factory.

State color, weight, length and box design preferred.

Put

President Suspenders

on your gift list and

Write Us Today

Thousands of people order an assortment of half a dozen boxes. We mail direct to any address. Your presentation card enclosed if you wish.

The 1910 President Suspender Calendar

We have also printed these three beautiful Holiday Box designs on plate finish card-board, with Poinsettia flower cover panel (size 7x15) carrying the calendar. These will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. The art panels contain no advertising. They make beautiful decorations for den or living room or for narrow spaces between windows.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
502 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

A Quicker Toilet and a Better One

That fine sense of satisfaction which a thorough toilet gives—more time for breakfast, more time to catch that car!

COLGATE'S

RAPID-SHAVE TRADE MARK POWDER

RIBBON TRADE MARK DENTAL CREAM

Save Time and Trouble

Be up-to-date. You probably have modern plumbing in your bathroom. Why not improved toilet accessories as well?

"I only wish I had another face to shave," he said. "It's a pleasure with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Powder."

And a *real* "rapid-shave", because you merely sprinkle a little powder on the wet brush and lather your face.

A sanitary shave, too, because no soap that touches brush or skin is used again.

A refreshing comfort, because you enjoy the most lasting, delightful lather of your life!

Start the children right! Grown-ups know the value of the Ribbon Dental Cream, and should keep the youngsters supplied. They're so fond of its delicious flavor, they gladly use it regularly.

It's a real trouble-saver, too, because of its convenient package. But more than all is its wonderful efficiency in preserving teeth—which makes for good digestion and better health.

Trial Size of Powder or Cream sent for 4 cts.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 55 John St., New York

Makers of the Famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.